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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

MR. WELLS'S article has an engaging candor and a disarming absence of pretension. It will therefore doubtless be read with pleasure, and with a sense of substantial agreement, by thousands who, when they search their hearts, will feel that it has somehow failed to accomplish what it seemed to accomplish while they were being carried along the smooth current of Mr. Wells's persuasive talk. To set forth adequately wherein its failure lies would be a task far beyond the limits of this brief article; but there are one or two specific criticisms which may possibly serve to indicate the nature of its deficiency.

The article deals, in the main, with two things: the question of immortality and the question of what makes life worth living. The two questions are, of course, not unrelated; and Mr. Wells deftly weaves his web in and out between them. There is, however, a sharp difference between what is to be said in criticism of his talk about immortality and what is to be said in criticism of his talk about what makes life worth living.

CONCERNING immortality, Mr. Wells points out that the H. G. Wells of to-day is not the H. G. Wells of his infancy or youth or early manhood; that in so far as he *is* any of these, he is likewise the man who was his grandfather of the time of George III; that, in a word, the very idea of an individual personality is an illusion. Thus the question of the immortality of an individual personality is thrown out of court: if the thing does not exist to-day, it is folly to ask whether it will exist forever. But, not content with this disposal of the subject by a simple appeal to common sense and common knowledge, he proceeds to bring into play the heavy artillery of science. He tells us, for example, that individuality "is not the simple matter so many people believe it to be," because there are "millions of little things" which "go about in our bodies as citizens go about in the streets and houses of the city" and which "have minute

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THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company. 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; foreign subscription, $3.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879.

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FORUM

Next Month

THE 12 GREATEST DATES IN HISTORY

Hendrik Willem van Loon

The well-known author of *The Story of Mankind* picks a round dozen of the greatest dates in history, and tells why the events they stand for were the most important occurrences that ever happened. On page xv of this issue THE FORUM announces a prize contest centering around this article and two others like it (by Will Durant and H. G. Wells), which will be published in succeeding issues.

THE SENATE INQUISITION

Walter Lippmann

The brilliant chief editorial writer of the New York *World* subjects Senator Caraway's inquisitorial Committee on Lobbying to a little inquisition of his own.

HOW SAFE IS FLYING?

Gove Hambidge

If you have to make a hurried trip, say, from New York to Boston, and decide to go by airplane, just what are your chances of coming through unharmed? Are the cards stacked against you? Is it an even break? Or is aviation now so well in hand that your chances of being killed are negligible? Are airplanes more dangerous than automobiles, or less? Mr. Hambidge has made a close study of the records made by the established commercial airlines.

WHAT I BELIEVE

H. L. Mencken

Someone has said of H. L. Mencken that he is "the best-hated man in America." Certainly there is reason for the charge. He is no pale apostle of Victorian "sweetness and light." In his books of *Prejudices* he has punctured so many of our illusions that we already know most of the things he does not believe. Next month his contribution to THE FORUM'S series of Living Philosophies will tell what he *does* believe.

WHEN ANIMALS WERE CRIMINALS

Harry Hibschman

A careful student of criminology draws a close parallel between our present methods of dealing with human criminals and the medieval methods of our ancestors, who solemnly tried animals for high crimes and misdemeanors. He describes the trial of the child-eating sow of Savigny, the homicidal horse of Dijon, the locusts of the Tyrol — and the famous rats of Autun who won their case. All this is authentic history, stranger than fiction.

THE ENGINEER IN COMMUNIST RUSSIA

William C. White

Mr. White, whose vivid articles on the great Russian experiment have been appearing in THE FORUM since May, will write next month of the most serious problem of the Communist régime — Russia's real challenge to the West. Can the engineer organize Communistic industries to the point where they can undersell capitalistic industries and flood the world with cheap Russian goods? That is the great question, and during the next ten years Europe and America will watch anxiously for the answer.

DICTATOR TO AN EMPEROR

William Franklin Sands

Memoirs of an American diplomat in the now-defunct Empire of Korea. Following his first article in this issue, Mr. Sands will tell next month how he became official adviser to the Emperor of Korea, and set himself singlehanded to stop the impending Russo-Japanese War.

FOREWORD

Continued

individualities of their own"; and that "we are made up of millions of such creatures, just as cities and nations are made up of millions of such beings as ourselves."

Now, when one comes to reflect, one finds that all this has no bearing on the question of immortality unless it be supposed that believers in the immortality of the soul are under the impression that the personality of an individual does not change during his natural life, or that it derives nothing from his ancestors, or that his body is a homogeneous unit uncomplicated by the presence of lower organisms within it. There may be some persons who are in this mental state, but there can hardly be many of them among the readers to whom Mr. Wells's article is addressed. Pasteur was quite as familiar as Mr. Wells with the bacteriological aspect of life, and yet found it compatible with the acceptance not only of the immortality of the soul, but of the Roman Catholic faith.

OF THE OTHER branch of Mr. Wells's article the fault is not one of logic but of attitude. It is possibly true for H. G. Wells that all that gives worth and dignity to life is the sense of participation in the progress of knowledge and in the increase of man's command over nature. But this has never been the case with any but a very few among the thousands of millions of human beings who have lived upon the earth: of whom many millions have been sustained, and have sustained others, in the trials of life, by love and sacrifice and forebearance; to whom the homely ties of kindred and friendship have had a transcendent value in comparison with which their infinitesimal share in the intellectual progress of mankind was too paltry to be thought of; to whom such words as loyalty, duty, courage, even though they may have been very imperfectly fulfilled ideals, were a beacon light throughout their lives.

To all this, Mr. Wells makes no sort of reference, nor even the most distant allusion; and perhaps the key of his position is to be found in a single phrase of which he happens to make use. "I want," he says, "to make opportunity universal, and not leave out a single being who is worth while"; and the context shows that by a being "who is worth while" Mr. Wells means one whose existence contributes to the progress of the race. For the millions who really constitute mankind — though perhaps not for Man, the object of Mr. Wells's idolatry — the most essential factor in giving dignity to life is the feeling that every ordinary human being is worth while; to give this up, in the hope of erecting in its place a satisfying worship of Man in the abstract, is to indulge in one of the shallowest of possible optimisms.

FABIAN FRANKLIN

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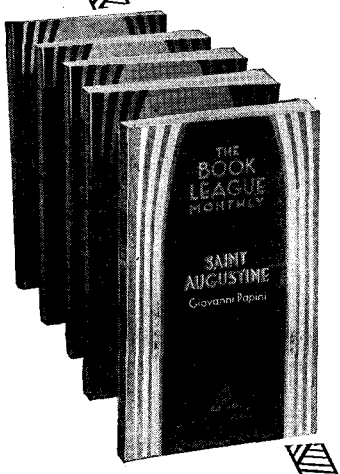

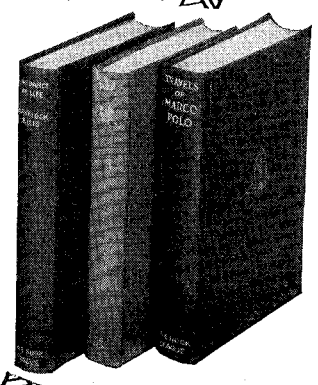

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

ELMER DAVIS BENJAMIN STOLBERG
GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

Four Generations

THE ADAMS FAMILY, by James Truslow Adams; Little, Brown, $4.00.
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

THE DESCENDANTS of John Adams (says the unrelated Adams who writes about them) are the most distinguished family in the United States. There is so much to say about them that the author has chosen to write neither history nor biography, but what he modestly calls an interpretative sketch. Well, it may be that; but it is also the biography of a family treated as a biological unit, and the statement of a biological problem to which no scientist would yet dare to suggest an answer; it is a running editorial comment on the degradation of American democracy; and purely as a story, this tale of the four great generations of Adamses and the interaction of their characters and their environment reads like the history of the Three Black Pennys or of the Esmond-Warrington family.

So learned a historian as James Truslow Adams may have felt that he was taking a vacation when he wrote what he calls "an essentially popular book," citing no authorities because he says his sources are all well known. An immensely fascinating story, one of the most important stories that any American can read, its fundamental seriousness and profundity hardly appear as you read it because of the limpid ease of the style. Historical writing of these times is apt to fall into two extremes — a dutiful dullness or a wild straining for good lines. James Truslow Adams writes with an easy lucidity that is never intrusive, always a means to an end. An admirer in other respects of old ways, he is archaic enough to feel that the business of a style is to make the writer comprehensible to the reader.

Well, what has the writer on his mind? Essentially the biological problem. The first four generations of Massachusetts Adamses were honest, industrious, and utterly insignificant; "the most important man they had produced was a village pastor in New Hampshire. With the fifth generation, in the person of John Adams, the family not only achieves national and international position, but maintains it in successive generations for two centuries." John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams and his four variously brilliant sons — the list reads like the roll of the Scipios. How did this fountain of genius spring from a line of nobodies?

What kept it going for four generations? James Truslow Adams does not profess to know, nor would anyone else.

But there has been a change of emphasis in the activity of the Adamses, and a deterioration, if not in their quality, in their effect on the life of the nation. In the fifth generation from John Adams, the most distinguished living American of that name (with all respect to the present Secretary of the Navy) is the unrelated Adams from Brooklyn who writes about them. And this difference may perhaps be explained. Whatever were the causes that produced John Adams, a genius, from a family of unknown rustics, it happened that he was the sort of genius to whom the conditions of his time offered an unrivaled opportunity. The policy of England toward the American colonies, says the author, was essentially that which America pursues to-day toward Alaska and the Philippines. "Adams in 1768 was leading the most powerful current of thought of his day. If he were devoting himself to the same task a century and a half later, on behalf of our own colonists, he would be voted a crank and a nuisance if any attention at all were paid to him."

The greatest strength of the Adamses was their rocky self-reliance in moments of crisis. Their greatest practical weakness was another aspect of the same trait; they could say "I will," as the author puts it, but they could not say "We" and thus identify themselves with the popular will. In John Adams's day men who could say "I will" had their opportunity, but before his presidential term was over times had begun to change. By his son's time democracy was advancing, men who said "I will" were losing favor. John Quincy Adams was the last president (except Grover Cleveland) who adhered to the theory of the Founding Fathers that a public official was a man chosen for superior capacity and integrity, to take care of the public business as he thought best, and who refused to put his ear to the ground and find out what the people thought best. When he fell before Andrew Jackson, who knew that what the people wanted was first of all the postoffices, the republic that the fathers had established fell with him.

America had changed, but not the Adamses; they remained conscientiously dutiful aristocrats of the old Roman type in a republic that drifted through democracy to plutocracy (tempered by ochlocracy and corruption). As the author puts it, John Adams had started moving in a straight line, which happened to be the line along which his country was moving in his day. The country gradually began to move away, on another line, but the Adamses kept right on; Charles Francis II was the only one who attempted to get back on the band wagon. The first Adams was the leader of a winning cause, the second of a losing cause; but Charles Francis I had no great opportunity in politics except as the standard bearer of causes hopelessly lost, and his sons mostly gave up politics altogether and won their renown in literature.

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There was another reason why the Adams force seemed to fail. John Adams was a self-made man (with his wife's aid, no doubt); when he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature he had risen higher than anyone else of his line. But his son had to become president to equal his father's record; and by the third generation the burden of upholding the family tradition was becoming too heavy. The Adamses were always ambitious, and as to become anything less than president meant political failure they presently gave up trying — except for John Quincy II, who must have got a sort of Puritan joy out of the martyrdom of accepting hopeless nominations from a party whose doings, in the Massachusetts of his day, had only a protest value.

And still another cause helps explain the apparent decay of the original Adams impulse. Its workings were first visible in Charles Francis I, who may have had, as his sons thought, the most perfectly balanced mind in the family, but certainly lacked the driving power that his father, and still more his grandfather, had possessed. The Adamses had always had the Puritan tendency to identify their will with God's will. But "around 1850 the Puritan God evaporated, leaving only the New England conscience. . . . However more justifiable intellectually a mild deism may be, it is no substitute as a driving force for the stronger religious feeling of the earlier generation." The Adamses began to doubt if God existed, and they were too honest to invent him. Henry in 1915, after a paralytic stroke had reduced him to inactivity (hard always for an Adams to bear), wrote to a friend: "I am in near peril of turning Christian, and rolling in the mud in an agony of human mortification. All these other fellows did it — why not I?" But he never did.

A reviewer who begins quoting from this book is in danger of quoting it all; go read it yourself. It is one interpretation of American history as reflected in the history of the most brilliant American family; a sentimental partisan of democracy would see matters quite otherwise. But it can certainly do the nation no harm to absorb this particular opinion, and perhaps to be moved thereby to stop, look, and listen.

What is Freedom?

LIBERTY, by Everett Dean Martin; Norton, $3.00.
Reviewed by BENJAMIN STOLBERG.

MR. MARTIN has written what seems to me a good enough book on the difficulties of personal civilization — one is almost tempted to say on the problem of personal adjustment to the good life. But he has also drawn what seems to me even more clearly a false picture of the history of social freedom. I have seldom read a thesis which, to me, was quite as exasperating for its wrong-headed intelligence, its irrelevant felicity of phrase, the confused urbanity of its outlook, and the calm shrewdness of its historical misinterpretations. It is such an excellent performance from the wrong point of view. Mr. Martin himself is no doubt a civilized man, calm and tolerant, and sufficiently familiar with the world of ideas to command plenty of sentences which might confuse the opposition. The only meretricious touch of which one might possibly accuse Mr. Martin is that his learning is a bit too obviously derivative, which makes his historical summaries appear somewhat naïvely self-taught and too easily digested, and which constantly intrudes upon the reader the perfectly forgivable fact that his *Liberty* is not exactly another *Areopagitica.*

"Would you be free?" he asks, "Then be civilized. To understand this ancient bit of wisdom is to distinguish the true liberal from his vociferous imitator." Now, really, this is a good deal of a trick question; for who wouldn't be free and civilized, pregnant with ancient wisdom, contemptuous of fakirs, on such easy terms? And the number of sociological *non sequiturs* packed into this brief quotation is admirable only for its amazing economy. Briefly, Mr. Martin identifies social liberty with personal culture (which would be quite desirable); their coincidence with the history of freedom (which is not so); both of them with tolerance (which is not so); and finally he stamps all the great "uncivilized" libertarians as charletans, which is plain bad history. Throughout the book this view of private culture as coincident with public freedom is defended in sentences which might have been written by Professor Babbitt. At bottom, Mr. Martin *is* Professor Babbitt lecturing at the People's Institute.

The trouble with this humanist position is that it dismisses the element of revolution and the psychology of revolutionary leadership from the history of freedom, and thereby really dismisses liberty-as-fought-for as a crude and fictitious and almost nasty business and exalts liberty-as-gained-by-others as the only way of life for the true freeman to enjoy himself. In this view every fundamental dissenter is "uncivilized" and to that degree enslaved, and every opportunist and "liberal" is "civilized," because he won't be "wild." In this view every great historic figure who advocated either philosophically or strategically desperate resorts to liberty to upset intolerable privilege is by definition blacklisted from the society of freemen, and every *connoisseur* of rights within the mazes of reaction is a true libertarian. If Mr. Martin's vital option about liberty were true then Oliver Cromwell cared less for liberty than Horace Walpole or Charles Lamb. If Mr. Martin were right,

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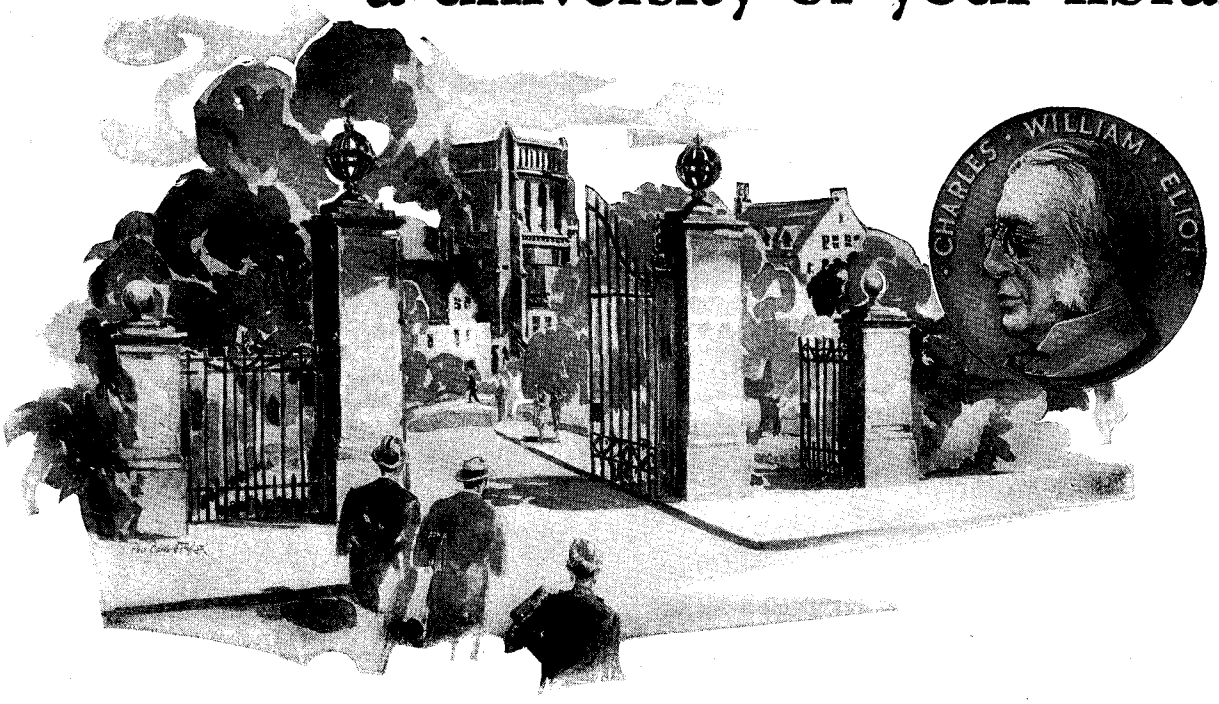

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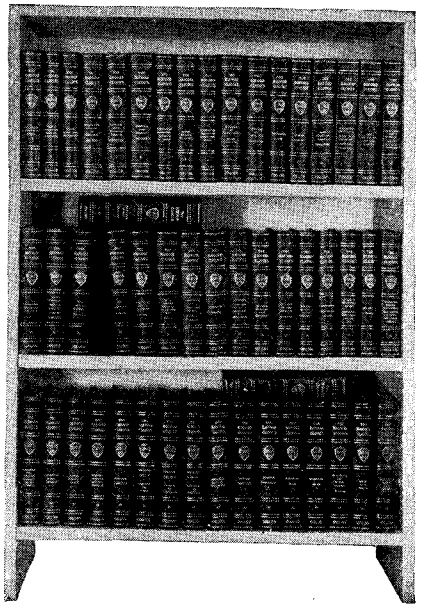

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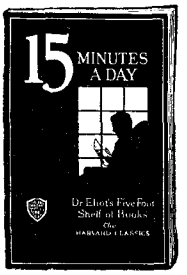

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Books

then Garrison and John Brown, two lunatics very dear to my heart, cared less for liberty than that profoundly civilized dilettante Henry Adams.

The great libertarians are necessarily "uncivilized": Rousseau, Luther, Robespierre, Sam Adams, Marx, any number of them. At best, the ideologists among them are bigotedly learned. The psychological literature on the reasons why this is so, from Plutarch to Dr. Freud, is so voluminous that a few trite epigrams by myself on the subject are quite unnecessary. It is only on very rare occasions that a highly civilized man loves social liberty no less than personal freedom, as Voltaire. Usually the personally civilized man, where liberal, tends towards philosophical anarchism; and when conservative towards intellectualized reaction. When Mr. Martin blames our liberals because they act less as the worthy descendants of the classical tradition and the Rennaissance and more like the spiritual bastards of Rousseau and the Romantic movement, I fear that he, unwittingly for all his sophistication, pleads less for liberty than for correct spiritual manners.

Mr. Martin wisely remarks that liberty is indefinable. And then he proceeds to define it in innumerable passages, which is really quite inevitable when one deals with one of the eternal verities. But then, liberty is not merely an abstraction. It is also a process of spiritual strategy and a mechanism of social regeneration. Liberty is periodically reborn, reaches its highest maturity in the golden age of a given system, and then decays into reaction, which generates new philosophies and strategies of freedom. The battle line sways from left to center and to right, and partly back again, and moves forward with the left in shock formation, all this in the well-known and immemorial and almost platitudinous fashion. Now, the difference between Mr. Martin and myself is that I look for the great libertarians on the left, when liberty is in trouble, while he looks for them in the center when she is resting. Since our search is after all purely a matter of emotional taste, all I can do is to stick to my position. In the Adams family I like Sam and he likes Henry, and I don't see what we can do about it.

Tolerant Irony

EMERSON THE ENRAPTURED YANKEE, by Regis Michaud; Harper, $4.00.
Reviewed by GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

THIS BOOK differs agreeably from the prevalent types of biography in that it is neither a panegyric nor an exposé. The title is sufficient clue to Mr. Michaud's attitude: he looks at the Sage of Concord with the slightly amused, ironic yet appreciative eye of the Frenchman whose detachment for his subject is such that he never becomes very seriously alarmed. Mr. Michaud admires Emerson for his mind; as a man he likes him and feels sorry for him; he shows his weaknesses without damning him. The facts of Emerson's life are indicated throughout the book, but this is primarily a history of his mind. We learn what he read at different ages, what his reactions were, how he was influenced by friends, what effect the outer events of his life had on the inner man.

Much as he loves them, Mr. Michaud never gets quite used to the Yankees. They always seem to him a little funny, as indeed they were. Externally Emerson would seem to be as foreign to Mr. Michaud's temperament as any of them; we are told that he was a man of snow, an egoist who feared to lower himself by love, that Bacchus had forgotten the drop of wine at his birth, that his sunny smile was sunshine without warmth. But he himself was conscious of his coldness; he did his best to overcome it. Fundamentally he is sympathetic to his biographer. Mr. Michaud views his subject's attempts to become more human, more used to the world of men, with a kind of gentle tolerance. He analyzes Emerson's essays on friendship and love in the light of Emerson's experience. He is perhaps a little too explanatory and not quite opinionated enough when it comes to criticism; one feels that he is conscious of being a Frenchman and of the fact that it might be discourteous for him to say exactly what he thinks about some of Emerson's more diffuse ideas. Again, Mr. Michaud rather underestimates Thoreau, whose powers of thought were stronger than Emerson's.

On the whole, however, this biography will be enjoyed by those who like temperate, thoughtful, skeptical writing.

Books in Brief

THE CRITIQUE OF HUMANISM, edited by C. Hartley Grattan; Brewer & Warren, $3.50.

IN THIS newest symposium thirteen of our younger critics join arms to do battle against the arch-fiends of conservatism as represented by Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. The counter-attack is less concerted than the original humanist offensive. There is a wide divergence of viewpoint, and no great ardor for exact definition, in this volume. To the layman, however, it will be infinitely more readable, and will probably have more meaning, than "Humanism and America" for the simple reason that most of the contributors can write, and write well. One finds little of the turgid and inept prose

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which marred the effectiveness of the earlier symposium. In itself this fact has significance. One cannot, in a brief review, weigh the intricacies of the arguments which the humanists and anti-humanists have advanced. One can, however, point out that the latter party is composed of men of superior caliber. With the possible exception of Norman Foerster and Robert Shafer, Babbitt and More have attracted few first-rate men to their standard. The younger disciples of their doctrine are definitely inferior, in capacity, in agility of mind, in literary skill, to such critics as Lewis Mumford, Edmund Wilson, Yvor Winters, Malcolm Cowley, and Kenneth Burke — all of whom have contributed to the anti-humanist symposium. These men are, moreover, closely in touch with the quickening currents of the day. They are genuinely concerned with science, sociology, and æsthetics as well as with morality. To the annointed Humanists they may appear to lack a fixed focus and power of dialectic but they have achieved a philosophy of life which, to a modern audience, will probably seem more workable and more realistic than that of Professor Babbitt's disciples.

WOODEN SWORDS, by Jacques Deval; Viking, $2.50.

ONLY a Frenchman could do precisely this kind of book — a witty, lighthearted comedy of war which is all the funnier for never being actually burlesque. Incidentally, this is no drama of the trenches. The hero is a soldier in the Service of Supplies. He suffers from nearsightedness in so virulent a form that, at the front, it is obvious he would be an asset to the enemy. Consequently he does menial duty in Paris with wheelbarrows and spitoons for weapons. As a bicycle messenger he carries diplomatic mail which proves to be theatre tickets. As a novice in the department of metallurgy he transports loads of iron in taxis hired at his personal expense. Along with other mildly disabled comrades he employs all his considerable ingenuity in outwitting the authorities, in faking preposterous illnesses, and stealing leisurely hours for bridge and the writing of plays. Everything he does, he does wrong. He has a genius for grotesque mishaps, the humor of which he is the first to savor joyously. This is a grand yarn, so disarmingly amusing that even military officialdom may be expected to view it with indulgence.

BRIEF CANDLES, by Aldous Huxley; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

HARD, brilliant, malicious, these four stories have the true Huxleyan flavor. One meets again those foolish, amorous women, those men of intellect who, for all their experience, somehow lack the capacity to deal directly with emotion. Mr. Huxley has not altered his opinion of the

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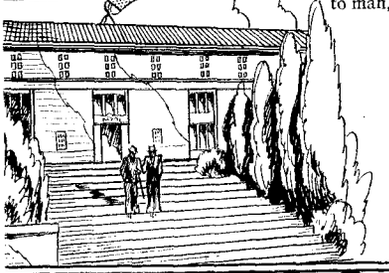

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Books in Brief

human race since writing "Point Counter Point," nor has he lost any particle of his metallic skill. The best of the stories are the novelette, "After the Fireworks," and that ironic study of a family of high-thinking vegetarians, "The Claxtons." In the former, Mr. Huxley punctuates his narrative with snatches of essay writing in his finest vein. Surely he is wise. Despite his great talent, one wonders if an attitude of weary contempt toward humankind is really an attribute of the born fiction writer.

LAMENTS FOR THE LIVING, by Dorothy Parker; Viking, $2.50.

DOROTHY PARKER'S first book of prose is a collection of short stories that have appeared in various magazines, and sketches from *The New Yorker*. It is no faint praise to say that it is exactly what might have been expected from Dorothy Parker. It shows her skill in reporting the colloquialisms of modern American speech, her ability to suggest a great deal with very few words, her careful attention to detail in characters which interest her, her malicious use of irony. But it also confirms what many have come to believe her limitations. The book is monotonous, as to subject matter and treatment. Hypocrisy, mornings after, relations between the boy and girl friend — these recur too frequently as the themes of her stories, and she approaches each with the same attitude of bitterness mixed with an incongruous sentimentality.

LAUD, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin; Brentano, $3.50.

THIS BIOGRAPHY of the great and terrible Archbishop, "storm center of Stuart England," is concise and admirably written. It opens with a picture of those strange, glittering days when Puritans and Cavaliers were already struggling for mastery, and places in proper perspective the career of the man who fought so indomitably to build up the power of the Church of England and who, like his closest associates, Strafford and Charles I, ended his turbulent life upon the scaffold. Hard, dominating, arrogant, Laud is scarcely a sympathetic figure — nor does Mr. Coffin pretend otherwise. He is content to show that Laud was a man of destiny and high dignity, a man worthy to play the tragic rôle which was forced upon him.

THE LAST PARADISE, by Hickman Powell; Cape and Smith, $4.00.

IF THIS BOOK gains a wide public, and at present that seems to be its destiny, the author will have defeated his professed ends and his last paradise will become paradise lost. Indicting the evils of our much too modern Western civilization, Mr. Powell presents, as his ideal community, a glowing picture of Bali, an island which lies a night east of Java. As we see it, the probable result will be that Bali will eventually change, as Honolulu has changed and as Pago-Pago is now changing, from a charming native isle to a vacation resort overrun with tourists. The author may counter — in fact he has already done so — that too many salesmen, not too many tourists, is what will ruin Bali; nevertheless the fact remains that tourists can, in their way, be a malignant influence. So, if Powell is really sincere in his love for Bali he will recall all copies of his book.

A FLOCK OF BIRDS, by Kathleen Coyle; Dutton, $2.50.

THIS NOVEL has an emotional intensity which never jars and never flags, which is cumulative and fiercely concentrated. Its setting is Dublin during the era of the Black and Tans, and it is the story of a woman whose youngest and best-loved son has been condemned to hang. Catherine Munster is dazed at first, but gradually her agony mounts in a sharpening crescendo. She is surrounded by people who are working to save Christy — by the stupid, possessive young girl to whom he is engaged and by his rebellious brother and sister. Their efforts have little reality for her. They yield her no hope. She is absorbed by her own despairing love and by her struggle to help Christy to spiritual adjustment. This is a fine, absorbing piece of work, with a structural and emotional unity which are unusual.

THE HOUND OF FLORENCE, by Felix Salten; Simon and Schuster, $2.50.

THE AUTHOR of *Bambi* has delivered himself of a Renaissance fantasy laid in Florence. It has been translated approximately into English, and for that reason we are not certain how much of the blame should be laid on the author and how much on the translator for its ineptness and the ludicrous exaggerations of its telling. The story concerns a young man who achieves his ambition to visit Florence at the cost of permitting himself to be turned into a dog on alternate days. He enters the studio of a famous painter, from which he must disappear on his dog days to serve as hound to an Archduke. Alternating thus between scenes of busy workshops and royal revels, he gives the author an opportunity to shovel in local Renaissance color, which he does generously, fairly wallowing in velvets, wine goblets, daggers, courtesans, dependents, rich viands, soft white flesh, first-rate art, and hearty patrician laughter. But the device on which the story is based is ancient and mechanical, and his hero is more alive as a dog than as a man.

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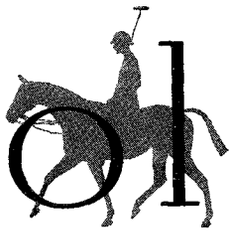

The Magazine for Horsemen

if you are one of the 40,000 attending the International Games, the great social-sporting event of the year at Meadow Brook in September.

SEPTEMBER is International month in polo. The stage is set for the spectacular event when Great Britain and America battle for the Westchester Cup, symbol of polo prowess.

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For years POLO has been the only recognized authority on the game, and the most intimately-read class magazine. Now under the experienced management of Harper & Brothers, POLO has greatly widened its appeal and embraces every activity of the horseman, including hunting, steeplechasing, racing and horseshows.

In the same month Sir Thomas Lipton makes another effort to lift the famous America Cup. This other major contest, because of its timeliness, will be thoroughly covered by authoritative articles, fully illustrated, by experts in the yachting field.

The International Number (September issue) will be in the hands of subscribers on September the first. Copies will also be on sale at newsstands at leading resorts, hotels, railroad stations, country clubs and wherever the social-sporting crowd gathers. Single copies 50 cents.

Boxes for Fall Polo Taken

While the international polo matches to be played at Meadowbrook are still several months in the future, more than three times as many boxes and tickets have been reserved by society than ever before.

The international aspect is heightened by the fact that many reservations have been received from England, France and Spain, as well as several from Germany, Australia and from the Argentine, probably enough to make it possible for a special ship to be chartered to bring South American polo enthusiasts to New York for the event.

In the United States, the response has been equally gratifying. Polo and country club groups from Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis and Los Angeles already have their applications on file.

N. Y. Evening Post 6/21/30

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Forum Definitions

What is Humanism?

IT APPEARS that THE FORUM numbers among its readers one or two wags. And the request for definitions of *humanism* struck their funny bones. As a result we have received the following definitions, to which prizes have not been awarded.

1. Humanism is the one unbelievable fact that I have not been able to prove; believe it or not. (*Robert L. Ripley, 75 West Street, New York, N. Y.*)

2. Humanism is a licentious importation from the most immoral parts of Europe; it must not be allowed to cast its lascivious stain on our pure and perfect womanhood; it must not be allowed to sully the sacred portals of our glorious independence; it must be suppressed at all ports of entry. (*Hon. Reed Smoot, U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.*)

3. It isn't something to wear, like diamonds, and it isn't anything to eat, like caviar, but it must be *some* good because so many people are fighting about it. If I knew the amount of that inner check I might be interested — also if it's certified, payable to cash, etc. Is this Mr. Babbitt a manufacturer? I couldn't possibly consider anybody who hasn't retired. (*Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Rue de Rialto, Paris, France*)

4. As I predicted last fall, the orgy of speculation in realism and naturalism which swept through the country during the last ten years was doomed inevitably to crash. It was undermining the whole intellectual structure of our great country, and was entirely unsound from every economic standpoint. But now that the crash has come and forced liquidation has run its course, I see literature getting back to a sound basis of Humanism, from which, with God's help, it may be expected to build solidly and classically for the future. (*Roger Babson, Babson's Bluffs, Mass.*)

5. Humanism is only another form of the unprincipled tyranny of asinine officialdom. Pfui! (*Ezra Pound, Vesuvio, Italy*)

6. Being a specialist in my own line, I can appreciate the difficulties Mr. Babbitt has in makin' the public understand about this Humanism of his. So when Luke Harkins tells me that this FORUM was askin' folks to step forward and help out with their idees on the subject, I says, "Luke, I'll tell you what. I'm goin' to do somethin' I've never done before. I'm goin' to write a letter to an editor. And I'll tell you why. I heard this Mr. Henry Goddard Leach talk once, and I liked him. He gave me two or three things to think about, and I'm goin' to do the same for him. Maybe he's shy and doesn't like to ask Mr. Babbitt right out about it. Now I'll tell you what Humanism is. It's doin' every job you tackle the very best way you know how: and it's m-i-g-h-t-y, m-i-g-h-t-y satisfactory. That's what I'm goin' to write in to that editor." (*Chic Sale, Ataraxy, Ill.*)

7. Humanism is intellexual intercourse in a vacuum. (*John Dos Passos, Manhattan Transfer, N. J.*)

8. Humanism, most clearly and simply expressed, would be represented by the following formula:

$$\sqrt{o<o^{77}} :: \frac{\pounds\Theta^{17}}{\pi i} : \sqrt{-o}$$

(*Albert Einstein, Potztausenddonnerwetterhausen, bei Eingans, Germany*)

9. Last of all comes one from "A. A. Milne, Bore's Hill, Off-the-Nut, by Meteorite, Skaggseth, Mumblety Peg, County Fair, England."

I asked
My Father
and he said "Tut, tut, don't bother me!
I asked
My Mummie
and she said "Run out and play."

I asked
my governess:
She tested my me-tab-o-lism
'Cause I prob'ly wasn't healthy if I talked that way.
I asked
the cook
and she said "Ochone, be off wid ye!"
I asked
the butler
and he said "I couldn't say."
I asked the upstairs-parlour-maid:
She said "Don't fret your little head."
Oh, I *can't* find out about it, and I've got to know *to-day.*

So I guess it's full of rainbows, like that thing they call a prism,
The one that used to hang downstairs upon the chandelier.
Or I guess it's what my Father means by "the backward and abysm,"
Referring to the ones who don't make sense of what they hear.
Or it's maybe what the Vicar says, "from heresy and schism"
(I love the Litany, it makes a splendid rumble in my ear).
Well, anyway I like the sound of (*tiddledy boom-boom*) Humanism,
Though I think the *acksual* meaning isn't just *precisely* clear.

THOSE WHO attempted seriously to define humanism were not, as a whole, much more successful. We have awarded prizes to the following, not because they seemed to us adequate definitions but because they were the best of those submitted.

1. Humanism is a rationalistic effort to coördinate all of the best concepts of right living, and to formulate a code sufficiently broad and tolerant to enable mankind to attain the maximum of mental satisfactions with the minimum of emotional discomfort. Eliminating the idea of supernatural agencies, but recognizing both the good and evil inherent possibilities in human nature, the aim of humanism is to establish standards and ideals which will stabilize living, but permit the finest development and the highest evolution of the individual and the race. (*Zayda Bartley, Oakland, Calif.*)

2. Humanism is the attempt to develop the individual to the highest point that is compatible with the highest possible development of the mass, and to the best interests of both. This entails the utilization of all ideas of the past and present that have proven themselves to be of value, the trying out of new ideas as new conditions and needs arise and the using of those that prove to be of worth, and the rejection of all ideas and systems whether old or new as they become obsolete and valueless. (*A. G. Trudeau, Colorado Springs, Colo.*)

3. Humanism is a way of life whose ultimate goal is a self-chosen ideal of purely human perfection, to the attainment of which instinct, emotion, reason, imagination, and will are equally indispensable factors. This ideal is most fruitfully conceived under the analogy of a Higher, or Perfect Self, and derives organically from the humanist's own experience in vital coöperation with imaginative insight. Starting from a common-sense recognition of the inner duality of his own nature — vital expansive energy and equally vital "will to refrain" — the humanist aims at the practical resolution of this duality in a final integration of character. (*Linton J. Keith, Chicago, Ill.*)

4. Humanism is a philosophy of morals. It is not a religion. Its followers believe in "nothing too much," everything in moderation. The true humanist knows himself and is master of himself, his instincts, emotions, body, mind, and will. (*Ada May Hill, New York, N. Y.*)

Next: — *What is* MYSTICISM? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by August 25. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition.*

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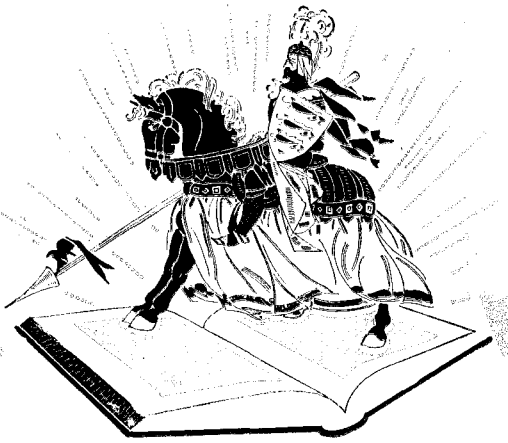
$500 for Dead Men's Bones



Can YOU Pick the Greatest Dates in History?

A PRIZE CONTEST

WHAT ARE the key-dates of history? The Editor of The Forum put this question to three of the best-known students of the past—H. G. Wells, Hendrik Willem van Loon, and Will Durant. He asked each of them to list the twelve greatest dates in history, and to state why the events so chosen were of supreme importance to the world. This they did, and the result is three extraordinary articles which will appear in successive issues of The Forum beginning next month. In September The Forum will publish van Loon's twelve dates. Will Durant's will follow in October. The November issue will contain the selection of H. G. Wells.

When you read their lists, your first reaction will be to wonder why van Loon, or Durant, or Wells left out this date and that date. You will have excellent reasons for thinking that many other events are just as important, historically, as those selected by these distinguished authors. So The Forum has decided to invite your collaboration with van Loon, Durant, and Wells. Your task will be to pick the twelve most important dates in history which these three gentlemen omitted, telling why each selection marks one of the world's greatest events.

The rules of the contest are as follows:

1. Three cash prizes will be awarded: a first prize of $250; a second prize of $150; and a third prize of $100. If there should be a tie for any of the three prizes, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each contestant.

2. The prize-winning papers will be published in The Forum.

3. The contest is open to everyone. No one will be excluded except members of The Forum staff and their families.

4. Each contestant must list twelve dates which are NOT among those chosen by van Loon, Durant, and Wells, and each contestant must state briefly why each of his dates is important. The papers will be judged equally upon the dates chosen and the reasons given for their choice.

5. Papers must not be more than 1200 words long. This allows approximately 100 words for the explanation of each date.

6. Since H. G. Wells' article will not be published until the November issue of The Forum, no paper can be considered for the contest which is sent in before the November issue appears.

7. The Contest will close at midnight on Monday, December 1, 1930. All papers bearing a postmark later than midnight, December 1st will be automatically ruled out.

8. Papers should be either typewritten or penned in legible handwriting, and they must bear the name and address of the contestant. They should be mailed to the Contest Editor, The Forum, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

9. The Forum will not return papers submitted in the contest, nor will The Forum enter into correspondence with contestants about their papers.

10. Any contestant may enter as many papers as he pleases.

11. The Editor of The Forum will be the sole judge of the contest.

12. The submission of a paper in the contest will be understood to mean that the contestant accepts the rules here stated and is prepared to abide by the Editor's judgment.

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Caricature by Low, from "Lions and Lambs"
Courtesy Harcourt-Brace

H. G. WELLS

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F O R U M

AUGUST, 1930 VOL. 84, NO. 2

What I Believe

Living Philosophies — XI

***by* H. G. WELLS**

IT HAS exercised my mind a lot to find out how much I could tell you of my credo in a few thousand words. Because I suppose that means telling what I think I am, why I exist, what I think I am for, what I think of life, what I think of the world about me, and things like that. These are questions to which I have given innumerable hours — in conversation, in reading and writing, in lonely places, and particularly in that loneliest place of all, the dark stillness of the night. Anyhow I am going to try.

In the perfume factories of Grasse, in Provence, they show you little bottles of concentrated extract. In this little bottle, they tell you, they have condensed the scent of half a million roses; in this, acres and acres of jasmine. In this brief paper I shall try to give you the gist of many thousands of nights and days of thought. I shall try to make myself as clear as possible, but you must forgive me if now and then I have to be more concentrated than explicit.

I can say best what I have to say by talking first about immortality. I shall open my matter with a question. Here I am, setting down my thoughts; and there you are, reading them. We are having mental intercourse, sharing our ideas. Our mental lives are in contact. The question I would put is this: how far can we consider this mental life we are sharing to be immortal? And more particularly I would ask you a question I have often asked myself. What is this H. G. Wells who is now thinking before you and with you?

Now what do you suppose our little conference amounts to? What is happening now? You are Mr. So-and-so, or Mrs. So-and-so, or Miss So-and-so, and someone called H. G. Wells is talking to you through the medium of print. That is what most people will call self-evident fact. That is what will pass muster as the truth of the matter. But is it altogether true? Let us go into things a little more precisely. I will talk about my side of the discussion, which is H. G. Wells, but what I have to say will apply quite as well to your side also.

II

THIS H. G. WELLS is a person who was born in the year 1866 and who has since gone here and there and done this and that. His words are here, some thought that may be considered to be his is here, but are you sure that all of him is present? May I point out that, far from all of him being present in this discussion, very much of him is not present anywhere. The greater part of him is no longer in existence. It is dead. It is past and forgotten. He is already, for the most part, as dead as his grandfather.

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Let me explain a little more fully what I mean by this. Consider the childhood of this person. I will tell you of one incident in it. In 1867 he was a small and extremely troublesome infant. He felt things vividly and expressed himself violently. He had, one day, a great and terrible adventure. It must have seemed like the end of the world to him. He was lying on a sofa and he rolled about upon it and fell off. He must have been scared by that fall. But also he fell on a glass bottle. It broke. He was cut very dreadfully about the face. This body I have with me to-day still bears a scar over one eye. No doubt he was frightened and hurt, taken up and soothed. The doctor came and sewed him up.

Drawings by Paul Love

What a storm of feeling, what a fuss it must have been! Yes, but what do I know of all that now? Nothing, nothing except what my mother told me of it; nothing else at all. All the fear, all the feeling, all the details of the event have gone out of my conscious existence. All that is quite dead. Now, can I really say that H. G. Wells of one year old is here? You will say, perhaps, "Of course he is." There is the scar. And if that child of twelve months old had not existed, how could this present writer exist?

But wait a moment. That grandfather of mine! He was a gardener and he was rather good at growing roses. One day toward the end of the reign of King George III he stood in the sunshine in a garden at Penshurst and budded a rose. I know that for a fact, just as completely as I know for a fact that H. G. Wells fell off a sofa in 1867. And also, be it noted, if my grandfather had not existed, the present writer could not exist. My nose and my eyes would not be the shape and color they are. If the scar is H. G. Wells of 1867, the eye is Joseph Wells of 1828. So, by the same test, if that infant H. G. Wells is alive here, his grandfather is alive here, and so far as one is dead and forgotten, so is the other. There is the same physical continuity; there is the same forgetfulness.

Now this idea that the H. G. Wells who writes this is not all of H. G. Wells is a very important idea in my credo. It is not only that I who am speaking am not in any real sense that baby of 1867, but it is also that I am not a certain ill and angry young man of twenty who lived in 1886. He was struggling in the world under what he thought was an unjustly heavy handicap, and he talked and he wrote. I have photographs of him as he was then; I have stuff that he wrote. And for the life of me I cannot identify my present self with him. I have left him behind almost as completely as I have left my grandfather behind. On the other hand, I have recently been collaborating with one of my sons. We share many ideas and we have very similar mental dispositions. I feel at present much more closely identified with him than with that young H. G. Wells of 1886: or even with the H. G. Wells of 1896, whom I find from a photograph wore side whiskers and a cascade mustache and rode about the countryside on a bicycle.

And now let us turn to another aspect of this curious inquiry. This train of thought which is talking to you now is something very much less than H. G. Wells, who is, from my point of view, already very largely dead. But also it is also something very much *more* than H. G. Wells. You and I are thinking about what is immortal in ourselves. Now H. G. Wells never started that topic. It came to him. He heard people talking about it and preaching about it. He read about it. People who died in Egypt five thousand years ago and whose names and faces and habits and sins are utterly forgotten were talking about it. Plato, Buddha, Confucius, St. Paul have all had something important to say on the matter. That discussion came into *our* lives as we grew up. We may participate in it, change it a little, before we pass it on. It is like a light passing through a prism which may test it, refract it perhaps, polarize it perhaps, and send it on again *changed*. We are the prism. The thoughts existed before we were born and will go on after we are finished with altogether.

Now here, you see, is something more — and something very fundamental — of what I am trying to say to you. Either this will seem the most lucid of realities or the most fantastic of speculations. But first let us have what I am putting to you plain. Here, I say, is this H. G.

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Wells who is talking, and he is — I have tried to show — so far from being immortal that the greater part of him is already dead and gone forever. I will not presume to apply the obvious parallel to you. That is *your* affair. But also over and above this H. G. Wells is something, a living growth and a continual refining of ideas, a thought process which is bringing our minds together. And this thought process has lived already thousands of years ago and may, so far as we know, passing from mind to mind and from age to age, continue its life forever. We are mortal persons responding to the advance of perhaps immortal ideas. We are not ourselves only; we are also part of human experience and thought.

I hope I have made my meaning clear thus far. You may not agree with me exactly, but I hope you have understood me, so that I can go on to the next light in my credo.

XIII

A SECOND very fundamental question which man has been debating with himself for many centuries, and which comes to most of us in due time and perplexes us, is the question of what is an individual. It is a question that joins on very closely to these ideas about immortality. How is the individual related to the species? How is the part related to the whole? How is the one related to the many? How is he or she as a whole related to everything in his or her make-up? A great part of the dialogues of Plato, for instance, consists of experiments and explorations about this group of questions.

I agree that to a lot of people this sort of discussion will seem hairsplitting, tedious, and unmeaning. They will fail to see what it is about and what good it is. They feel sure they are individuals, and that is an end to the matter. They will say that they do not want to bother their heads about it. Quite a lot of people seem to live now chiefly to escape having their heads bothered about anything, but most of that kind have probably stopped reading this quite a while ago, if ever they began. To many, however, these questions are full of meaning, and to some of us they are among the most important questions in the world. They are so to me, and I cannot explain what I believe at all without discussing them.

I suppose the ordinary and obvious answer to this question of what is an individual would be to say it is a living being detached from the rest of the world. It is born or hatched as a definite, distinctive self; it maintains itself for a certain time against the rest of the universe, and at last it dies and comes to at least a physical end. But is that an impregnable statement? If one pries into descriptive biology or into modern psychology, one finds first one curious fact and then another coming up to weaken and undermine this idea of the complete integrity of individuals. They are not so definitely marked off as we are disposed to think.

Go first to the biologist. He will agree that men and cats and dogs are very individual creatures. He will probably say that they are strongly individualized. But when you ask him if that is true of all living things, he will at once say "No." He will tell you that most plants seem much more individualized than they are. You can take a plant and break it up into a number of plants. Are they new individuals or are they fractions of the old one? You can even take two plants of different species and graft them together. What is the grafted plant — a new individual, or one or both of the old ones? Trees seem to be much more individual than they really are, just as mountains do. It is a disposition of our minds to think of them as individuals. We talk of the Jungfrau or the Wetterhorn as if they were as complete and distinct as pyramids, but really they are only peaks on a general mountain mass.

And it is not only plants and all the vegetable kingdom that is wanting in individuality. The biologist will tell you of innumerable species of lower animals also, of which two sometimes come together and coalesce into one and one will break up into two or many; and again of individuals that branch off others but never separate and so become what are called colonies, a sort of superindividual. If the higher animals could do as the lower animals do, we should have Mr. Lloyd George coalescing with Mr. Snowden into one individual — which I am sure would be a terrible nightmare for the publicists of France — and we should have

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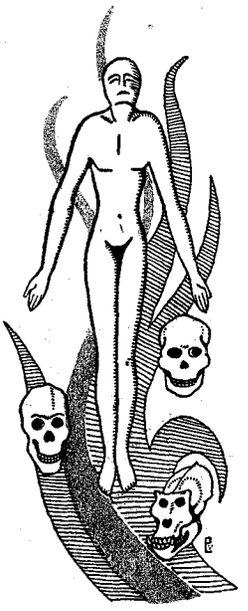
Mr. Winston Churchill breaking up into dozens and scores of Winston Churchills and writing books, painting pictures, forming governments, commanding and constituting armies and navies, and carrying every aspect of his versatility to the last extreme. I am afraid he would insist upon it.

But the biologist assures us that all the higher animals have lost these powers of combining and dividing and spreading themselves out. They are highly individualized, he says; they are unified and drawn together, they are cut off from the rest of the universe into themselves, to a degree no other creatures have attained. These individualities such as we have are an exception and not the rule among living things. They are not the common way of life.

But though we are highly individualized, says the biologist, our kind of creature is not completely individualized. He will tell you of various curious cases when sheep and cats and dogs and babies have been born with two heads to one body or two bodies to one head. When there are two heads, where is the individual then? And he will bring home to you the fact that a great part of our bodily selves is unknown to us. We do not know what is inside of us until we learn about it from talk and lessons and books, and unless trouble is brewing we do not know what goes on inside there nor how it feels. Our particular individuality, in fact, does not penetrate to our interiors.



And if you will let the biologist run on, he will tell you that in the blood vessels and substance of our body are millions of little beings, which are extraordinarily like some of the smallest, lowest microscopic animals which lead independent lives, and these go about in our bodies as citizens go about in the streets and houses of a city. These little beings, these corpuscles, kill disease germs, carry food and air about, and do a multitude of services. They have minute individualities of their own. We are made up of millions of such minute creatures, just as cities and nations are made of millions of such beings as ourselves. There are, you see, different ranks and kinds of individuality. It is not the simple matter so many people assume it to be.

Now when we turn from the modern biologist to the modern psychologist, we get still more remarkable revelations about this individuality of ours, which seems at first so simple. He tells us of minds split and divided against themselves. I do not know whether you have read of cases of what is called divided personality. They are fascinatingly strange. They are rare, but they occur. There are people who suddenly forget who they are. The individual becomes someone else. That may happen under hypnotism; it may happen in cases of insanity.

But it may also happen without either hypnotism or insanity. In the same brain and in the same body it is possible for first one and then another personality to take control. Perhaps you have read a story of R. L. Stevenson's which was suggested by these cases — the story of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. That puts these phenomena in an extreme, fantastic fashion and it ascribes the change-over to a drug. But the change in the actual cases occurs without a drug. Quite a number of us go some little way toward such a change. Which of us, indeed, has not a better self and a worse self?

IV

I HAVE HAD to abbreviate this appeal to biology and psychology, but I think I have at least said enough to show you the support I find in these sciences for my profound doubt whether this H. G. Wells of mine is really the completely independent, separate, distinct being that it is our habit of mind to consider him. Perhaps my individuality, my personality, seems to be distincter than it is. Perhaps it is — how shall I put it? — a convenient biological illusion.

If I had the time, I could produce a great mass of facts to support that belief, to show how individuality has arisen in the course of evolution and how every individual is, as it were, a sort of experiment made by nature to test this and that group of qualities. In collaboration with Julian Huxley and my son, G. P. Wells, I have been trying to present that mass of facts to the general reader in a work called the *Science of Life*, but our utmost efforts to compress and simplify leave us with a large book. So I can

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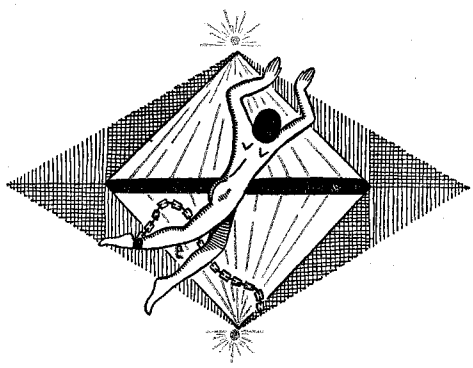
only allude to it here as being full of light upon this issue, the sort of light there is no time to give you now, and then turn to another aspect of this question of "What am I?" and "What are you?"

Let us look within. How do you feel about your identity with yourself? Well, anyhow, let me tell you how *I* feel about H. G. Wells. I have already tried to show that as a matter of fact a lot of him is already dead stuff and irrelevant stuff, and I have also tried to show that this *thought* that is talking to you is something very much more than H. G. Wells.



And when it comes to introspection, then I feel, very, very clearly, that I am something very distinct from this individual H. G. Wells who eats and sleeps and runs about the world. I feel that I am linked to him as a boat may be moored to a floating buoy. More than that, I have to use his voice, see with his eyes, experience the pain of any physical misfortune that comes to him. He is my window on the world and my mouthpiece. I have to think in his brain, and his store of memories is my only reference library. I doubt if I can think or feel or act as an individual without him. But I do not feel that I am he.

I take a great interest in him. I keep him as clean as I can and am always on the watch to prevent him getting sulky, dull, or lazy — not always with success. He has to be petted and persuaded. I like to be told he is good and remarkable, just as I like to be told my automobile is a good one. But sometimes I wish I could get away from him — heavens, how I wish it at times! He is clumsy in all sorts of ways, and unbeautiful. His instincts and appetites are dreadful. He begins to show considerable signs of wear. The reference library in him might be better arranged and the brain cells quicker at the uptake. But he is all I have to keep me in touch with the world. When he goes, I go. I am silenced for ever.

Now there is nothing original in this sense of detachment from myself. Most people get to something of the sort. When we are young, we identify ourselves with ourselves very completely and fiercely. That may be a biological necessity. But as we ripen — or as we age — the separation widens. All through the historical past of our race one can trace this feeling of detachment. They used to call the part that is talking to you now the soul, and the rejected part the body; but that is not quite my point of view.

The H. G. Wells I look down upon is mental just as much as he is physical; he is the whole individualized, self-centered personality. When I read St. Paul and find him talking of the Old Adam and the New Adam, he seems to be saying something very much nearer to the truth than that popular distinction of body and spirit. When he cries, "Who can deliver me from the body of this death?" I find him very understandable. How warmly have I echoed that cry! My feeling is just that sense of being *thought* — a part of a great process of thought — which finds itself entangled, as some young creature may be entangled in its egg membranes, in an overdeveloped, overintense, overlimited egotism.

Now what I am saying here is not, I believe, an orthodox Christian view. Orthodox Christianity insists that we are ourselves forever and ever. Mr. Gilbert Chesterton ought to tell you about that. My credo is much nearer Stoicism. It is, indeed, Stoicism seen in the light of modern biological science. I do not believe in the least that either the body of H. G. Wells or his personality is immortal, but I do believe that the growing process of thought, knowledge, and will of which we are parts, of which I am a part, and of which you are a part, may go on growing in range and power forever. I think that Man is immortal, but not men.

THERE YOU HAVE what I believe, given to you as precisely and clearly as I can. Man, I take it — man in us — is more important than the things in the individual life, and this I believe not as a mere sentimentality, but as a rigorously true statement of biological and mental fact. Our individuality is, so to speak, an inborn obsession from which we shall escape as we become more intelligent. And we are

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under a necessity to escape from it as we become more intelligent, because increasing intelligence brings us more and more clearly face to face with the ultimate frustration of every individual desire in age, enfeeblement, and death. Personality, individuality, is a biological device which has served its end in evolution and will decline. A consciousness of something greater than ourselves — the immortal soul of the race — is taking control of the direction of our lives.

If I had the time and erudition, I think I could make an argument to show that this idea of the immortal soul of the race in which our own lives are like passing thoughts, is to be found in what Confucius calls the Higher Person, in what St. Paul calls the New Adam, in the Logos of Stoics, in the modern talk we hear of the Overman or Superman. But I cannot pursue these suggestions now.

But if I might say a word or so about the views one gets from this credo, I should insist first that the subordination of self to a higher order of being does not mean the suppression of all or any of one's distinctive gifts. We have to use ourselves to the utmost. We have to learn and make to the full measure of our possibilities. It is a sin to bury the talent, the individual gift which we possess for the good of the master being, Man.

Nor must you imagine that the subordination of self to the immortal being of the race means a subordination of one's narrow self to the equally narrow selves of other people. It is for them also to give themselves to that life and all that increases knowledge and power. I do not believe in the surrender of one jot or one tittle of one's intelligence and will to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, or to the will of the majority, or any such nonsense: I am not that sort of democrat. This world and its future is not for feeble folk any more than it is for selfish folk. It is not for the multitude, but for the best. The best of to-day will be the commonplace of to-morrow.

If I am something of a social leveler, it is not because I want to give silly people a good time, but because I want to make opportunity universal, and not leave out one single being who is worth while. If I want economic change, it is because the present system protects and fosters a vast swarm of wasteful spenders, no better in their quality and much worse in their lazy pretentious traditions than the general run of mankind. If I am opposed to nationalism and war, it is not merely because these things represent an immense waste of energy, but because they sustain a cant of blind discipline and loyalty and a paraphernalia of flags, uniforms, and parades that shelter a host of particularly mischievous, unintelligent bullies and wasters; because they place our lives at the mercy of trained blockheads. Militarism and warfare are childish things, if they are not more horrible than anything childish can be. They must become things of the past. They must die. Naturally my idea of politics is an open conspiracy to hurry these tiresome, wasteful, evil things — nationality and war — out of existence; to end this empire and that empire, and set up the one Empire of Man.

And it is natural that I should exalt science. In the scientific world I find just that disinterested devotion to great ends that I hope will spread at last through the entire range of human activity. I find just that coöperation of men of every race and color to increase Man's knowledge. We can all be citizens of the free state of science. But our political, our economic, our social lives have still to become illuminated and directed by the scientific spirit, are still sick and feeble with congenital traditionalism.

My space is almost up. I was asked to give my credo, and I have given it. I hope I have interested you and I hope I have not offended you. This is how I try to live; and this is how I have got to a certain mastery over the greed, the fears, the passions, and vanities that troubled my earlier days, and rid myself altogether of the fear of death.

It is good to be a part of life. Just as a sundial counts only the sunny hours, so does life know only that it is living. Many experiences there are in life, but one there is that we shall never have. We shall never know that we are dead. My creed, I can assure you, is not an unhappy creed. I have found it a good working creed. I wish you — you other fragments of Man — could tell me what you think of it.

Next Month, the faith of an iconoclast — H. L. Mencken

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COOLIDGE and the Do-nothing Decade

Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

by **EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL**

DURING the last ten years America, the richest and most powerful nation in the world, went bankrupt in public leadership. In high finance and big business, in science and the professions, there were many specialists of distinction; but in the affairs of government the annals do not reveal a single man with that statesmanlike quality of mind the essence of which is the ability to see life steadily and see it whole.

Matthew Arnold has said that human greatness is the happy product of "the man" and "the moment." If this is so, it may seem more than strange that the moment of eternity marked off by the 1920's did not call forth the man. For we have outgrown that adolescent conception of history which reviews our progress or evolution solely in terms of crises — of wars, invasions, plagues, famines, and the like. We now realize that the really important epochs are the periods of germination, when wars are being brewed or peace made certain, when the foundations are being laid to determine as irrevocably as fate itself what form the future structure of our lives shall take. In this sense the 1920's will certainly go down as one of the great moments of history.

It was a decade when the whole world had turned from deeds of war to hopes of peace. Every war is followed by a revulsion of feeling, but never before was it the dominant mood among all nations and races simultaneously. This fact made it the God-given moment to set about organizing a framework of international coöperation on a new basis. At the Peace Conference America had proposed the League of Nations. It provided machinery to guarantee that those larger forces of acquisitiveness and greed operating *between* nations should henceforth be controlled at least as well as the similar forces operating *within* nations. Europe saw the plan as a practical experiment and embraced it with enthusiasm. With proper support there was at least a fair chance that the forces which make for war might never again be allowed to get out of hand to plunge the world into another paroxysm of bloodshed.

The collaboration of America was indispensable. We had emerged from the war with prestige and influence greater than any modern people has ever possessed. This made it certain that whatever the United States did or did not do would determine the success or failure of the new experiment in statesmanship. For at such a

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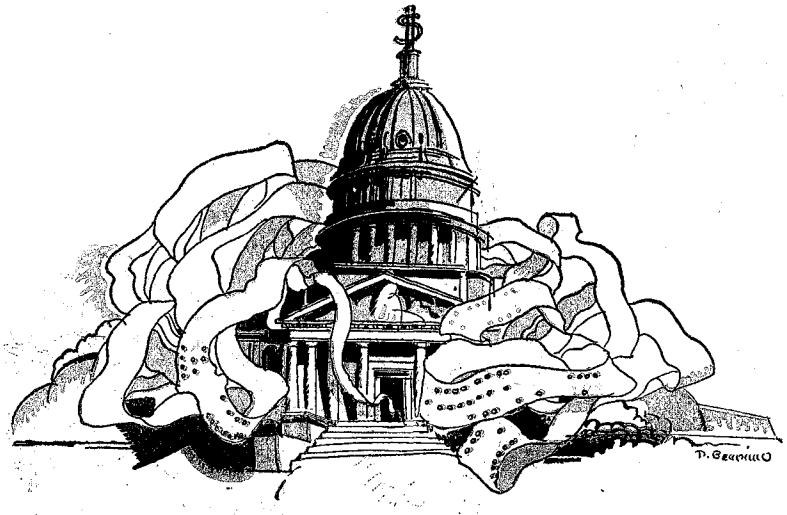

time inaction may decide the future course of events just as positively as action. Confronted with this dilemma in 1920 — a time of great confusion — we chose to do nothing. As if afraid to play a realistic game for such high stakes as world peace, we let the opportunity slip through paralyzed fingers. This was Harding's contribution to statecraft, and his successors reënforced the new tradition. Thus was paralysis set up as an instrument of national policy.

No one, of course, can foresee the consequences of this, not only to America, but to the world at large. By withholding our aid when it was desperately needed to set the new machinery in motion, we cast the mold from which future events must issue. If those events should prove the undoing of our earlier hopes, it will avail us little to recall such noble gestures as the Kellogg Pact; the verdict of history will rightly lay the blame upon us. Of this much, however, we can be sure in advance: it was no accident that our abdication of responsibility abroad coincided with the total eclipse of leadership at home.

The Rising Star of Business

It may indeed seem strange that the times did not call forth a man with vision enough to encompass the issue and courage enough to deal with it. But when one pauses to consider the outstanding tendencies of the last decade against the background of modern history, perhaps the inferiority of our public men is not so strange after all. In this, as in other respects, we have been reaping the fruits of two world movements which, together, have had the effect of transferring the management of affairs from a cultured aristocracy, in Matthew Arnold's meaning of the term, to a technically trained bourgeoisie — the traders, merchants, financiers, and business men generally.

The economic developments which began with the Industrial Revolution and gained momentum with each succeeding year reënforced the political developments which were launched with the French Revolution. As the power of kings waned, the newly enfranchised class of manufacturers and traders was accumulating its wealth. As elected parliaments and congresses took over the ancient prerogatives of monarchy, it became increasingly evident that the real masters of our so-called representatives were not the inarticulate common people, as democratic theory was wont to say, but the business groups which controlled the nation's purse.

By the latter part of the nineteenth century this concentration of power in the hands of business men had reached such proportions that the student of the period can see clearly the shift in public policy which it brought about. Political leaders begin to think less and less in terms of the general welfare, and more and more in terms of the very specialized welfare of business. This continues down to the present day until at last the government boldly assumes the rôle of godfather and nursemaid to the business interests. The onward sweep of this movement was checked for a brief period by Roosevelt's war on the trusts; after which no more was heard of "the big stick." Roosevelt's successors had exchanged it for a back-scratcher, and the era of mergers had set in — this time with business and government allied under a working agreement.

By 1920 the well-being of trade, commerce, and industry had become the ultimate end of governmental policy. From that time on, political campaigns are fought and won on the major issue of prosperity. At home, the tariff and various agencies for promoting and stabilizing business conditions become the focal points of political action; while abroad, the government's policies are dictated in almost every particular by the necessity of extending the front-line trenches of commercial warfare.

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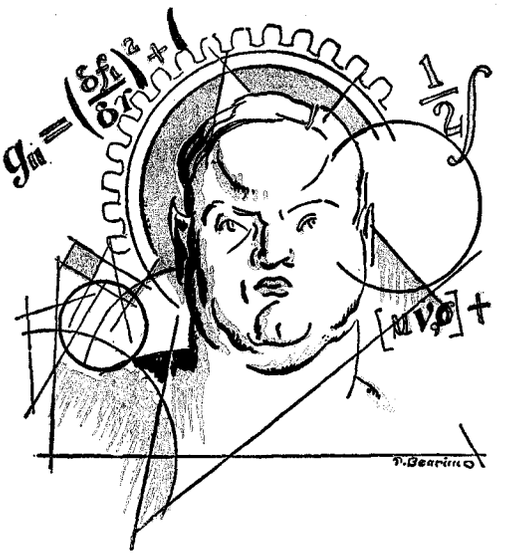
The rise of business to this position of dominance over government was a subtle and gradual process. It was not a drama of ruthless Capitalism reaching out from Wall Street to encircle Washington in octopuslike tentacles. This, the Communist interpretation, leaves out the chief villains of the play. Business has only done what every other organized group has attempted. If business men have succeeded to a greater degree than others, it is not because of anything unduly sinister in their motives. The real fault lies elsewhere — in the abdication of judgment and power by governmental authorities, and in the gradual acceptance of purely commercial attitudes by the general public. For flagrant examples of this, watch a tariff bill in the making. Here we see Senators and Congressmen openly surrendering to business demands without giving a thought to the international complications which must follow the raising of our tariff walls, while their constituencies not only do not protest, but actually acclaim them for doing it.

By 1920, then, the business man may be said to have achieved complete ascendancy over the statesman. In that year Harding was elected President of the United States. His platform was caught up in two slogans: "Back to Normalcy" — which meant a return to business stability following the upsets of the war — and "More Business in Government and Less Government in Business."



This last slogan is one of those illuminating phrases which Señor Madariaga likes to single out to reveal the hidden depths of a nation's purpose in some characteristic commonplace of its language. There can be no doubt that "More Business in Government" expressed the real desires of the American people in 1920, and the sequel calls to mind an ancient saying: "Be careful what you wish for in youth, for in your old age you will get it." The moral stagnation of Harding and the silent apathy of Coolidge opened the sluice gates for the triumphal entry of business in government and paved the way for Hoover, the practical apostle of business efficiency. Thus the closing years of the decade brought us what we wished for in 1920, and it would be an ironical trick of fate if we should have to spend the next ten years repenting that we ever wanted it.

In some respects this seems to be indicated on the cards. Efficiency cannot be an end in itself. It is only a way of doing things; it cannot help a statesman decide what things to do. For this, he must go back to Lincoln's formula: "If we could first know *where* we are, and *whither* we are tending, we could then better judge *what* to do, and *how* to do it." It is too early, of course, to measure Hoover's capacity for leadership by Lincoln's recipe. Already, however, in dealing with the major problem of prohibition he has shown himself very much befuddled about the *where*, the *whither*, and the *what;* all his energies have been addressed to the purely administrative *how* of enforcement.

The Challenge to Leadership

We may say, then, that the weak figure of Harding, standing at the opening of the decade, marks the total eclipse of political leadership, while the dynamic figure of Hoover at the close personifies business in the saddle. But the truly representative man of the decade was Calvin Coolidge, who occupied its middle years, bridging the gap between the two extremes and symbolizing the pathetic futility of the new scheme of things. It was evident from the first that the weakness of Harding was the real strength of Coolidge. When the turn of events thrust him into the White House, people sighed with relief. Whatever else he might be, Coolidge was an honest man, and the nation welcomed the chance to forget the blunders of his predecessor.

What an opportunity it was! The supreme issue of world peace still hung in the balance. The League of Nations had been organized, but it was crippled by America's non-coöperation. The course of world events for the next hundred

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years still depended upon action or inaction in Washington. At home, conditions were ripe for a change. Sick of the Ohio Gang and its malodorous scandals, the nation realized the gigantic error of 1920 and was ready for a new deal. In the integrity of Coolidge, people saw that history had turned over a clean leaf on which things might be written of which they need not feel ashamed. This being the state of the public mind, there seems to me little doubt that the nation would have followed Coolidge if he had struck out boldly to reverse the blunders of Harding and pledge America to assume her full burden of international responsibility. It was a challenge to leadership. The country stood waiting for its marching orders.

Then came the command, "Mark time!" And for five and a half years the United States marked time. From the first moment Coolidge showed that he had no grasp of the true situation which confronted him. Leadership was simply a matter of preserving the *status quo*. He turned to the narrowly practical. Instead of working out far-reaching guarantees for world peace, he treated us to the edifying spectacle of a President wholly absorbed in nursing prosperity on thrift. One will search his record in vain for a single indication that he ever conceived of statesmanship as having objectives beyond the balancing of the nation's books to show a profit.

Here was an urgent demand for leadership coupled with a positive refusal to exercise it, and the situation was such a paradox that a tissue of myth has been built up about Coolidge to demonstrate the incomprehensible wisdom of silent apathy. These myths have tended to surround the real Coolidge with a veil of mystery. Still, we must somehow get at the real Coolidge if we are to penetrate the greatest mystery of all. How was it possible for this little man ever to rise to the great heights of the Presidency? How explain his extraordinary popularity? What is the true significance of Coolidge as the representative man of his period — this President who was so obsessed with prosperity that he forgot the greater issues?

If it is true that the power of business has come to supplant the power of politics, I believe the real explanation of Coolidge lies in this fact, and in the subtle influence of this fact upon the everyday thought processes of the American people. Consider for a moment the fetish of comfort-worship in America today. Arthur Morgan, President of Antioch College, has pointed out that "the tremendous energy of the pioneers, gathering momentum from one generation to another, has driven us on past the satisfying of mere want, the original goal, into an era of physical and material comfort unparalleled in any civilization." This is the energy, the drive, behind modern business, and every citizen of the land is caught in its toils. Whether we wish it or not, we are all involved in an intense competitive struggle to satisfy an ever-increasing number of new wants which we didn't know we had until skillful publicity made us aware of them.

In identifying pink bathtubs and automobiles of the latest model with progress and civilization, we are steadily driven onward to acquire more and more of these things, and we have no time for reflection. But human beings are so made that they must have reasons for what they do; if a good reason cannot be had, then any old substitute will serve the purpose. So we Americans rationalize our conduct by accepting without question the platitudinous maxims of business itself. Our national philosophy, if it may be called philosophy, is merely a wholesale expression of commercial attitudes. The only reasons we can discover to justify our tremendous exertions are those which dominate business enterprise.

Now what is the chief end of business enterprise? "To make money," you say. But why make money? "To be successful and gain recognition." This is the great spur to individual achievement in business. Business men set out to push themselves ahead, to acquire the power that success will bring. In the process of lifting a man to success, business teaches him nothing about the proper way to exercise the power it gives him, unless it be to turn it back to the further development of the enterprise.

True, some business men show a capacity beyond this. Rising to positions of influence, they discover new interests; they may assist charities, encourage the arts, promote education, subsidize the churches, or further reforms in public life. Such things, however, are quite beyond the pale of business philosophy. With these individuals this ultimate devotion to non-commercial ideals is something which comes from the strength of their own char-

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acters. Business, *as business*, does not concern itself with such matters.

I do not mean to condemn unduly the narrowness of business motives when they are confined to their own proper sphere. What I do mean to condemn is our attempt to set up these motives as ends sufficient in themselves, to identify them with religion as Bruce Barton has done, and to call this miscegenation of ideas an adequate national philosophy. This is precisely what has happened to us. In exalting business above statesmanship, we have carried over into public life the same narrow standards of purely personal success which govern the commercial world. In this, I think, lies the explanation of our decadent national leadership during the last ten years.

Coolidge, the Representative Man

Recently I was turning these thoughts over in my mind while I was reading the "confessions" which Calvin Coolidge wrote for a popular magazine upon leaving office. In doing so, I chanced upon one of those remarks which Galsworthy calls "significant trifles," because, in their casual and unguarded utterance, they seem to lay bare the mainsprings of a man's character.

Coolidge was writing about his education. All his life, he said, he has remembered the advice given him by a professor of philosophy at Amherst. The professor told his students that if they would go along with events and have the courage and industry to hold to the mainstream, without being washed ashore by the immaterial cross currents, they would some day be men of power. This idea, Coolidge made plain, became his guiding principle. It was the business motive pure and simple — how to achieve success.

That one may rise to great heights by this formula is abundantly proved by Coolidge's own career. Never has any man kept so steadily to the mainstream of his times as this little back-country lawyer, and in the end it washed him up to the Presidency. But if Coolidge has demonstrated the strength of his formula, as a certain means of *acquiring* power, he has also demonstrated its weakness — its complete vacuity — as a guide in the *exercise* of power once it is acquired. For what use could a merely average man, content to swim with the tide, make of his success-formula after it had won him the honors he sought?

The Do-nothing Decade returned a clear answer to this question. In the mind of Coolidge and the business generation which he typified there lay a firm conviction that "whatever is, is right." Anyone who shares this belief need not trouble to chart his own course. His sailing orders are already sealed and delivered: "Make everything shipshape, trim your sails to the prevailing wind, and don't rock the boat." And to these easy ends Coolidge was content to direct the exercise of the power he had so easily won.

As a matter of fact, when a man has such naïve confidence in the essential soundness of things as they are, it is presumptuous to suppose that he can improve on the existing order

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— and Coolidge was never presumptuous. It was enough for him not to interfere with the mainsteam of events. This mainstream was business, so he made thrift and prosperity his *summum bonum*. These he guarded with zealous watchfulness, and his one solid contribution was in warning the power-drunk seamen in the Senate and House to leave navigation to their betters. He opposed his power to that of Congress on many occasions when the latter was bent upon enacting some piece of foolish or vicious legislation, such as the Veterans' Bonus or the McNary-Haugen Bill. This was a real service to the nation, and no one can belittle its importance at the time.

But when all is said that can be said with justice, Coolidge still remains the most pathetic figure in our public life. Thrust into a position of leadership without any capacity for the rôle, he could only exercise the negative virtues. He did not abuse his own power, and he did his best to keep others from abusing theirs. Of the positive demands of leadership he had no conception. For that, something more is required than a well-worn set of business platitudes and a mere ambition to succeed, however honestly. Something more is also required than a determination to hold to the mainstream of one's time. Effective leadership calls for some capacity to *evaluate* current tendencies, to understand their sources, and to foresee imaginatively their probable outcome — and then courage to act upon this knowledge, even if it means going against the mainstream.

In short, it calls for an adequate philosophy. This is the one thing which all our public men of the last decade — the years of business ascendancy — so significantly lacked.

The New Illusion

In our present distrust of politicians and our new cult of business and the business man's practical virtues, the truth seems to be, as Coolidge demonstrated, that we are just substituting a new illusion for an old one. Only recently Owen D. Young made a very picturesque comparison between the brilliant prima donna, Politics, and her humble handmaiden, Economics. He pointed out that since the war the homely drudge has repeatedly had to come to the rescue of her histrionic sister, and he indicated that this shift of emphasis was a happy portent for the future. But I wonder if we are really expected to believe whole-heartedly this new version of the Cinderella story. Just how far can we go in making our new confession of faith in the omniscience of Economics?

It may be true enough that politics has become a decadent science. But have we any reason to believe that the reign of business will usher in the millennium? I cannot think so. Business men, like latter-day politicians, are specialists. They do not know enough to rule us. There are too many values in human life which cannot be measured by the economic scale. Politics and economics each has its place, along with such imponderables as ideals and ethics and historical perspective. Philosophy alone can give to each its due weight in an ordered scheme.

The present cult of business is a mechanical panacea, and when this fails us, we may be forced to fall back on common sense and put our faith in men. This will compel us to place an entirely new value upon education. Having lived through the "brick and mortar" era in the colleges, with its chief emphasis on plant and structure and its by-products of technical training in specialized fields, we shall demand a new kind of education that will give us an adequate philosophy. We shall have to begin here if we are to raise the standards of public leadership. We shall have to rear up a new generation of men who can see life steadily and see it whole.

Given such education, who knows what might happen? If in the meantime our democratic experiment doesn't break down under the dead weight of too many experts, perhaps we might some day produce another political philosopher like Jefferson and be intelligent enough to put him in the White House.

I have dwelt at some length upon Coolidge because, as the most representative public man of an essentially commercial decade, he exemplifies our greatest weakness as a nation. Like him, we have never acquired a broad, philosophical attitude of mind. Like him, we have never taken the trouble to examine critically the fundamental assumptions of our time. Like him, we have been swept by the current of events to the pinnacle of world power; and, like him, we have found ourselves in the pathetic situation of not knowing what to do with it.

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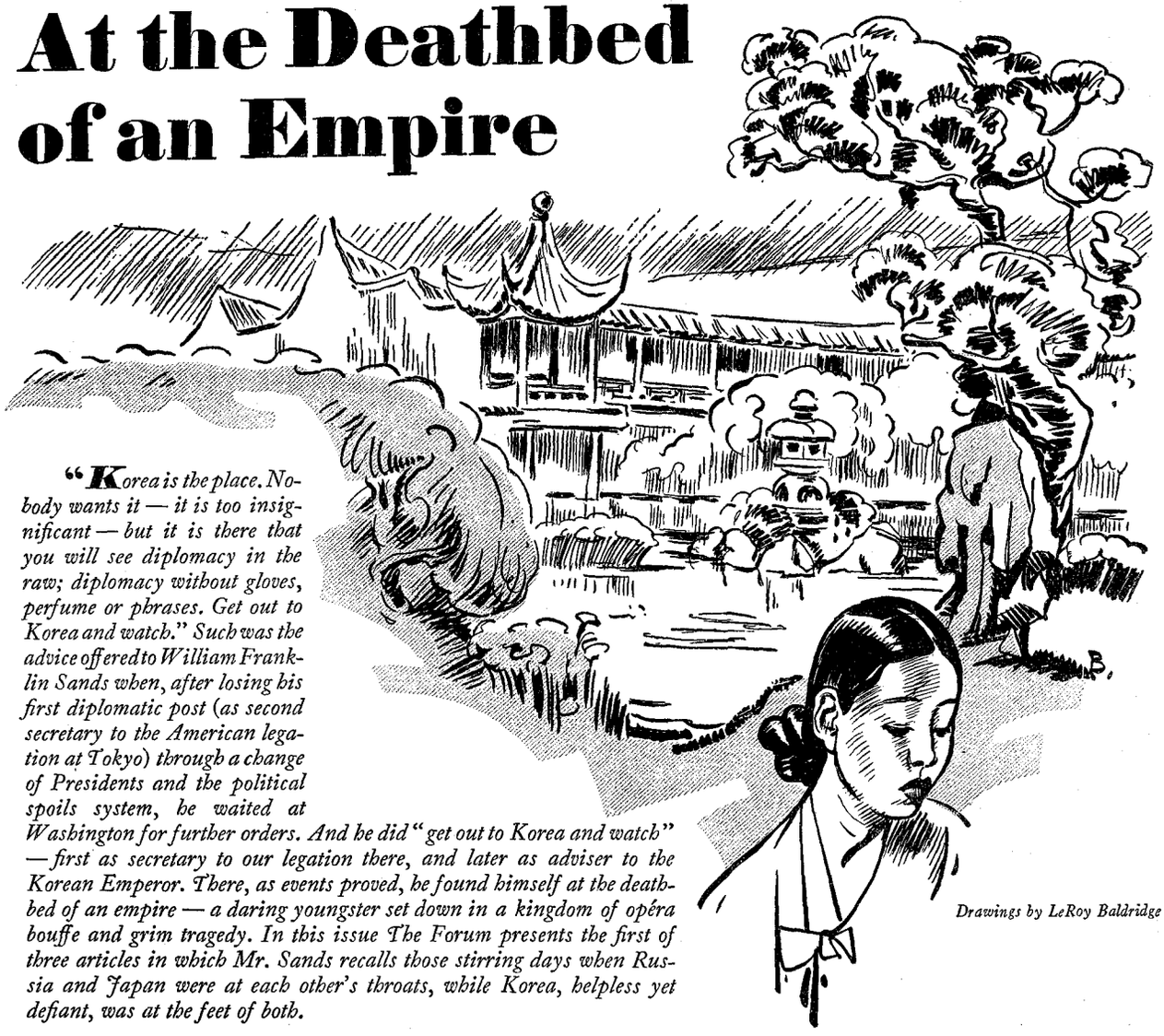
At the Deathbed of an Empire



Drawings by LeRoy Baldridge

"Korea is the place. Nobody wants it — it is too insignificant — but it is there that you will see diplomacy in the raw; diplomacy without gloves, perfume or phrases. Get out to Korea and watch." Such was the advice offered to William Franklin Sands when, after losing his first diplomatic post (as second secretary to the American legation at Tokyo) through a change of Presidents and the political spoils system, he waited at Washington for further orders. And he did "get out to Korea and watch" — first as secretary to our legation there, and later as adviser to the Korean Emperor. There, as events proved, he found himself at the deathbed of an empire — a daring youngster set down in a kingdom of opéra bouffe and grim tragedy. In this issue The Forum presents the first of three articles in which Mr. Sands recalls those stirring days when Russia and Japan were at each other's throats, while Korea, helpless yet defiant, was at the feet of both.

by WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

THE AMERICAN tradition in Korea was already an old one when, in 1898, I went out there to assume my post as secretary to the American legation. In the eighties an American, Judge W. N. Denny, was drawn into the service of the Korean Government and was given actual executive powers. He was not only an adviser — he was a member of the government, in so far as the absolute rule of the Emperor permitted any minister of state to be that in Korea. For a time it seemed as if he would be able to initiate the Koreans into the mysteries of responsible government. However, although he doubtless started with high hopes — as did his successors — he gradually became disheartened at the impossibility of teaching an unwilling Oriental people the bases of our own constitutional system. Furthermore, it was during his ministry that the Japanese policy — an ominous and over-solicitous patronage — definitely hardened.

It is not my intention to dwell upon the history of Korea, one reason being that it goes back to the twilight. Affected very early by Chinese culture, its civilization at one time stood higher than that of Japan. But habitual raids by both China and Japan eventually made it a prostrate country, and from that time on the Chinese and the Japanese bickered over its suzerainty, each receiving grudging tribute until the Chinese-Japanese war in 1894, when China was decisively defeated and renounced all claims. In the meantime Russia had loomed up on the Korean horizon, a real and imposing menace. Whatever Russia's dark intentions might be, it seemed fairly sure

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that the ice-free ports in the Pacific, of which Korea possessed several, were part of her goal; certainly she was trying to penetrate everywhere into the western and northern Asiatic continent. Korea was obviously a suitable victim for her octopuslike advance. And Korea was only a few hours' full steam from Japan. It was, indeed, "a Russian sword aimed at the heart of Japan."

Thus there was intrigue, which was further entangled by alliances between Great Britain and Japan and between Russia and France. Without doubt the atmosphere of the East at that time was heavy with war. Things were done without warrant in the international code or diplomatic usage, not only to the helpless Koreans but mutually among the various diplomatic corps. Everything turned on concessions — that is, on obtaining by intimidation, cajolery, or bribery, license to exploit for foreign interest some source of revenue of the Korean Government. We Americans were not concerned with this web of intrigue, all of which seemed to center in Korea. We ambled along in the midst of all sorts of ambitions that we did not share.

Such was the situation in Korea in the late nineties when I, at twenty-four, became attached to the American legation.

II

THERE IS a peace in a Korean garden such as I do not know in any other part of the world. It is not silence, for the clear air is full of voices; there are birds all about in the trees and bushes, magpies on the roof, and always kites swinging in the sky, whistling to each other. It is a perfect calm over everything — the sort of thing you get from the Irish legends of the land of Shee or the holy places.

A garden bungalow was my home in Seoul, which is the heart of Korea and the center of its life much more than Peking or Tokyo is the center of Chinese or Japanese life. Raised from the ground on a granite block foundation, neither heat nor cold could penetrate my house. There was a sunken garden, too, which was irresistible in summer. I used to have my Chinese boy set my tin bathtub out there until one morning I heard a feminine squeak, which I recognized, behind me. A former tenant had brought her friends to see my flowers. I was still wondering — after the gate had been slammed indignantly — from whom an apology was due, if at all, when a note came from the lady's husband rebuking me for my immoral conduct.

Life was very easy in Seoul. As usual in the East, one kept far too many servants. Eight boys were considered essential for me, although I dined at home only when I had guests. They were good boys, too, especially the housekeepers — house boy and cook — who rigidly limited their profits on household purchases to the conventional one hundred per cent. You knew that when you engaged housekeepers for so much a month they meant and you meant double that, but if you got honest ones, you were perfectly safe from all other birds of prey. No woman coming out for the first time ever understood why we endured such a system, and always started out righteously to break it up.

We of the legations all lived within a hundred yards of our offices, so we lunched at our homes. The afternoons were generally more lively than the mornings, for Koreans came to pay court to the influential or to gather news for the palace. At five o'clock the juniors and most of the bachelor elders gathered at the shabby little diplomatic club for cocktails and poker. The poker was one long game with interruptions, but it was innocuous so long as it remained among ourselves. We signed notes for the small amounts lost and once a month sent them through the clearing house. If anyone had notes that seemed too large, we held them back and waited until his winnings helped to balance, cashing only the little ones. One newly arrived American engineer never realized that the reason for our coolness toward him and his bride lay in the fact that, contrary to our benign custom, he cashed his chits promptly.

It often happened that half a dozen or more of us bachelors at the club would decide to dine with one of our number, and a list of the guests would go to his cook. Probably there would not be enough food in the house, but that never mattered. On arriving, each guest would find his own boy already there with something from his own kitchen or wine room specified by the host's cook. If on the spur of the moment the whole company decided to stay all night and not bother to go home, each houseboy arrived the next morning with fresh linen and

(*Continued on page 122*)

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Telling It to the Judge

Drawings by C. C. Beaver

A Survey of the Traffic Courts

by THOMAS COMPERE

When Patent Number 549,160 was issued in 1895, giving to George B. Selden, of Rochester, New York, the exclusive rights to manufacture gasoline buggies in the United States, there was little use for traffic laws or for courts to support them. A lazy justice of the peace could sleep until noon and then properly analyze all the cases involving daring or tipsy persons who had driven their fillies recklessly. The gasoline-propelled vehicle, however, quickly took the right of way from the horse, thereby creating a vital judicial problem which probably affects more citizens personally than any other governmental issue.

The most mentally inert person would not expect the country lanes of half a century ago to accommodate the twenty-seven million automobiles and trucks which are in operation in this country. Neither should we expect an antiquated, corrupt, and inadequate lower court system to conduct properly the enormous number of cases resulting from our complex traffic laws and the vast expansion in the use of motor vehicles. The maze of traffic ordinances, many of which are ridiculous, has made everyone but hermits and bedridden invalids regular violators. We must have traffic regulations, but even the good ones become detrimental, or useless, unless the courts can maintain their part of the burden.

Last month, in an article about "Befuddled Justice," Mr. Compere examined the lower courts in the United States and indicted them on ten specific counts. This month he centers his attention on the traffic courts. This is where the curruption and sheer incompetence of the system hit the average citizen hardest. Any man or woman is liable at any time to run afoul of some petty traffic regulation and find himself in the path of the steam roller which operates in these courts. As an experienced newspaper reporter, Mr. Compere has sat in the courtrooms of many cities listening to thousands of cases such as those he cites in this article. No one who owns an automobile will be likely to believe that he has overdrawn the picture.

The breakdown of the traffic court system was reflected clearly in a statement made recently by a veteran magistrate in New York City. He has been known for a generation to the criminal element as a "tough" judge — one of the few who refused to bow to Tammany district leaders. This magistrate rubbed a bald spot on his head, inhaled deeply from a cigarette, and blew a misty-blue ring. The smoke circle began to fade as it wiggled slowly toward the window of his chambers.

"You have about as much chance of getting justice in traffic court," he said, "as that smoke ring has of making a loop over the nose of the man in the moon. That court is a madhouse; a disgrace to any civilized community. Defendants frequently are considered guilty before their cases are called. Often they are lined up in front of the bar and fined collectively. Few of them get genuine hearings. There is no time for such individual treatment."

The magistrate was speaking specifically of Manhattan Traffic Court, the busiest tribunal in America. He flipped the butt of his cigarette into a corner and began to adjust his black surplice. It was time for his court to convene.

"Most of the defendants plead guilty and get out of the crush as soon as possible," he continued in a droll, matter-of-fact manner. "Others go the limit in getting some politicians

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to try to 'fix' their cases in advance. The tragic part about it is that the majority of better class citizens get their only impressions of the operation of the judiciary in traffic courts. The picture is not healthy."

How the System Works

Such indictments, coming from an honest and respected magistrate, should be shocking enough to make the most blasé person ponder. But the magistrate merely pulled up the flap of the tent. Traffic courts from California to Maine, and from Seattle to Miami, suffer in varying degrees from the same ills as the Manhattan tribunal. There are approximately as many traffic cases as all other hearings of law violations combined. More than forty per cent of the arraignments in New York City's lower courts are for infraction of traffic ordinances. There are a hundred persons who break the traffic laws to every violator of the prohibition statutes.

Check your own actions for half a day and see how many times you break a traffic regulation, whether it be in driving your car thirty miles an hour in a city, jay-walking, or overparking. The chances are that you infringe on the rules so frequently that you will be unconscious of your errors until a policeman administers a lecture and hands you a summons. Should you be unable to induce the officer to accept five dollars and be sensible, you are likely to find that the veteran magistrate's scathing criticism of the system was a bit mild. The prospect is not cheerful, and every active person is likely to be ordered at any time "to tell it to the judge."

Traffic offenders in small towns are given hearings in the same tribunals where the ordinary police cases are conducted. Most cities have separate traffic courts, but not enough of them. The criminal and civil hearings in cities are handled in district, homicide, municipal, women's, and night courts. The physical machinery differs slightly in various traffic tribunals, but there is the same dispensation of half-justice, the same raucous confusion.

Frank Norris wrote a classic description of the wheat pit in Chicago a number of years ago. It depicted men working as if obsessed in a mad frenzy. The situation is similar in many ways to the snarl in Manhattan Traffic Court on a busy day. Not even the New York Stock Exchange during last fall's crisis in the market has seen worse turmoil than that court, where thousands of men and women obtain their only personal contacts with the agencies of government.

The courtroom is dusty and half-lighted; the air dank in summer, made stale by tobacco smoke and perspiration from many bodies. It is the center of an old brick structure which apparently is a fire trap. Every unit in the social scale of America's most heterogeneous community is represented there. Bankers, scrub women, truck drivers, social celebrities, high school youths, pushcart vendors, newspaper reporters, policemen, lawyers, and attendants jam their way into the room each morning.

Usually the magistrate is late. Hundreds of people, who have work to accomplish, swelter in an enclosure that was built to accommodate dozens. The situation was even worse before an uptown traffic court was opened in Manhattan. Most of the defendants are summoned to appear at ten in the morning. They are lucky if they get herded before the bar and fined by one o'clock. The clerk shouts names. The magistrate pounds his gavel for order. The chattering and clamor continue unabated as the machine grinds out fines and sentences with guillotine-like ruthlessness. The tempo is nerve-wracking. An average of approximately one hundred and four cases have been judged in that court each session hour during summer months.

Nearly two thousand hearings have been conducted in a single day. The courtroom was merely the neck of the bottle through which the defendants were crushed like grapes in a wine press. The human fodder spouted into the hallway, down the creaky stairs, and into the street. Seven magistrates were called to take care of

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the docket. A traffic crusade was in progress. Most of the defendants were charged with improper parking. The heat was intense and several women fainted. Men ripped off their collars and ties. It was a spectacle of feverish confusion such as could be duplicated only in a subway during the rush hour.

Guilty or innocent, a person is likely to receive more physical discomfort in a city traffic court than he will from going to jail for a day, or in paying a nominal fine. Elmer Thompson, Secretary of the Automobile Club of America, said it would be pleasanter to pass a day in jail than an hour in Manhattan Traffic Court. The procedure followed in nearly all such tribunals is basically unjust. Many magistrates and police court judges work on the theory that all persons haled into the traffic courts are guilty, and that even if they are innocent of the present charge, they have committed so many trifling violations of the vehicular laws at other times that they should be punished. Such logic has no precedent in civilized countries.

No other type of hearing is handled so diversely and haphazardly as traffic cases. Magistrate George F. Ewald, in New York City, sentenced thirty-five persons to jail in one day for traffic violations, most of which concerned speeding. Other magistrates, occupying the same bench, have levied low fines for first offender speeders, and often the fees have been remitted and sentences suspended.

Magistrate Henry M. R. Goodman, in the same court, once took the drastic measures, somewhat to his later embarrassment, of sentencing seven Negroes to jail for petty infractions of the parking rules. Four of the prisoners had not been given the alternative of paying fines. Nearly fifty cases had been disposed of, and the Negroes were grumbling in the detention pen when Patrolman Julius Kohansky edged through the crowd in front of the bar.

"Your honor," the patrolman stammered, "I have a complaint of parking against you."

The routine hubbub ceased. Members of the polyglot audience leaned forward eagerly. The policeman was requested to step to the hallway. Magistrate Goodman left the bench, conferred with Kohansky, and inspected the ticket.

Meanwhile the Negroes became more disgruntled. Chief Magistrate William McAdoo was told of their plight. They were rearraigned and fined five dollars each. Mr. McAdoo asserted that Magistrate Goodman had acted "in a legal sense mistakenly." He pointed out that there had been numbers of white persons fined by Magistrate Goodman on that day for overparking and that the Negroes were the only ones remanded to jail for such an offense.

The case against the magistrate was dismissed. Harry Cahane testified that he had borrowed Magistrate Goodman's car and was guilty of the violation. He paid a five dollar fee. Similar wide variations in the conduct of parallel cases can be found in any traffic court.

Tribal Tribunals

The treatment you will receive in a traffic tribunal depends in a large measure on the humor and the individual characteristics of the magistrate. The laws governing the procedure are so flexible that traffic court justice almost falls into the category of tribal justice, with the magistrate or judge being the chieftain. Many ridiculous rulings result which frequently give the proceedings about as much dignity as the editorial offices of an afternoon newspaper.

To vary the routine, a New York magistrate once based all fines in the Far Rockaway Court, on Long Island, on the cost of the cars owned by the defendants. Those unfortunate enough to own limousines were fined four dollars for infringing on the parking regulations. The fees for the same type of violations were only one dollar each for the owners of cheap and dilapidated automobiles. Such a practice is erratic as well as being akin to childish horseplay.

There is no rightful place for either tyranny or undue leniency in the courts. The existence of either is detrimental to the standards of an impartial judiciary. We never shall attain the ideal of uniform justice, and the judicial system will never receive the esteem due it, unless these conditions are corrected. The fundamental errors in the procedure are steadily becoming more critical, because of the increase in traffic. The inadequate physical machinery in

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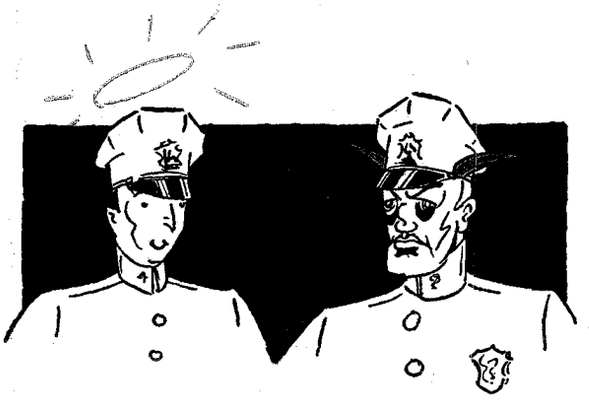
the courts also adds to the magistrate's problem. Even an intelligent magistrate cannot insure the dispensation of justice in an overcrowded and poorly regulated tribunal.

The minor offenders are forced into most city traffic courts with the serious lawbreakers, such as intoxicated and reckless drivers. The latter should be given thorough hearings. Such persons may be greater menaces to society than



burglars. The proper careful procedure in those cases is usually impossible, however, because the docket is cluttered daily with hundreds of petty charges. The result is that justice is curtailed all down the scale.

Detroit has taken a forward step in attempting to alleviate the physical deficiencies of the system, which many cities have ignored. A violations bureau has been established there where those receiving summonses for minor infractions of the traffic ordinances may pay a standard fee. The necessity of waiting in court and receiving a summary fine is eliminated. Defendants desiring to have a trial appear before the judge. Most of those given tickets pay their fees at the violations bureau, thereby leaving sufficient time for the analysis of the major cases in court. Fines on the Detroit scale range from one dollar for such infractions as commercial cars on boulevards, to fifteen dollars for first offender speeders. An additional fee is levied by the violations bureau if the fine is not paid within seventy-two hours after the summons has been issued.

The traffic court problem cannot be solved with the flourish of a pen. Due to human error, there never will be a time when the courts will operate perfectly, but it is of primary importance that our overpopulated traffic tribunals be elevated at least to a plane higher than that of a Mexican court-martial. The first need is to remedy the traffic laws and make them reasonable, so that citizens may go about their business without continually infringing on the rules. This phase of the question was brought forcefully to the attention of Judge John J. Maher, in Detroit Traffic Court, by Mrs. Josephine F. Gomon, a club woman, who was being arraigned for speeding.

"The present traffic laws as enforced by the Police Department answer none of the requirements of good laws," she asserted. "The ordinance says that traffic should not exceed a speed of twenty miles an hour in the residential section and fifteen miles an hour in the business district. Does the department carry out the law? Does it apprehend violators who are going from twenty-one to twenty-six, and, in many cases, thirty miles an hour? We all know that it does not. We further know that officers do not ticket all drivers above a certain speed limit, but pick out certain ones. If we honestly faced the facts concerning the speed laws, we must acknowledge the fact that there are nearly one hundred per cent violations. The nature of the enforcement tends to create disrespect for all laws."

Judge Maher complimented Mrs. Gomon on her keen insight and fined her fifteen dollars. Her analysis of the situation was accurate and applies to all sections of the country. Such practices frequently lead to even more serious abuses than merely discriminatory enforcement. Many traffic policemen usurp judicial authority. No sane person would countenance granting patrolmen judicial powers, but only too often they take the matter into their own hands. There are few drivers of cars who have not been subjected to severe lectures by thick-skulled and discourteous policemen. You take it placidly because you know the officer has an ace in his summons book. Protest and he may even resort to the art of thuggery, as was done in the case of James Bernard, a Newark engineer.

Bernard was driving one Sunday with five of his friends through the Holland Tunnel, under the Hudson River from New Jersey to Manhattan, when he guided the automobile out of the correct lane. Patrolman George Denker blew his whistle and Bernard obediently stopped the car. Denker became caustic and offensive in his remarks and handed him a summons. The engineer was then ordered to drive over to the other side of the lane, which

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forced him again to go out of the proper territory. When he complied, Denker dragged him from the automobile and began to use third-degree methods. Bernard was knocked down and beaten unmercifully with a club. The victim of the vicious assault was then taken to the station house at the end of the tunnel, where another application of brute justice was administered. Insult was added to his injuries when the police charged him with disorderly conduct.

Bernard's jawbone was fractured in two places, his eyes closed, and his body painfully cut and bruised. He was forced to pass more than a week in Bellevue Hospital. However, the patrolman had made the technical error of doing his mauling in front of too many reputable people. When Bernard was arraigned on the disorderly charge, his five friends testified to the officer's brutality. The magistrate released Bernard, and Denker and Patrolman Thomas Finnen were arrested on charges of felonious assault. Denker was subsequently convicted and sentenced to serve six months in the penitentiary. Finnen was acquitted.

The case is unusual only in that the policeman was punished. Ordinarily a patrolman will not be so severe as Denker, but many of them use offensive and dictatorial tactics. A traffic policeman should be a courteous educator. Our traffic ordinances are so localized and varied that many drivers break them unintentionally. Drivers should be instructed by the policemen rather than abused. All cases where arrests are necessary should be judged in court, and no one should be punished by an agent of the government until the defendant has been given a fair hearing.

"It's All Fixed"

MUCH ALSO could be said about small towns, where there are laws that forbid speeding in excess of fifteen miles an hour. Any person who has driven from New York to Denver has seen many signs at the outskirts of towns that read: "Speed limit fifteen miles an hour. Go slow and see our beautiful city. Go fast and see our jail." Experience will teach one to take those signs literally. The town and village traffic courts, which are conducted by a justice of the peace or police judge, are not temples where justice is passed out freely to tourists. The defendant is not mauled about by a crowd as in a city tribunal, but his chance of obtaining favorable treatment is almost nil. A municipality can have no worse advertisement than one of those "fifteen miles an hour" menaces and a court which makes the threat a reality.

The speed limit in all of our cities should be raised to a reasonable figure. Then it should be enforced without discrimination. Automobiles with four-wheel brakes and good tires can stop quickly. We live in a day when reasonable speeding in vehicles is safe. Archaic laws should be erased and a new code applying to present requirements should be drafted and applied rigidly.

Congestion in the courts could be relieved by additional tribunals and installation of the violations bureau system. Persons infringing on minor ordinances could mail their fines, thereby avoiding missing work for a day. The magistrates would then have time to give adequate hearings to the serious cases. Remedies for the more basic evils flourishing in the courts — tyrannical and inconsistent decisions, the sinister operation of politicians, fixers, shyster lawyers, fraudulent bonding agents, and corrupt court clerks — will be more

difficult to attain. This phase of the problem is almost constant in all of the minor tribunals, whether in the traffic or criminal sections.

Perhaps no blacker and more astounding version of the corruption in the system has ever been given than the account by Joseph Wolfman, a shrewd shyster who plundered defendants in Manhattan courts for three years before he was detected. Wolfman was a fake lawyer who "practiced" in the courts without having been admitted to the bar. The manner in which he averaged five hundred dollars a week for three years reveals a brazen chain of graft. Wolfman worked in collusion with

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crooked bonding agents, paid bribes to policemen and court clerks, and employed all of the arts of the fixer in defrauding his clients. The payment of large gratuities was said by him to be a standard practice. The defendant, usually a decent citizen, is the one who foots the bill. Every city and town has its crooked and bogus lawyers. They prey especially on the ignorant prisoners who do not know their rights. Immigrants in the East and Negroes in the South are especially good prospects for them.

The dishonest bondsmen who connive with the unfaithful lawyers usually work on the age-old theory of supply and demand. Get into jail and your one paramount desire is to get out. The bondsman is aware of that and figures his fee accordingly. The laws in most states limit the agent's assessments to three per cent of each bond. The Federal grand jury in New York City conducted an inquiry into the bail bond business and found that most of the agents charged from five to ten per cent, and that they often paid gratuities of from one dollar to five dollars to court clerks and policemen. The load of keeping up such a traffic in bribery falls where most burdens already lie — on the poor and ignorant. A large percentage of the persons arrested are released when they appear in a minor criminal court. It is a menace to democratic government for those innocent defendants to be forced to pay gratuities and bribes to avoid passing a night in jail.

The professional or paid fixer exists on such a small scale that he is hardly worthy of mention. All of us are potential fixers, however. Let your friend or relative get arrested for some petty offense, and, if you know the judge, you will think it is only proper that you plead the case out of court, as did an otherwise respectable resident of a small Southern town. He had made an incorrect turn in the business section and it caused his coupé to crash into a truck. Beer bottles, full and empty, were hurled to the street by the impact. A bottle of corn whisky was found in the car. The driver of the coupé was arrested on charges of driving while intoxicated, reckless driving, transporting liquor, and several minor infractions of the traffic laws. By the time the case reached court the next afternoon the charges were reduced to merely intoxication. A two and a half dollar fine was remitted.

Ordinarily in that political Sahara, such a defendant would have been in danger of a prison sentence and probably would have forfeited his automobile. It happened that he was a friend of the judge, who was ambitious. Almost any intelligent person knows of similar examples of amateur fixing, which is merely another of those things that looks wrong when the other fellow does it and right when you do it.

The most insidious of the fixers, though, are the politicians. They have no more sharp-edged tools for obtaining votes than the manipulation of control over the lower courts. Approximately five hundred thousand persons are haled annually into the inferior tribunals in New York City. The charges vary from over-parking to murder. Any time a politician can prevail on a magistrate to release a defendant, he has gained at least one vote for life.

There is no magic panacea for this phase of the court abuses. Many solutions have been advocated recently which, at best, are but light medicines. Some of them call for a central court building in cities, a bail bond pool, a closer check on lawyers, and more flexible supervision of magistrates. An anti-fixer law might slightly curtail that evil. These proposed remedies would help, but they do not strike at the roots of the issue.

The Only Remedy

Chief Magistrate McAdoo once said that everything in the operation of a lower court depends in a large measure on the magistrate or judge. That is true no matter where the court is situated. The question then simmers down to the appointment or election of intelligent, honest, and fearless judicial officials who have a keen understanding of the intricate problems of our developing civilization. That is a large order and easier said than accomplished. The obstruction is partisan politics, which pervades every branch of our judiciary. It is at its malignant worst in the lower courts, which form the foundation of our legal structure. Partisan politics breed a majority of the judicial ills, whether it be in a city traffic court, in a district criminal tribunal, or in a small town police court.

Dr. Raymond Moley of Columbia University, after an extensive inquiry into the lower

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courts of Chicago, reported that a vast majority of the judges were active in politics. A recent grand jury investigation in New York City disclosed a similar condition. It holds true throughout the country. One magistrate in Bronx Traffic Court was said to have dismissed or suspended sentences in seventy-two cases in a day at the request of a Tammany district leader. Such actions make justice in the lesser courts a ghastly burlesque.

There are few magistrates and judges who will not turn an eager ear to the politicians, since they owe their jobs to the party in power, regardless of whether they were elected or appointed. Most magistrates desire to rise to the bench, or to get some other higher office. They know that the way to more exalted positions lies not in disseminating justice impartially, but in feeding the kitty for their benefactors — the politicians. That merely means that many of the lower courts are controlled from the back rooms of district clubs and speakeasies. The indictment is vicious but true.

The only remedy for the disgraceful situation is to take the courts out of politics and secure the right kind of magistrates and judges. Raising their pay may help, but that alone will not insure good men. Magistrates in New York City are paid twelve thousand dollars annually and are appointed for ten-year terms. The conditions speak for themselves. Neither is it sensible to wait until a magistrate is appointed and commits tyrannical and corrupt acts before raising an uproar to have a superior court remove him. The damage has already been done by that time. The need is prevention rather than amputation.

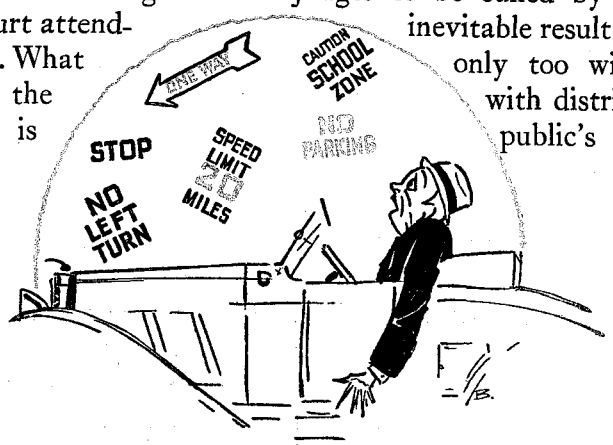
A good magistrate can overcome nearly all of the petty evils that abound in the lesser courts. Fixers do not barter in a tribunal presided over by an honest and alert magistrate. He can curb grafting by court attendants and by shyster lawyers. What is even more important, the capable magistrate who is unbound by political fetters can conduct impartial hearings for those appearing before him and can thus aid in the restoration of public confidence in the minor courts.

Supposedly, at least, we have a representative government, with the majority retaining control. That power means nothing unless it is exercised. As long as the bulk of voters in this country are content to leave the operation of our municipal governments in the hands of ward bosses, many of whom are affiliated with underworld characters, we will have this vexing and serious problem to contend with.

Residents in small towns should see that the greatest care is taken in the selection of candidates for the judge in the police court. Voters in cities where the magistrates are appointed should devise a way whereby the official who selects the candidates can be made to answer for their subsequent actions. Appointees should also be approved by the leading bar associations before being confirmed. Many underworld representatives would be kept off the bench by this simple procedure.

The average American citizen, however, does not appear to worry much about these issues, which are likely to affect him more directly than such international questions as the World Court and the League of Nations. Anyone knows that a lusty blow on his shin means more to his well-being than does a catastrophe in a distant city. But it seems impossible for us to retain that perspective in relation to government. We go ahead blindly until the whack comes in a tender spot. Frequently that takes place in traffic court, and occasionally in one of the lower criminal tribunals.

The situation as it now stands is absolutely hopeless, and it will remain so as long as the voters permit their magistrates and police judges to be culled by the politicians. The inevitable result is that these men are only too willing to play poker with district leaders, using the public's rights as the stakes.



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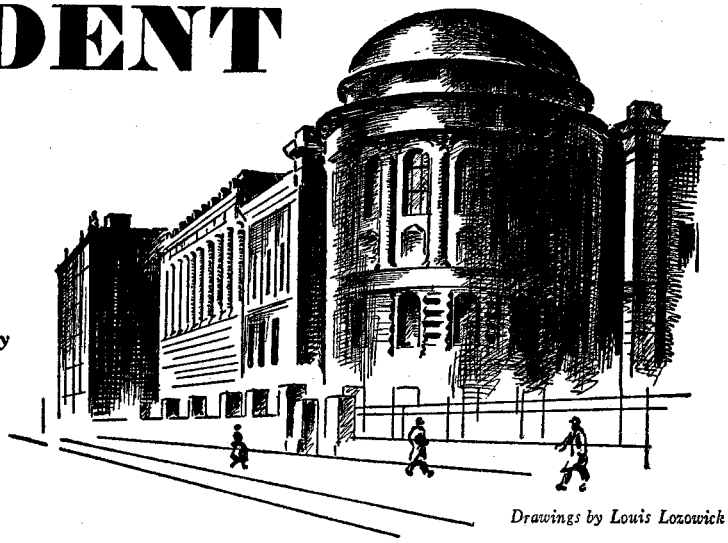
The STUDENT

These Russians IV



Corner of Moscow University

Drawings by Louis Lozowick

by WILLIAM C. WHITE

THE PROFESSOR stepped to the pulpit-rostrum in the large lecture hall of the First Moscow University. Behind him, in fresco on the rear wall, was a huge head of Lenin. The babel from the crowded benches ceased. "Comrades, to-day we take up the subject. . . ." He got no further.

A girl in a black leather coat, a red bandanna tied around her head, a bulging brief case under her arm, rushed from the outside corridor to the platform. "Excuse me, comrade," she nodded to the professor. "Comrades" — turning to the students — "this lecture cannot be held to-day. The meeting of the *Comsomoltsi* scheduled for this evening has been moved to this hour." There was scattered applause and the class broke up.

"That was Adamova," said my friend Voronov, another student. "She's a peasant, secretary of the *Comsomoltsi* — the Young Communist's League. About sixty per cent of the students belong and they have as much power in this university as the professors. Even more. Another meeting — the devil! Always meetings. I don't see how she keeps it up — she's in everything. This is her last year. Why is it that it is always the unattractive women who go into politics? Is it the same in America? The size of her hands and feet! Now that little *blondinka* down there" — pointing to a student below — "she's non-Party, but she's just as busy as Adamova . . . with other things," and he winked.

The First Moscow University specializes in politics, economics, law, languages, and literature; the Second University teaches the sciences. The First University has two thousand students. Side by side sit boys and girls of eighteen just in from provincial cities; policemen detailed by their superiors for college education; factory workers of forty on leave of absence for a few years; the brighter pupils from Moscow's secondary schools. Russian and swarthy Uzbek from Turkestan, Jew and Georgian, high-cheeked Mongol and laughing Ukrainian are students together beneath the slogan "Science Belongs to the Workers." They are lucky to be there: ten times their number have been refused admission.

Entrance depends on the entrance examination grade and on the very close scrutiny into the applicant's "social origin." The last is the ultimate test; with limited facilities there is no room for the children of the "former people," for the children of priests, private merchants, or other classes potentially hostile. The number of places granted to children of the intelligentsia is small. The children of the factory proletariat or of the peasant have come to claim their right. No wonder one embarrassed applicant filled in the answer to the question "What is your social origin?" with, "Father — two workmen; Mother — one peasant."

Each student receives a "stipend" — twenty-seven rubles a month (thirteen dollars and a half). For most this is the only income. Those who can find rooms in the very cheap student dormitories live there; others room

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wherever they can. It is not easy. The students eat at restaurants run for them and share in perquisites — a few theater tickets now and then, medical attention, cheap transportation home. But twenty-seven rubles a month presents problems even to the most economical.

ONE WING of the main building is the students' club. Here are lounge rooms, chessboards, a ping-pong table, and always a crowd of students in the evenings. And always an argument.

I sat with Voronov one evening. Adamova was the center of a little group near by.

". . . It is hard" — her voice topped the others — "but she should have known that marriage is impossible. . . ."

"They are talking about Pyatnitskaya," Voronov interpolated. "She married another student last year. They tried to live on their stipend. There was a baby. Why they had it God knows! She couldn't keep on at the university, but she needed the stipend, so she had to continue somehow. Then her husband divorced her and left Moscow. Last week she committed suicide and killed the child too."

"But what could she do?" a student asked Adamova.

"Do? What do the rest of you do — marry? No, all student marriages turn out badly and interfere with our work."

Someone mentioned the need for higher stipends.

"Comrades, what are you saying? Is our government a millionaire to give big salaries to the students? We must make sacrifices too. No marriage . . . it is unnecessary."

Another student spoke of a secretary of a Young Communist League group who had been officially disgraced and dismissed for using his position to force favors from the girls in his unit.

"And rightly so," said Adamova. "We must have standards and high standards. No swine such as that one, using his official position in that way, has any right to be in our organization. Wasting his time when he should have been doing his work, soiling our Party's reputation, giving our enemies material to use against us. If that gets abroad, the capitalist press will say, 'See, that's what all Communists do.' He should be shot!"

The others were inclined to agree.

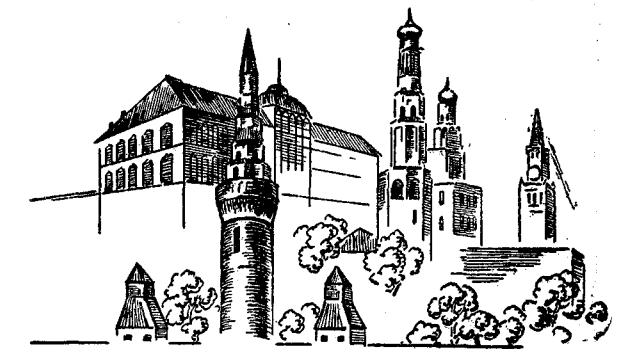
"From women such as Adamova, deliver us, oh God," said Voronov in a whisper to me. "She's like the woman in the play. Two chemists discover a new brand of soap. What shall they call it? One suggests a catchy name — 'Karl Marx's First Kiss.' The other vetoes that and they agree to name it 'Soviet Woman.' But then, how shall they advertise it? They draw a big picture of a fat cow, with a red bandanna tied around its head. And underneath they write — 'Soviet Woman.'"

He called, "Coming home, Adamova? (We live in the same dormitory.)" She rose, strapped tight her brief case. "*Nu, poka* (so long)," and she came with us.

"I heard there was an American student here," she said. "Tell me, why did such a cultured country as America kill Sacco and Vanzetti?" She continued without a pause. "I know — it is because the class war in America gets sharper every day. Isn't it so? And why does cultured America treat the Negroes as inferiors? Don't you realize that all race hatreds are fostered by the capitalists; they direct the discontent of the oppressed workers against the Negro people. It is the same as the Tsarist autocracy did here with the Jews. Your workers must not be led astray by the enemies of their class. . . ."

"But Adamova," said Voronov, "labor unions in America will not admit Negroes. . . ."

"Of course not, but that is because the American Federation of Labor is controlled by the capitalists. If not, why don't the American trade unions demand that America recognize us, and strike until recognition is granted? Trade unions? They are farces. But our Com-



The Kremlin from Moscow River

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munist unions are growing in America." She quoted statistics. "Look at us together in the University. Karelian, Russian, Chuvash, Jew — all together. Under socialism there is no race hatred."

Her interest in America was active — in wages, conditions, social legislation, immigration. "You see, we know more of America here in Russia than you in America know of Russia. We want to learn — we are a backward country and you can teach us much. But in America you think, 'Pff, what can we learn from Russia?' and when you do think of us, you think of beards and of revolutionaries throwing bombs. I know America — I have read Upton Sinclair, Jack London. We shall learn all we can from you and catch up to you — and overtake you. We are a young people. We are building. . . ."

III

THE DORMITORY was a former wealthy merchant's house. We went through a dark courtyard, past the broken front door, and up to the second floor. "Come in and see where I live," she said.

In a room twenty feet square there were ten beds. By each bed there was a little table and beneath the beds there were boxes and bags. In the center of the room, beneath a powerful electric light, was a long wooden table; in one corner someone's laundry was drying on a cord strung to the window. At the table, with tea and black bread before them, a few girls were reading and making notes; they paid no attention to us. "When you are through, come down the hall where the men live," said Voronov, leaving.

"It is crowded and studying here is so difficult — noise, and people coming in and out. Have you any extra tea?" Adamova asked. One girl gestured, "Help yourself." "I've only one glass — wait, I'll borrow Sacha's," and she took a glass from an opposite table. "I'm sorry I haven't any bread or *kolbasa* (Bologna). You know, they call *kolbasa* the student's stand-by. It's pretty strong — and it gets worse. . . .

Soukharev Tower
Moscow

"You think this is a bad way to live? Crowded, of course — but we are used to that in our villages. There were eleven in our family and we lived in a two-room hut. The old folks slept on the stove and we kids slept on the floor. But living like this only costs us a ruble a month — and we do most of our studying in the library. . . .

"The worst thing here is our health — we are all in poor condition. We are trying to introduce frequent compulsory medical examination for all students. Tuberculosis . . . and in winter everybody gets tonsillitis. But look at how many want to get in the university. Here education is free, for everybody. . . ."

"But suppose your social origin is unfavorable?"

"Oh, of course, not for *those*. We have no room to educate our enemies. Your American universities keep out certain classes and so do we — only here education is for the majority, not for the pampered minority. I know how education is in America. I have read about it. We in Russia have made education for the masses. Look at me. Before the revolution could I have come into Moscow University? I grew up in a village in Karelia (far north of Leningrad) a hundred miles from a railroad. My father had only three acres of land. I know what hunger and famine are. . . .

"The revolution came, but I was too young to realize what it meant. When I was thirteen, I ran away — there was no food in our village. There was little more in Leningrad. I joined the *Comsomoltsi*. I did agitation work among the soldiers at the front. Then, at sixteen, I married a soldier. He died. I married another. All girls had to make that choice; in those days marriage might mean food. In Moscow it meant a room. Later he divorced me. I continued agitation work in a factory in Leningrad and went to school nights. And here I am. . . . But what about women in your universities? Are they interested in labor problems, in factory production? Do they take an interest in politics? Here we are so busy. . . ."

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One of the girls at the table interrupted. "Adamova, did you see the cartoon in *Chudak?* An old man sat on a bench and saw a small boy resting. 'Ah,' murmured the man, 'how I envy the lad — care free, happy, no responsibilities.' 'Hey, old man,' said the boy, 'can't I rest a minute without being moralized about? I had a meeting of the Pioneers (Communist boy scouts) at eleven, another comes this evening, and in the meantime, six committee meetings at school.'"

"Yes," said Adamova, "here even the children are learning that in Russia they are part of one united people working for a definite end. I have work in the *Comsomoltsi;* I am one of the representatives from our university in the Moscow Soviet; three evenings a week I teach a group in a factory to read and write. . . ."

"What about studying?"

"I do that too, of course. But our universities are not only for studying. Social work is part of our education."

"And examinations?"

"They are usually oral. The Professor asks a question or two on his lectures and that is all."

Voronov came in. It was after eleven. "Come down to our quarters. A comrade is trying to learn your frightful English language and wants to know how to pronounce *th!*"

Along the Moscow River

IV

THREE MONTHS later a red banner stretched across the lobby in the main university building. "Any student who knows reasons why another student should be deprived of his right to vote is obligated to report to the Students' Committee." There was a paper on a bulletin board: "The following are barred from the right to vote for the reason appended" — and there followed a list of a dozen names, and after each name, "daughter of a priest," "son of a factory owner," "daughter of a landlord." This was the annual *chistka* (cleanout) before the annual elections. The right to vote, too, depends on social origin, so the *chistka* is an opportunity to discover which members of the disenfranchised classes are in the university under false colors.

I found Adamova in the little cafeteria, a crowd around her. They were talking about the *chistka*.

"How those students slip in I don't know."

"Oh, they falsify their identity cards."

"They come from far away and think we can't find out. . . ."

"There is no room in the university" — Adamova was speaking — "for these 'former people.' There are too many workers trying to get in."

The group broke up and Adamova said, "How are you getting on? Come down to the rest hall. I have ten minutes. I am so busy with this *chistka* — committee meetings every day. You can't understand how we feel about it, can you? You fail to see how deep our revolution goes. Did you hear that one of the girls whom we 'cleaned out' yesterday committed suicide last night? You feel sorry, but you don't understand. She had no business here. If she chooses to come and is found out — well, she must pay the penalty. . . .

"The former people had their chance to run Russia; we have abolished them and there is no longer a Russia. It is our Soviet Republic — *ours*. Did these 'former people' protest when Lenin was exiled to Siberia, when the Tsar's gendarmerie shot two hundred and seventy workers in the Lena fields in 1912? Who felt sorry then? They thought their power was invincible, that we, the masses, would never be able to destroy them. Well, we have. And now, building the Soviet Union and Communism all the world over has become our life. Peter the Great knew that sacrifices were necessary if Russia was to be built up. The Tsarist group, the capitalists, the nobility, were too selfish, as always, to make those sacrifices. . . .

"Do you know many 'former people' here?" She turned the question suddenly. "You don't take your opinion of Russia from them, I hope. What do they know? Their desire that somehow

(*Continued on page 127*)

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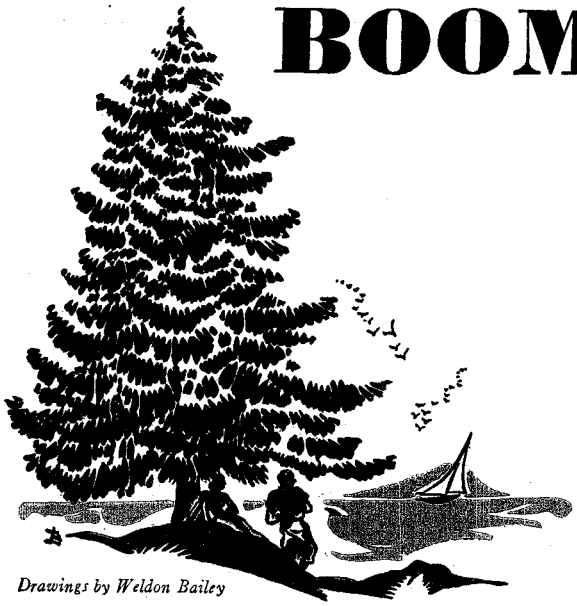
BOOMERANG

by **RICHARD SHERMAN**



Drawings by Weldon Bailey

I

THINGS WERE pretty quiet there this summer. A great many of the cottages weren't open at all and most of the others were occupied only during week-ends in August. Mr. Holtz said that the place hadn't been really lively for two or three years. He couldn't understand it, either. It surely wasn't his fault: there wasn't a hotel on the lake that had installed as many improvements as the Bayside.

I didn't much care whether it was a good season or not. Chicago had been hot just before I came up and I was fagged. All I wanted to do was sit on the porch, lie out on the dock in the sun, or pull the blinds in my room and sleep. I slept a lot — it was a place where you could sleep and that was a novelty to me. The first few nights the silence bothered me a little, although for a while each evening I could hear the distant music from the pavilion. (They played "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" more than anything else; that other summer — four years ago — it usually was "Valencia.") I lay awake listening to that and to the waves lapping up on the beach. Soon I was hitting off nine or ten hours every night. It seemed as good a way as any other to spend a vacation; and I was very tired.

Just why I had come back to Holtz's I didn't know. The three years previous I had gone to Maine — as far away as possible. This time I planned on Canada, but then, at the last minute, I decided to come back. I suppose the real reason was that I wanted to test myself. At least that is what I found myself doing. Within three days I had rowed over to Naylor's Point and had spent the afternoon lying under the big fir, where the three of us had had our first outing together. I searched out places like that: the Bluff, where she had hurt her ankle and where he had bandaged it; the Big Bridge, where we used to sit and watch the cars pass. For a while I hesitated about walking to the village after dark, but finally I went, and the memory of seeing the two of them ahead of me, arm in arm, wasn't half so bad as I expected. That was all over; if this place didn't bring back the old feeling, nothing could. I was glad I had come.

Holtz knew more than I thought. One evening during the first week he joined me on the porch after dinner. It wasn't quite dark yet and some people were in bathing. We sat watching them, listening to their shouts and laughs, while Holtz told me about the poor trade and wondered if business would ever be as good as four or five years ago.

"Wasn't it fine then?" he asked. "Wasn't it?"

I said that it was, but that it was nice now, too. Maybe nicer — it wasn't so noisy.

"You say that because you're older now," he said. "If it had been quiet then, you wouldn't have liked it."

"No, I guess not."

"Neither would that red-haired girl who was here the same time you were."

I didn't say anything — just sat and looked at the swimmers, although I wasn't seeing them.

"Lots of girls have been here since, but I always remember her. She was a lively little thing, she was."

There wasn't any reason why I should have told him; he wasn't nosey — just interested. But anyway, I said, "She married someone else that fall."

Why did I have to say someone else? Still, I felt he knew anyway. He wasn't a fool.

He sat quietly, and I knew he was

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embarrassed. Then he said, more to himself than to me, "She was a lively little thing."

II

IT MIGHT have been lonely there for me that first week if I hadn't been somewhat worn out. As it was, I didn't want to do anything but be lazy. I didn't even want to talk with the few people who were around; they were the usual summer hotel guests — a lot of old ladies and a sprinkling of young matrons with their small children. There weren't any attractive girls and no young men at all, except myself. Probably I should have left before my month was up if it hadn't been for Clare. Time passes slowly at a place like the Bayside if you aren't with someone.

She came at the end of my first week — came one rainy afternoon on the rickety bus that for ten years has been running out from the village. I believe I was the first person she saw at the hotel, for I was sitting well back on the porch, out of the drip from the eaves, when she and two other new guests — a frowzy woman and her fat little husband — arrived. I saw her that night at dinner, and then, the next day, I spoke to her.

She was tall and dark and rather large; big-boned, that is, not fat. She wasn't exactly young — probably about thirty-five, a year or so older than myself. But she seemed even older than she looked, for she had settled, almost middle-aged ways. That was why I liked her from the first, I think. She was so — so safe.

It was around noon that second day and I had come back from a morning's walk up the shore. As I approached, I saw her sitting on the porch — just sitting there with her chin in her hand, not reading or sewing or doing anything at all except watching the lake. Without knowing why, I felt I wanted to talk with her. I lingered around the porch for a decent interval and finally came over and took the adjoining chair. I said something about the water looking nice with the sun playing on it. For a few seconds she didn't answer, and I began to think she was offended. But then she replied, and we began to talk a little. After a while I suggested that since we both were alone, we might go in to luncheon together.

Clare Savage was her full name. She had come over from Detroit for three weeks at the lake, choosing the Bayside because friends told her it was quiet, and also, I suppose, because the rates were fairly moderate. I couldn't help thinking how indignant Holtz would have been, had he heard her. Yes, she liked a quiet resort — the summer before, she had been at Grand Haven and had hated it because of the crowds.

She knew no one and I knew no one, except, of course, old Holtz, who didn't count. We spent our afternoons on the porch or out under the big spruce trees. Usually just before dinner we went into the water. The first time, I didn't go out far, because I didn't want to leave her alone. I was splashing around at the end of the dock, making shallow dives for pebbles — the water isn't very deep there — when suddenly I heard a call. Way out, almost to the float, was Clare, cutting expertly through the water, smiling over her shoulder. By the time I got out she had made a fine swan off the board and had returned to sit on the edge of the float, leaning back with her arms stiff, her head thrust up into the evening sunlight, and her legs dangling in the water.

"I didn't know you could do that," I said, splashing up on the float.

She looked really pretty — much younger, and much better, in a bathing suit than in the sport things she wore. She took off her cap and shook her dark hair down about her shoulders.

"Swim? It's one of the few things I *can* do — and do well, that is."

But she was wrong. She could do many things well — walk faster than most women, row a boat so that its prow kept heading toward the point she was making for, play a respectable game of tennis. You would have thought that she was not quite young enough to enjoy things like that, or at least to enjoy them so much. Once she said that she hadn't been so active for a long time. Her tennis used to be much better, she said: she had been tied down a bit lately. Then, when I told her she ought to break loose oftener, she gave a funny little laugh and bounced the ball nervously up and down.

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The thing she did best, however, was to keep silent. She had a trick of being able to sit still with a comparative stranger — for that is what I was — without trying to make conversation. She didn't know anything about me; and I knew as little about her. She never mentioned her people, what she did — if she did anything — or why she had come to the lake alone. Almost from the beginning, though, I called her Clare. I did say "Miss Savage" once, but she said she preferred the other. And she never said "Vic" — always "Victor"; no one except my mother had ever used that name.

III

ONE DAY — one of the first few days after I had met her — we got a boat and started out to row. She sat facing in the direction of Naylor's Point, and in a little while she nodded toward it and said that maybe that might be a good place to land. A few days earlier I had left the Point thinking that I'd never come back. I was coming back now — but not alone.

We hauled the boat up on the pebbly beach and then went farther back, to the timber line, where we sat down and lighted our cigarettes. It was a very still, sunny afternoon and far out on the lake there was a sail that kept swooping around in great circles. We both had books and intended to read. We did read a little, and then I glanced up to find that Clare had fallen asleep, lying on her back with one arm under her head and the other between the pages of her novel. I watched her, almost ashamed. I looked at her a long time and forgot all about my book.

When she woke up — awake all of a sudden, herself immediately — she didn't blush or stammer conventional apologies. She simply lay there staring up at the big branches above her.

"It's nice here," she said.

"Go to sleep again," I said. "We don't have to start back yet." The sun was only halfway down the western sky.

"No, I've slept enough." And then she added, "I was tired."

There was no reason why I should have told her — just as there had been no reason why I should have told Holtz about the other one's having got married — but somehow I wanted to.

"I've been to this place before," I said.

She turned her head and looked up at me. Her eyes were deep and dark and fringed with heavy lashes. She said nothing.

"I've been here with a girl — several times. And then, once, I came with a girl and a man."

The waves rippled up on the wet stones, and I saw a frog leap out of the water and hop across the stones to hide in a rotten log. I kept watching the log, waiting for the frog to come out, and talking. I told her quite a bit. It didn't seem that I was telling it to someone I knew only slightly. She didn't speak, but I knew she was listening. After I was through I kept on waiting for that frog. Maybe it had a sort of home in the log and wouldn't come out. I had almost forgotten Clare. Then I glanced at her and saw that she had turned her head. All I could see was the line of her throat, and her dark hair. Without moving she said, "That's why you are so sort of — sort of stunned, isn't it? You can't forget about it." I waited. I thought that I would be able to forget now. She went on. "She couldn't be blamed, I suppose. Things just happened — she couldn't help it. None of you — the three of you — could help it."

The frog darted out from the log and I said, "Look! There's a frog." She leaned up on her elbow and I threw a stone at him. He jumped away and we laughed. After that we talked about something else and soon we realized that the sun was low and that we had to be starting back to the Bayside.

We went back to Naylor's Point again another day. We went up to the Bluff, too. And to the Big Bridge. I told her more about that other summer, and the two of them. I think I told her everything — lots of things which I had been wanting to say and which I had never said to anyone. It was easy to say them to her.

We sat on the parapet of the Big Bridge, looking down behind us and seeing an occasional canoe pass underneath and waiting for the shout people always made in order to hear the echo; looking ahead and watching the cars rumble over the oiled boards. I pointed to the little path which leads down off the road to beneath the bridge.

"She wanted a flower down by that tree. I had gone down to get it and was coming up along there, and just as I rounded the bend and

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came to the beginning of the bridge I saw their two backs. Funny, they weren't even touching each other, but somehow I was certain then. That day on the Point, I merely suspected; but then — right down there — I knew."

"What was she like — I mean what did she look like?" she said, as if she had been pondering the question. "You've only said that she was pretty."

For a time I had to think. I'd been seeing her face in my mind for a long while — for three years — but I'd been seeing it as it was when I left her. That wasn't her real face; not the one I wanted to remember.

"I don't know. She had red hair, blue eyes — oh, I don't know."

"She wasn't the quiet kind, was she? She liked to go around and do a lot of things, didn't she?"

Only one description came to me. "Holtz — the man at the hotel — he saw her. He said she was a lively little thing."

She had turned her back to the bridge road and was leaning over the parapet, looking down into the water.

"Oh, did Holtz know her?"

"No, he didn't exactly know her. Just used to see her around."

A boat came out from under the bridge just then and two girls laughed up at us and called hello. They had quite a lot of water lilies in the boat.

IV

TWO WEEK-ENDS had passed since she had come — three since my arrival. I didn't like the place so well week-ends. A crowd of cars came up and clouds of dust hung over the roads all day. The hotel was busy then, of course, and Holtz had all he could ask for. I didn't talk with Clare either Sunday; she said she had to write letters. Once as I was going out I saw her in the little writing room; she had paper before her and was tapping the desk idly with her pen. Just as I passed the door she happened to look up. I smiled but didn't go in. I didn't want to be a nuisance.

One night we were sitting out on the porch — quite late, after almost everyone had gone to bed. She was telling me that she thought her stay had rested her when suddenly she broke off and said nervously that a man had been standing out on the lawn, in the dark, for almost five minutes. There weren't any cottages or any other hotels near the Bayside (that is one reason why I liked it) so this man's presence at such an hour was unusual. We sat silently, waiting for him either to come up on the porch or to go away. In a minute or so he began to approach and I saw who it was.

"Why, it's only Holtz."

She gave a little laugh. "How silly of me," she said. Then he came over to us.

"Good evening," he said. "Nice night."

"It's awfully dark," I said. "No moon."

Clare said that it was nice and cool, though. She lighted a cigarette.

"How's business?" I asked.

"Oh — so-so. A good Saturday and Sunday. House is almost empty now."

"That's too bad," I said.

He walked over to the railing and looked out over the lake at the few lights on the other shore. Then he started off.

"Well," he said, "good night."

"Good night."

"Good night," said Clare.

After he had gone I said that I felt rather sorry for him. I supposed that the summer business had to be good enough to keep the place up in winter. Clare's cigarette distended and she threw the stub over the rail out on the lawn; it made a red arc in the dark.

"You know," she said, "I don't believe I ever told you, but once, about ten years ago, I spent a week-end at a little hotel at Green Lake. Mr. Holtz was the desk clerk there then. I just remembered the other day where I'd seen him."

"He meets a good many people in his business. He probably doesn't recall you."

"Oh, no," she said. "He doesn't remember me at all." And then she added, "It's just as well. I didn't have a very good time with the people I was with at that place."

She struck me as a person who would be able to get along with almost anyone. It must have been their fault. They must have been a rotten sort.

It was the next night that we walked back from the village, where we had gone to the little movie house, and it was then that I told her how I felt. All during the picture I kept

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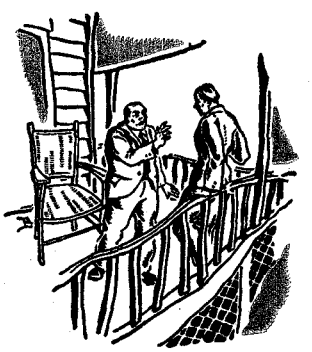
thinking about it. I could feel her presence beside me — her shoulder against mine. Three weeks at a summer resort: people would say it was love at first sight. But it wasn't — it had grown on me gradually each time I saw her. They say if it's love at first sight, you know at once — just like that. (The other time it had been that way: in a flash.) This was different.

It was a good mile from the village to the Bayside. We'd stopped for ice cream after the picture. I don't believe I was very attentive; once I caught her looking at me as if she thought I was acting queerly.



"Shall we go?" I asked, when we had finished.

When we got out on the sidewalk I began to make for the road. She stopped.

"Do you want to walk?" she said.

We could have taken the bus, which left every half hour up to eleven.

"It's a nice night and it's early. We may as well — if you care to, that is."

She seemed to hesitate a bit.

"All right," I said. "We can wait for the bus. I'd just as soon."

I hadn't just as soon. I wanted to walk back; I wanted to tell her that night.

In the window of the store we were standing by there was a clock. She looked in and saw it and appeared to make up her mind.

"Oh, let's walk. As you say, it's early."

It was nice to scuffle up the dust in the moonlight. I asked her if it wouldn't dirty her white shoes and she said that it would but she didn't mind. There weren't any cars, so we walked in the middle of the road. The night was very still, except for the monotonous buzz of the crickets.

We walked a long way in silence. I knew that with her I didn't have to lead the conversation to what I wanted to say. We got to the place where a white picket fence, on somebody's farm, lined both sides of the road. I knew that place. I'd seen it before in the moonlight — one night especially; the night I almost overtook them, the night when, after I got back to the hotel, I had it out with her and she told me. I decided that before we'd got beyond the fence I'd speak to Clare.

It was harder than I thought, but after I began I didn't stop. I didn't say much. Unconsciously, we had both left off walking and stood there in a little pool of moonlight that came down through the overspreading branches. I felt peaceful, safe — and happier than I had been in a long, long time. Her arms tightened around me and her lips were on mine.

Then she broke away from me and I could see tears in her eyes. She began to walk with hurrying, broken steps. I went by her side and we walked along not saying anything. When we got to the hotel no one was around, and before she went in I took her in my arms again. This time I heard her sob. Although I didn't know why, I felt almost the same way. But we should have been laughing instead of wanting to cry. Maybe it was because we weren't so very young. Maybe if we had been younger we would have been really gay.

She ran up the porch steps and shut the screen without glancing back. I went down to the beach and looked out over the water at the lights of the pavilion. But all I saw was Clare, with tears in her eyes. And the dance music wasn't half so real as the little sob she had uttered before she ran away.

V

THE NEXT morning I slept late. Evidently she had breakfasted, so I ate alone, disappointed that I had missed her. I wanted to see her as often as I could: I felt that we had to make up for a good deal of lost time. When I had finished I looked around the lobby and on the porch, but I couldn't find her. I sat down to try to read, but somehow I couldn't grasp more than a sentence or two at a time; at every third or fourth line I thought of Clare again.

I had given up even looking at the pages when Holtz came along and sat down beside me. He seemed very nervous and his fingers kept drumming on the arm of his chair.

"This weather ought to make good business," I said. (I didn't want to stay there with him very long: Clare would be down soon and then we could take a boat out together.)

But he didn't want to talk about the weather or about his business.

"Say," he said — and he drew his chair closer — "I got something to tell you. It's

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probably none of my affair, but I think you ought to know."

When people say, "I think you ought to know," they're going to tell you something you won't like.

"You were hard hit once," he said, "and it was right here at my place. You're going to be hit once again — and I'm the one that's got to do it."

"Go ahead," I said.

"It's that woman. I've seen her before. She was at a hotel I clerked at once."

So that was it. Probably he was going to tell me that Clare had been on a wild party at Green Lake. The little rat! What if she had? I didn't care. Whatever had happened there, she regretted it now — she'd told me so.

I got up and looked down at him.

"I don't want to hear what you've got to say. Keep your mouth shut. I'm going to marry her."

The sun was in his eyes and he had to blink up at me. He gasped and said, "Oh — say, *say* —" Then he got up and put his arm on mine. I moved a step away and he kept his arm in the air.

"It's worse now," he said, "but I've got to do it. She's married already — see? And her husband's a hopeless cripple — got run over while they were staying at my place. They've got two kids."

His eyes kept blinking. He had funny eyes — too big for the rest of his face. All I could think of was the way his eyes looked. I guess I'd never noticed them before.

He went on. "It's true. I know. She told me she was married, but I let her register as 'Miss' because she said she wanted to. I don't know why she wanted to. She just wanted to. She doesn't remember ever having seen me before."

I believed him all right. He wasn't lying — there wouldn't be any point in it. "Thanks," I said. "Thanks very much."

He was really sorry for me. He'd seen me before, that other time, and he knew that this was the same thing, only worse.

He started off. "I didn't want to tell you," he said, "but I had to."

I called to him. "Wait!"

He turned.

"I'm sorry I said, 'Keep your mouth shut.'"

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "That's perfectly all right."

I watched him go down the porch and in the door. I sat down again and took up my book. I couldn't seem to find the place where I'd left off. It didn't matter though. I closed my eyes and leaned back. I don't believe I thought of anything at all.

When I opened my eyes again Clare, sitting on the porch rail opposite, was looking at me. She was dressed for going away. She had on a brown coat and a brown hat.

"Were you asleep?" she asked.

"No," I said. "No, I was just thinking."

"Listen," she said. "I've been called home. I'm taking the bus in five minutes." Her eyes were looking straight into mine, but they didn't tell me anything.

I tried to speak, but my brain didn't seem to be functioning just right. Finally I said, "Oh." And then, "That's a mighty pretty hat you've got on."

She stood up and walked over to me. Then she bent down and kissed me on the lips. I knew that other people on the porch were watching us.

"I'm going to write you after I get home," she said.

I looked up at her. Maybe she knew that I'd found out in some way. Maybe Holtz had told her or she had seen it on my face while she sat there watching me when I had my eyes closed. Anyway, she was going. I wouldn't see her again. I got up and stood close to her. She gave me her hand.

"Don't come to the village with me. Say good-by now."

I didn't want to spoil the last meeting. I wanted her to think I didn't know. Her letter would say what Holtz had said already. I'd wait for it.

"Good-by. Good-by, Clare darling." (The "darling" was hard.)

She turned quickly and was gone.

After a minute I walked across the porch. Some old ladies playing bridge stared at me. They were thinking of the kiss. So was I.

All of a sudden I felt hot. I decided to go up and change and come down for a swim. I thought that I would stay in the water all day. If I laid out on the float I ought to get a good tan, and I wanted to go back to town all brown and healthy. When people asked me how the lake had been, I wanted to be able to say that it had been fine and didn't I look it.

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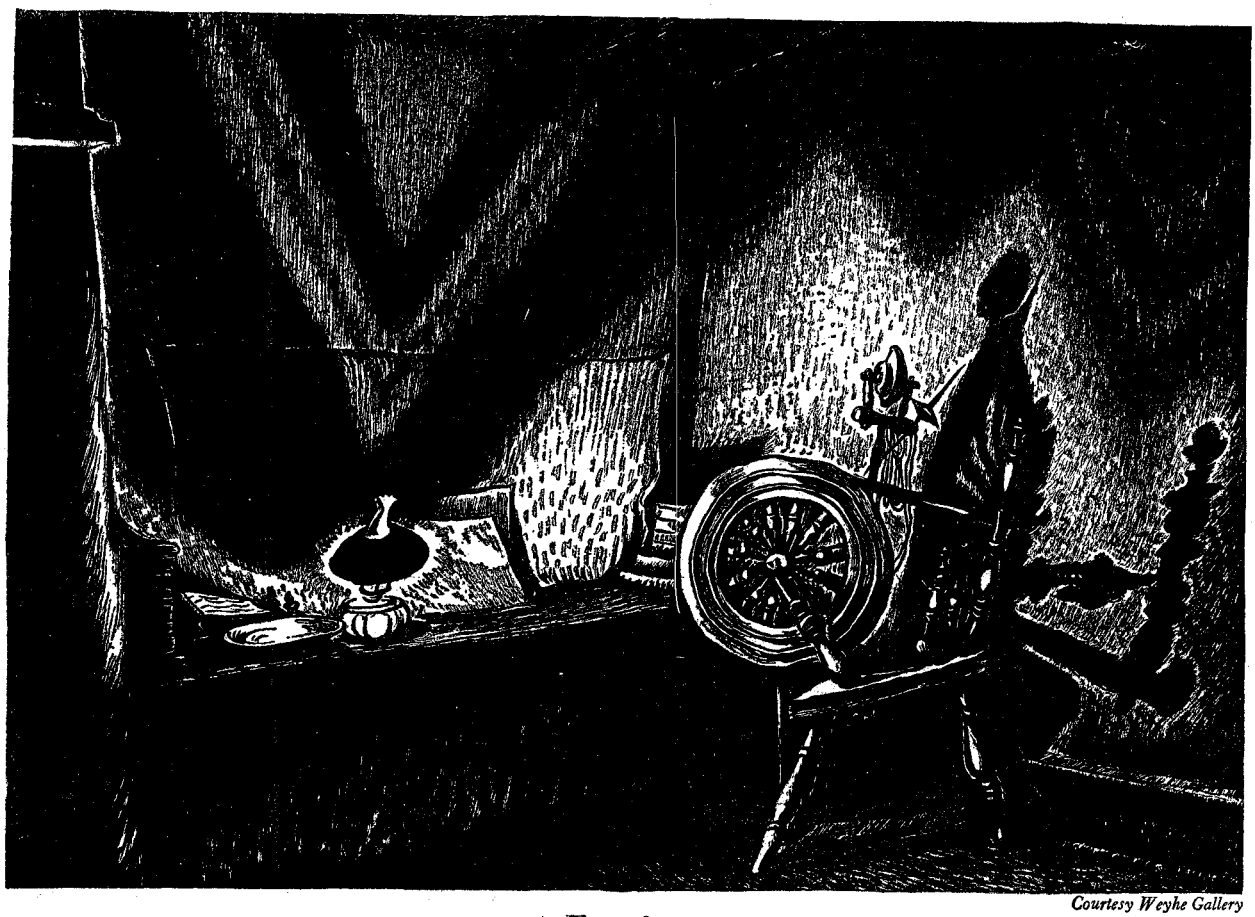

Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

Evening

Two Interiors

***by* WANDA GA'G**

THE NEW ART, of which these two lithographs are excellent examples, is demonstrating to many folk that things are not what they seem. Of course, they never were. Like manners and morals, art has its traditions, and if the modern artist speaks an unknown language, it is merely because he is setting up a new tradition with which we are not yet familiar. You may say of these interiors: "I never saw rooms look like that." True enough, you never did. For exact reproduction you must rely on the photographer. The artist goes beyond that: he interprets what he sees, throwing over dull reality a gossamer veil of illusion. If these interiors appear fantastic, it is because the artist has discovered in the commonplace an element of novelty which the ordinary eye has never seen in a lamp, a table, and a chair.

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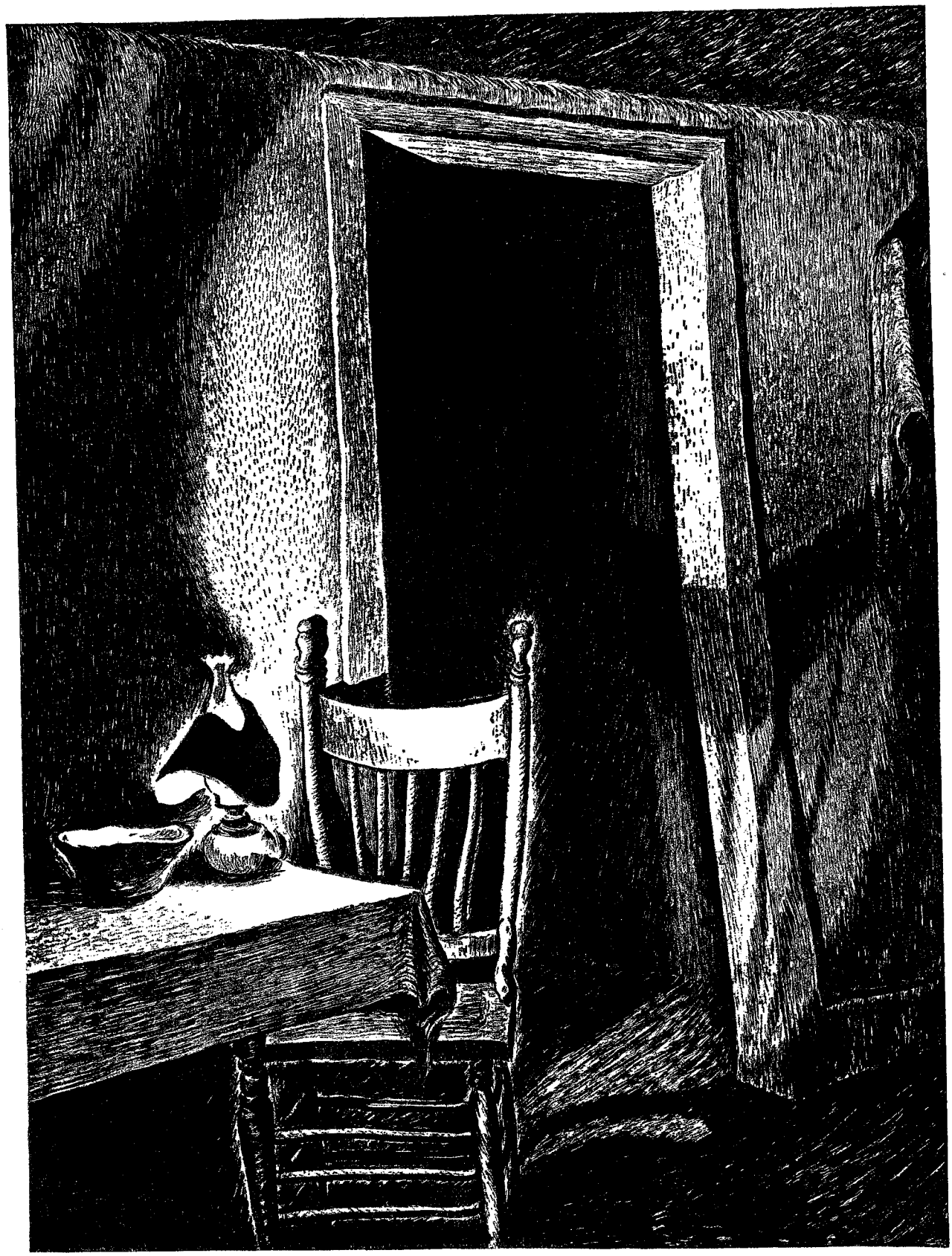

Lamplight

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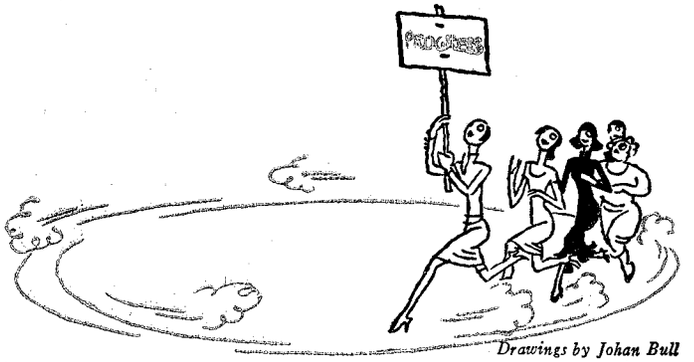
PIN-MONEY Slaves



Drawings by Johan Bull

by POPPY CANNON

IF THEY can't have a covered wagon, America's pioneer women resort to jobs and the subway. They are congenital frontiersmen and there is no restraining them. They will do anything, anywhere, any time to harass and discommode themselves and everybody around them. Their atavistic pioneerism (if one may be permitted an ism so soon) crops up in the most unlikely places — in effete metropolitan centers like New York and in progressive colleges where they teach euthenics and the fine art of living with one small voice and, at the same time, bellow forth tirades of contempt for the jobless woman.

If you are inclined to be dubious at this point, you ought to attend a reunion of recent graduates at an Eastern woman's college and notice the shamefaced attitude of the young women who are forced to admit that they are "not doing anything — just staying at home." By their shame you shall know them — the women who confess themselves guilty of the new sin none the less heinous because of its recent origin. A sin, moreover, which could have been invented only in America or in Soviet Russia — the new sin of leisure for women.

Why is it that women always trail along behind, gleaning the vices which men discard? At the beginning of the century drunkenness was losing caste and sexual immorality and wild oats were being frowned upon as diversions for promising young men. Then suddenly these sins were resuscitated and appropriated by young men's younger sisters. The same phenomenon has occurred in respect to leisure. American men had been accused so often and so loudly of materialism and business preoccupation that they were just about ready to admit grudgingly that all men need not labor at wage-earning all the days of their lives. Masculine public opinion had progressed so far as to permit rich men's sons to indulge without stigma in such unremunerative pursuits as exploration, art, and scholarship; and even captains of industry were retiring before they dropped dead of heart failure at the exchange and were devoting a good many years of their lives to golf or book collecting.

At a time when the economists are urging us to use our leisure to increase the consumption of goods, and the Humanists (with a capital H) are begging us to use it to increase the consumption of ideas, it is good news to find a humanist (with a small h) who is content to let our rest periods take care of themselves if only we will accept the notion that it is not essentially wicked and wasteful to do nothing when we have nothing to do. This article is a plea for less strenuous living. It calls upon our job-bent women to return to the eighteenth century tradition and be true ladies of leisure by cultivating the graces of civilization.

But just when Father is almost persuaded to sit down by the roadside and roll life under his tongue to get some savor of it — just about that time, Mother is infected by his old Busyness Germ and cannot be happy without an interior decorating shop, economic independence, recognition as a worker in the world, etc., etc. There is something touching about her eagerness and energy, and something pathetic, too, in the inner and outer compulsion to be worth while in a great, big way.

Not long ago I had a letter which embodied this pathos. It came from a college friend who

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is married and living near Chicago. She said, "If I were not continually oppressed by a feeling of guilt and worthlessness, I should be very happy. For, after all, I have a beautiful life. Ed is a dear and the house is amusing to fuss about. Then I have a Garden Club and time for books, music, pictures — not to mention etchings and the Graphic Arts Society, which I have just joined. But I can't let myself go on like this. I shall have to get a job — maybe a part-time job — anything. I keep thinking about the rest of the crowd — busy every minute, all *doing* something, pay envelopes getting more and more bulgy. And I am ashamed of myself for just living and consuming. I feel sinful. My friends have a good-humored contempt for me and even my husband seems to have caught the spirit. He calls me his sweet, old-fashioned, lazy girl. I know where I can work afternoons as a file clerk. . . ."

Job-bent Women

That letter is a fair sample of what public opinion is doing to America's demi-leisured women; and there are hundreds of thousands of them — a favored class, indigenous to our nation and our times — who have been freed by mechanical appliances and prosperity from household drudgery and ought to be dedicated to the furtherance of the civilized graces. Instead, they are being shamed into becoming petty robots for Big Business, and Big Business does not really need or even want them.

The changeling values of our age are such that it seems desirable to a woman far above the average in intelligence to give up a pretty, well-kept house, gardens, books, and art to become a file clerk — and a part-time file clerk at that. Because business activity is regarded as the highest good, part-time business activity no doubt partakes of its sanctity as the next best thing. Probably this is the ethical origin of our part-time wives — the scourge of present-day domesticity.

Thousands of women who have some household and family duties, but not enough of either to fill every shining moment, feel impelled by conscience to take part-time jobs which bring in far less than they cost in car fare, restaurant meals, and household breakage, not to mention doctor bills and sanitarium expenses. At this point I shall be howled down by all the ardent feminists who insist that there will be no physical or nervous casualties, because women are just as healthy and capable as men. This may be true, but men are proverbially unfitted to serve two masters. Is there any reason why the normal, average woman should be expected to serve three or four — just to prove that she is emancipated?

Of course, there are superwomen who can handle a home, a husband, children, a corporation, and a couple of kennels without feeling any strain, but these women are rare enough to be dismissed. Human beings and the modern world are so constituted that there are few *really* part-time jobs, and when a woman presumes to have half a job and half a home, there is likely to be rather more job and little home or not much job and rather more home. In any case, any woman with a job will tell you that she has to give up a great many social amenities at home — so many, in fact, that one wonders whether the struggle is worth keeping up and whether society wouldn't be better off with more leisured charm and grace, fewer frazzled-nerved wage earners, and fewer grimy curtains hung askew by careless helpers from Harlem whose main interest—like that of their mistress — is "fifty cents an hour and car fare."

Offhand, all of this may appear to be a tempest in a teapot; one might imagine that the women affected by the fad for work are still negligible in number and radical in tendency. It is true that the pioneer worship of labor for labor's sake and for the good of the soul is most noticeable among intellectual women in cities and colleges; but the fad and its accompanying sense of guilt has spread so that pin-money workers — women who are driven into industry by other than economic reasons — have become a serious social menace.

Frances Perkins, Industrial Commissioner of New York State, remarked in a recent interview that the women pin-money workers who compete with necessity workers are selfish,

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short-sighted creatures who have no reason to be proud of themselves and plenty of reason to be ashamed. She points out that thousands of well-dressed, college-bred women, backed by a monthly allowance from father or husband, seek jobs in our large cities every year. They work as stenographers, sales girls, clerks, waitresses, and willingly accept eighteen or twenty dollars a week. This flimsy pay envelope acts as a sop to the fashion which dictates that women should be wage earners and maintain the pose of economic independence even if it drains the pockets of their male relatives and forces out of a job another unskilled woman who needs to work in order to live.

Neither Dr. Perkins nor anybody else denies that a woman should have ample opportunities to earn money whenever she needs or wants it. Woman's place in professional, business, and artistic pursuits has been established. What has not been established — or has been overthrown in the scuffle — is her right to lead a life of gracious leisure without laying herself open to a charge of parasitism, and her right to do work which does not bring in money. For our latest *mores* require not only that woman should labor, but that she should receive wages for her labor — or else remain abashed and shamefaced among her energetic sisters.

There is the case of a post-débutante who used to work at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York. Her work required considerable psychological knowledge, as well as tact and an ability to handle people. It was a real job, but it paid her a salary of exactly nothing per week. Other post-débutantes in her set were brandishing pay envelopes which labeled them as good citizens, but she had nothing but the consciousness of good works.

Since personal philanthropy was no longer fashionable, she got herself a routine clerical job at twenty-five dollars a week. She now awaits her pay days with quiet pride and insists that there is a certain something about twenty-five dollars which you earn yourself that makes it entirely different from an equal amount bestowed upon you by your family, and that work without money is no thrill at all. In other words, good and interesting works are less satisfying than good moneys; our enthusiasms are so weak and lame that they must constantly be whipped up by the clink of nickels.

The Lost Arts

Part of the trouble is that jobs, freedom, and independence have been press-agented and, nationally advertised like a new skin cleanser or a certain shade of dirty pink. All modern heroines in fiction or on the stage have their "work" to salve lacerations of the emotions or the soul. Every door slammed in literature since Ibsen's Nora has opened a year or two later to reveal the lady in question wearing, in addition to tweeds by Paquin, gloves by Régny, marcel by Charles of the Ritz, an air of assurance which implies not a penny less than eight thousand a year and the vice-presidency of a growing concern. No matter how old or how young, how inexperienced or how badly equipped the heroine may be, she invariably makes good in business nowadays, starts a chain of chicken and waffle restaurants, or founds a cannery based on her famous strawberry jam recipe. Moreover, this inspiring fantasy, known among blurb writers as "a woman's fight for freedom," is accepted as progressive and significant by sophisticated readers who would hoot at a similar success story formula applied to a male protagonist.

The up and down vagaries of that seesaw known as progress in public opinion has resulted in the sanctification of jobs and the deprecation of domesticity and its attendant graces. Through a curious transposition of Victorian psychology, we have achieved the conviction that a job no matter how humble is preferable to a home no matter how fine. Consequently, the insinuation that she is "getting domestic" is now the most scathing of all possible insults to the progressive American female.

A young Southern girl who broke away from

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home to seek a satisfying existence in a one-room apartment in Minetta Lane and a Wall Street office, expressed the current attitude toward these matters when she described at dinner recently the dreary lives of her married friends in Richmond who "think nothing of spending an afternoon arranging and rearranging flowers and making bridge sandwiches with stripy fillings. Can you imagine anything more stultifying?"

We can. The young lady in question — by her own confession, one of those fulfilled, self-supporting individuals (except for a clothes allowance and an unexpected tooth bill now and then) — spends her days gayly checking lists, filing correspondence, and copying sales letters intended to dispose of stocks which are, by the most generous interpretation, dubious. No doubt her Richmond friends should find something different to do over a succession of afternoons, but it seems to me that arranging heather in a pewter bowl and sandwiches, especially good sandwiches, on a Wedgwood plate is far less "stultifying" than her activities in a bucket shop.

Housekeeping, even now, is not so dull as it is considered, but efficiency methods carried over from factories and offices are introducing dullness, and standardization has a way of making homes depressing. A great many people have lost interest in homes; and those who retain their interest have been striving, by the introduction of mechanical appliances and efficiency methods, to make houses into so many little factory outlets, with the result that they have become equally exhilarating as places in which to live and work.

After the furniture has been installed and the draperies hung, all the creativeness is gone out of the average modern household. Canned food and hand-me-down baked stuffs are partly to blame. With everything in the way of nourishment obtainable at the chain stores, what will prevent us from forgetting the miracle of metamorphosing pallid flour, baking powder, and a couple of runny eggs into a tray of golden brioche? It is a thrill which ought to be preserved for posterity — more of a thrill in brioche than in regular biscuits, incidentally, because more time and patient care is required, three or four risings and cuttings, not to mention mixing and shaping.

Nobody except a fanatic will continue to

make brioche, however, when it can be purchased at the corner and reheated in the oven. Perhaps the bought variety is just as good or even better. These are immaterial considerations compared to the fact that the adventure of cooking with raw materials is going out of housework along with the excitement of periodic cleaning.

Modern housekeeping ethics demand that homes should always be tidy. Consequently they are never glistening-clean or comfortably and gloriously tousled. Most of us can remember how old-fashioned households were allowed to slide along during washing, ironing, and baking days and then "got at and cleaned up." Now we are denied all that variety of experience, and even spring and holiday cleanings are no longer considered good form. Despite the comic strip jibes, spring cleanings had much to be said for them. It was good to turn one's world upside down once in a while, to reduce it to the bare essentials of uncovered floors, bare walls, stark windows, to have all the accumulated stuffiness dragged out into the sunlight of the backyard to be beaten, aired, and wind-whipped. And then after it was all over — the clean, clean smell! Houses which stay neat all the time like hotels never smell so clean as ours did when the windows were all gleaming at once, the newly-starched curtains billowing, the rugs shining, and the whole house with such a hushed and dewy, newborn expression that you wanted to walk tiptoe.

Even among women who are definitely committed to the new cult, one hears occasionally the whispered suspicion that the job-home combination is not an open sesame to bliss.

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One of my friends is a successful commercial artist. She has as much work as she can do, and a husband and studio apartment thrown into the bargain. All this excites enthusiastic comment about her "full life." But, strangely enough, she is philosophical rather than ecstatic when she discusses the arrangement. She says, "I really haven't a husband, a job, and a home, as they say. I have a husband and a job — and if I don't stop working at queer hours, I'll probably have just a job."

Unfortunately this particular case has no alternative. Some peculiarity in her mental make-up forces her to go on working until her nerves are so frayed that it is almost impossible for her to achieve a civil word. Her free hours are spent dabbing bits of cotton on her eyes in order to relieve the strain. She has a real mania for drawing — one of those obsessions (not invented by the New Woman) which is as old as the hills and as incurable. There are, happily, few women so genuinely attached to a job, but even she is not too busy or too blinded by artistic temperament to see that her antique mahogany secretary grows dingier and dingier for want of a long and loving rubdown, or that her floors are grimy under a film of oil and that her new yellow linen sheets come back from the laundry cotton (white and frayed at that) because she has not time for tapes or laundry lists and can't think of her household and her drawing at the same time. Yet she yearns for a linen closet like that of her German grandmother — towels, pillowcases, and sheets all tied into neat piles with embroidered bands and scented with lavender.

"They must have let me chew drawing pencils when I was young," she once remarked with a sigh, "and now I can't get over it. Too bad, isn't it? There are so many better artists, and I can make beautiful *bunt kuchen*."

Wake Up and Dream!

The psychoanalysts revived the notion that work is a therapeutic measure when they propounded their theory of sublimation — that psychological alchemy by which they professed to change lust into labor and make libido laniferous. At this juncture it is unnecessary to consider the merit of their claims. Because of their eloquence, the public came to look upon work not only as a medicine but as a panacea calculated to cure all ills, whether physical or mental, and to remedy all evils. When we hear talk of cure-alls, it is time to be careful.

Excessive work may be, after all, nothing more or less than a spiritual drug. No doubt there are more people in America stupefied, stultified, and cut away from the normal joys of life by overdoses of work than by any other narcotic. And one cannot be sure that work addiction is not just as much a symptom of spiritual bankruptcy as drug addiction. These mothers who come to Greenwich Village at the age of fifty (I know two such) and start tea rooms when they do not need money — and the Villagers, heaven knows, do not need tea rooms — aren't they confessing their own emptiness and lack of resource just as much as those pitiable business men whose death occurs within a few months after their retirement because of mental and emotional vacuity?

The work fetish in our times is an atavistic revival. We get it from our Pilgrim fathers, who were afraid to live except under the influence of labor. But the Pilgrims had reason for their attitude. In a pioneer community one had to work constantly in order to live; and furthermore, their religion taught that the Devil would find work for idle hands. When people are convinced of the inherent wickedness of human nature, they will, of course, find some way of bludgeoning their vile yearnings into senselessness. The monks resorted to fasts, the Puritans to labor.

But if you do not believe that man is essentially vile, leisure ceases to be a menace and becomes the archcivilizer of humanity. The ladies of the French salons did not rise at eight to toil and type, nor did the patrons of the Renaissance, nor the brilliant idlers in the coffee houses of eighteenth century England. Good patrons make good artists; and in that curious chemistry by which artistic creations of a high order are evolved, the appreciative connoisseur acts as an indispensable catalyzer. For the sake of art in our country — if not for the sake of elegance and charm — we cannot afford to discourage our leisured and our demi-leisured classes or to condone the silly spectacle of thousands of women turning their backs on the heaped-up treasures of civilization and rushing into offices to "keep from being bored."

The only sure cure for boredom is shooting. It is an incurable malady which takes no account of the station, importance, or situation

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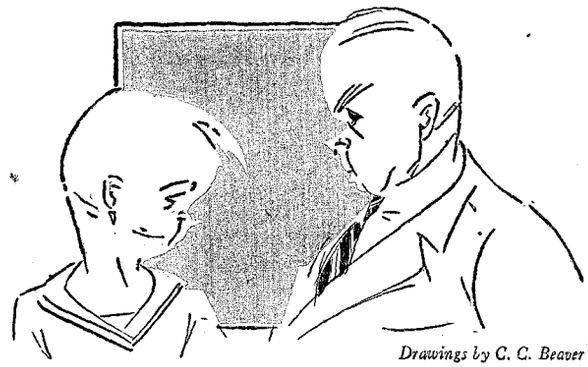
of its victim. American women, with the world at their feet, "have an infinite capacity for boredom," to quote the editor of a woman's magazine, and even Madame de Maintenon suffered an insupportable ennui when she had nothing more exciting to do than to rule France. However, one might suggest as an alleviative measure for the women of our day, that we get rid of the pious conviction that all except paid employees are doomed to a purgatory of dry rot on earth and hell in the hereafter.

With the return of lace mitts and the new humanism in literature, why not the revival of the lady who does not need a pay envelope to justify her existence? Even so, millions of women would continue to work outside the home, in as much as our economic structure requires their participation in other than domestic affairs. But perhaps the women who need not take the first job that offers might come to regard work as an accomplishment rather than a bribe to the gods and a prop for their wavering self-importance.



Drawings by C. C. Beaver

A Test of Parentage

***by* H. MUNRO FOX**

THE ONE BOND that touches every human heart is the bond of man and son. Even the Divine Tragedy was set in those terms in the New Testament; the aching sorrows and loves of the Old Testament were played around that theme. "And his bowels yearned toward his son." Yet there are men all over the world gnawed by the fear that the son they have in the eyes of the law is not the son of their loins. The more divorce increases, the looser becomes the sexual tie, the more doubt grows in the mind of men. Why expect love and devotion to center on what may be a cuckoo's egg and not the child of the nest?

Formerly the queens of France brought forth their children in public in order to avoid the substitution of another infant for the real heir. There are thousands of men to-day who feel that even this does not go far enough. Yes, the child is the child of his mother, but is he the child of his father? There are the *causes célèbres* of the law courts that turn on the real parentage of the child, whether for heritage, for maintenance, or for divorce. These cases are multiplied a thousandfold in homes where, because of doubt or shame, the investigation is not brought forward and where the child suffers, as the child always will.

A case that became world famous was the Russell affair. In 1924 the House of Lords allowed the appeal of the Honorable Christabel Hulme Russell against a decree *nisi* which had been pronounced dissolving her marriage with Lord Ampthill's heir, the Honorable John Russell. Lord Birkenhead, one of the Judges of Appeal, reading his judgment, said: "The question which your Lordships have to decide is whether or not by the laws of England

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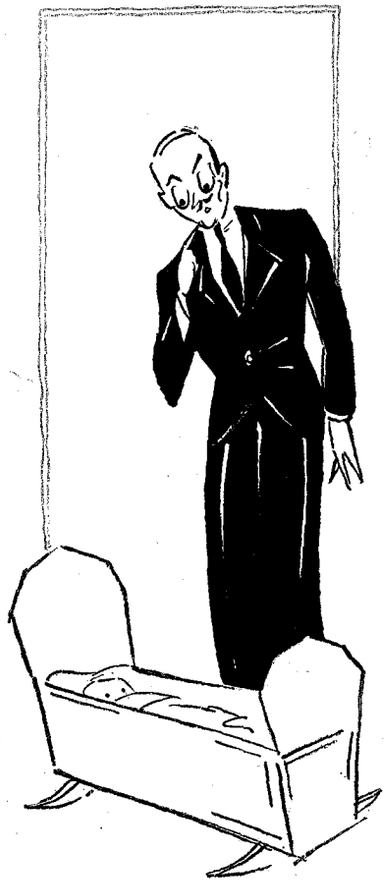
evidence of non-access may, in proceedings of divorce, be tendered with the object of bastardizing a child of the marriage."

A coarse but historic old word, bastard — terrible when the child referred to is heir to a peerage. The appeal was allowed and it was pronounced, in 1926, in the High Court of Justice, that "Geoffrey Deans Erskine Russell is the lawful child of his parents, the Hon. John Russell and Christabel Hulme Russell." Yet Lord Dunedin said in the House of Lords that he was bound to observe that "such harm as could be done to the child was already done. His legitimacy in law was secure, his legitimacy in the eyes of the world had perished."



The year before, when the divorce case was on, Mr. Hastings, K. C., had said that evidence rebutting the legitimacy of a child born in wedlock must be strong, distinct, satisfactory, and conclusive. But when is it that? This unfortunate infant boy's legitimacy was questioned from the divorce case of 1923 to the legitimacy proceedings of 1926 in the High Court of Justice; not until then was the small petitioner, Geoffrey Russell, judged to be his father's child.

There is a case from which the child may never recover. He can never be as other carefree children. The father hated the mother at the time of the action. Is there not some way of determining the truth before the long years of legal action begin?

Zangemeister's Method

Science has not been blind to this problem. Work has been going on which makes it scientifically possible to judge accurately the true parentage of a child. From the new researches of Professor Zangemeister, of the University of Königsberg, in Germany, it appears that the bloods of parent and offspring will reveal the truth. A mixture of the blood serums of mother and child or of father and child show a difference from any other mixed bloods, and the difference can be detected with appropriate instruments in the laboratory.

Dr. Zangemeister's method depends on what is known to physical chemists as the Tyndall effect. Everyone has seen dust in the air when a beam of sunlight passes across a darkened room. Dust otherwise unnoticed is shown up in this way. The reason is that the light waves impinging on each dust particle are scattered. New waves start at the particles and, coming to our eye, make visible these minute specks of dust, too small to be seen before. Tyndall, in the nineteenth century, studied this phenomenon. It occurs not only with dust in air, but likewise when light goes through a liquid that has fine particles floating in it.

Many of the chemical substances of which living protoplasm and the fluids in the bodies of plants and animals are made, exist in what is called the colloidal state. They are dissolved in water, but in solution the molecules of these substances are not all separated from one another. In a solution of common salt each molecule is separate, on its own. But in a solution of gum, for example, the gum molecules are grouped together in masses. This is called the colloidal state.

True, these groups of molecules are too small to be seen even under the microscope. But they are there and often they make the liquid look turbid or milky. Every Frenchman knows, or knew before the war, the white liquid that appears when he adds water to his absinth. Such is the result, too, when methylated spirit and water are mixed. These are colloidal solutions. Blood, too, is a colloidal solution of the proteins that compose most of our bodies. And these colloidal solutions all exhibit the Tyndall effect. They are *troublé*, as the French say, because light is scattered from each ultramicroscopic group of molecules.

The essence of Dr. Zangemeister's procedure for testing parenthood is this. When the blood serums (the liquid exuding from clotted blood

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is called the serum) of closely related persons are mixed, the Tyndall effect is less pronounced than when any other two bloods are put together. This difference cannot be seen with the unaided eye. But with a suitable instrument the difference is not only detected but its amount can be measured exactly. The instrument used is called a step-photometer.

Light is allowed to pass through the blood serum contained in a glass tube. The optical instrument is then placed so that the illuminated tube can be viewed from the side through the instrument. The amount of light scattered by the colloidal particles is then seen. And the exact amount of this light is measured by matching it, in the photometer, with light scattered from smoky glass, which itself is a solid colloid. Step by step, glasses which are more and more smoky are brought into the field of view until a match is made with the light from the blood serum. Hence the name of the instrument, step-photometer. The actual use of the instrument is not easy and it requires long training, but the results are precise.

Proof of Paternity

THE FIRST experiments were made, not to test parenthood, but to find whether pregnancy could be detected in its early stages. The problem was to see whether a mixture made of blood serum from a woman with child together with an extract of womb tissue would be optically different from such a mixture made with serum from another person. It was discovered that there was a difference. In one hundred trials there was always a positive result. The luminosity of the liquid, seen through the photometer, gradually decreased. In all control experiments with serum of non-pregnant persons, there was no such change in the Tyndall effect. As early as the second month of pregnancy the test proved positive, although it was weaker than later on. After birth it diminished, and a week later it vanished altogether.

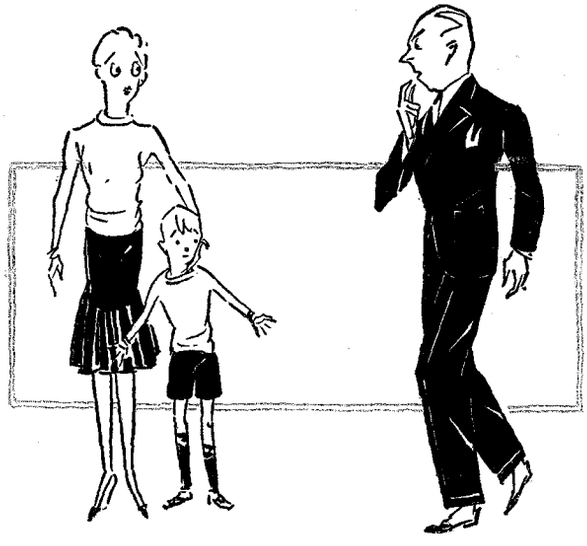
Next, the blood serum of a newborn infant was tried, mixed with the mother's serum. Here, too, a decrease in brightness of the Tyndall light occurred. In the course of several hours the reaction was complete. Eighty cases were tested, all with the same result. The control tests, with a mixture of other bloods, were always negative. They showed no change in the scattering of light.

And now for the diagnosis of fatherhood. After it had been settled that a mixture of a mother's serum with that of her newborn child could be identified, the blood of the offspring was next tested with that of the father. Nineteen cases have been tried up to the present and in all of them there was a decrease in the amount of light scattered by the colloidal particles. Thus it seems that both father and mother of a newborn infant can be determined in this way.

What, then, about older children? Does the test still work after a number of years have elapsed? For, in legal practice, these are usually the more important cases. A series of fourteen experiments was tried out. The individuals in question ranged from children of five to grown-ups of thirty years old. Once more the test of parentage was positive in every instance.

These records seem clear enough, but in all research work in which an optical effect is used there is just a possibility of error. Everyone knows how easy it is to deceive the eye with optical illusions. The experimenter, expecting a difference in light intensity in his instrument when the mixed blood of father and son is tested, might unconsciously deceive himself into seeing a change that did not really exist. There is always this possible snag. Therefore it is better to check the results, using some light sensitive substance or apparatus in place of the human eye.

Dr. Zangemeister did this by means of a photo-electric cell. This is an evacuated glass bulb. An electric current passes across it between the metallic terminals separated from one another in the vacuum. The current is



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carried across the gap by electrons given off by one of the terminals. This discharge of electrons is different in amount, according to the intensity of the light falling on the bulb; and thus the difference in light, translated into a consequent difference in current passing, can be measured. Such a photo-electric cell, acted upon by the Tyndall light, gave the same alterations in light intensity that the human eye had seen in the step-photometer when the mixed serums of parent and offspring were examined. So the results were made doubly sure.

Seeing Is Believing

The change in the make-up of the serum when the blood of parent and child are mixed cannot only be studied by this light-scattering — that is, by the Tyndall effect — but it can actually be made visible to the eye. We have seen that the groups of molecules which make up a colloidal solution are too small to be seen even under the highest magnification of the ordinary microscope. Nevertheless, these molecular aggregates can be made apparent to the human eye.

For this purpose, an instrument called an ultramicroscope is used. It is really a microscope combined with an arrangement like the beam of sunlight crossing the darkened room which shows up the dust against the black background beyond. On a small scale this is done beneath the stage of the microscope, and so the colloidal particles are shown up in the microscopic field of vision as bright and shining points.

When the mixed parental-plus-offspring blood serum is examined in this way, after a short time — a minute or more — the bright points can be seen slowly to diminish in number and their place is taken by much larger objects. These are nothing but clumps of the smaller particles stuck together. So we get an actual glimpse of what is occurring on the molecular plane.

These changes under the ultramicroscope can be photographed at intervals of, say, five minutes over a period of two hours until there is no further change. In this way a record of the whole process is obtained. The ultramicroscope thus confirms what had been seen with the step-photometer and what had been recorded with the photo-electric cell.

No scientific results are finally accepted until the experiments have been repeated and confirmed. This applies, of course, to Dr. Zangemeister's work, which is as yet only a beginning. But it looks as if a workable test for parenthood has really been found. This must replace the very unsatisfactory tests that have been available up to the present, depending on general resemblance of child to parents and on finger prints. The so-called blood-groups have also been used as evidence. But here an indication of parenthood can only be obtained in some of all the possible cases. And even then it is negative evidence.

The law will watch the results of Dr. Zangemeister's researches with deep interest. The world at large, whose conscience is not assured that questions of paternity are always rightly settled, will watch with equal interest. The scientific interest, however, is doubled, for the Zangemeister results have a much more important biological bearing than the mere legal decision of parenthood. The facts discovered touch on the fundamental question of the reason for differences between individuals.

Protoplasm is composed mainly of a number of different chemical substances, which fall into the class of the proteins. We have good evidence for believing that one species of animal differs from another species because its proteins are different. Not all of the proteins vary, but there is probably a different admixture of the twenty odd proteins that compose protoplasm from species to species. Within a species — the human race, for example — there must likewise be a chemical basis for the differences from individual to individual. Most probably this, too, is a variation of the proteins. And heredity must be due to the transmission of protein peculiarities from parent to offspring.

We have seen that the blood serum of a child is connected with that of its parent in a different way from the serum of any other individual in the race, and we have seen further that this connection, made visible in the Tyndall effect and by the ultramicroscope, concerns colloidal particles.

Further, these are most probably proteins in colloidal solution. Thus we are taken a step nearer to understanding the chemical differences between individuals, differences too fine to be studied up to now by ordinary chemical methods.

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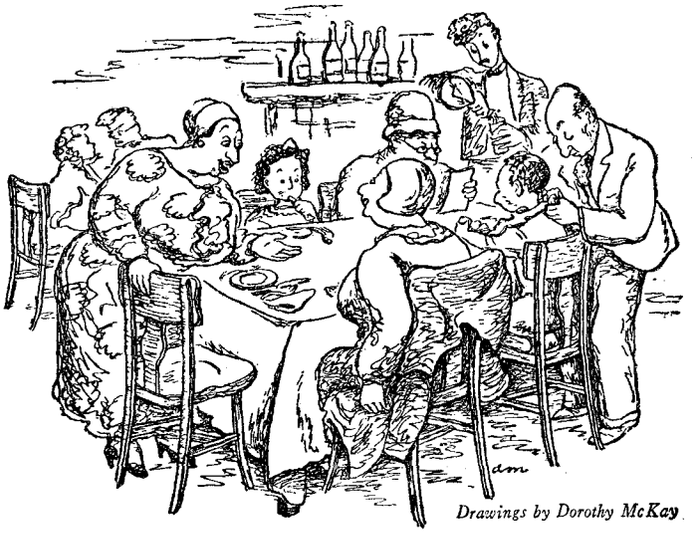
Table d'Hôte

A First Short Story



Drawings by Dorothy McKay

by **FAVIUS FRIEDMAN**

MRS. HOLBEIN, her great breasts leading her like two oxen, piloted the little party to her favorite corner in the Villa Napoli. At Dominic, the waiter, she flicked a gracious smile, but the man stared at her without recognition, without enthusiasm. Noisily he shoved two tables together, spread fresh linen, and tossed silver into the set patterns. The new guests — shuffling, impatient, yet distracted by the ceremony of preparation — stood watching him. All this was for them. Seated at last, the Holbeins, their two children, Mrs. Holbein's mother, and Mrs. Strauss relaxed with unexpressed sighs and glanced brightly at each other.

Mrs. Holbein liked the Villa Napoli. Next door, the Chez Victor had three sooty granite lions in its little front yard, but the Napoli competed by serving a seven-course dinner for ninety cents. Mrs. Holbein maintained that here the food was in every way as tasty as that at Victor's, where the tariff was a dollar.

It is true that on one occasion the Holbeins had been seduced by the gaudier air of the Victor's three lions. The statuary had a distinction, an atmosphere that seemed to promise ineffable sights for those who cared to travel six feet beyond. Mrs. Holbein had neatly rationalized her curiosity. "I only want to see if Victor's table d'hôte *is* worth more," she had said. "We'll try it this once."

But in the end they had decided that the Villa Napoli: Dinner, 90¢, was quite good enough. It wasn't just the difference in cost. The Napoli had atmosphere, too. "Lots of atmosphere," as Mrs. Holbein had assured the girls in her Washington Heights Bridge Club. The girls were always eager to learn of quaint places in which to dine. "You see such interesting people there," Mrs. Holbein added. "Bohemians. You know — writers, artists, and such. One Sunday Sinclair Lewis was there. It looked like him, anyway." The dark mountain of her face seemed to fold itself around her mouth when she became sententious.

Ultimately she had invited her friend, Mrs. Strauss, to join them at Sunday dinner at the Napoli. And this Sunday they were together — the Holbeins, their children, and Mrs. Felter. And Mrs. Strauss. She was a short and rather bulbous widow of thirty-eight, exuding something of the serene dignity one sees in a midget. In winter she dressed genteelly in a black seal coat, and almost always she carried some book beneath her arm. This week it was a certain tall, green, much talked about volume, once suppressed. Mrs. Strauss considered it her duty as a woman to read *The Well of Loneliness*.

Because the Holbeins were her hosts, Mrs. Strauss felt that she wanted to make some little gesture of gratitude and neighborliness. She reached over to help Mr. Holbein with the children's napkins. But Mrs. Holbein put forth a deprecatory hand. "Don't bother, dear.

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Meyer can handle the babies. Remember, you're our guest. You just sit still and enjoy your dinner."

Mrs. Strauss subsided, smiling gently. The smile was not so wide or so mouth-crinkling as that of her hostess. "Mr. Holbein seems so fond of the kiddies," Mrs. Strauss ventured. She had a queer habit of clinging to and stressing the last syllable of certain words. "So do-mes-tick. Little Junior looks just like his papa, don't you dear? *Sweet* little man." She thought of her own childlessness and sighed — a fulsome, heavy sigh.

Mrs. Holbein, out of respect for her guest's feelings, said nothing. Both women picked up their menus and settled down to read. Mrs. Holbein balanced her pince-nez on her rocky nose and, under her breath, checked the courses listed. Yes, all were there. To make certain, she counted the seven again, beginning with the hors-d'œuvre and finishing with the demi-tasse and the fresh fruit. Not that the precaution was vital. Yet one couldn't tell. There was always the possibility that the owner of the Napoli might make a perverse and sudden reduction in the number of courses.

II

THE ORDERS having been given at last, Mrs. Holbein turned to her friend with just the right mixture of inquiry and solicitude. "You like our little place here?" she began benevolently.

"Oh yes, dear," Mrs. Strauss assured her. "It's dif-fer-antt. Sort of like the places in Greenwich Village. Such atmosphere, and so many interesting-looking people here." She clasped her hands together and perched them on the table. Mrs. Strauss was ready to do her share in any discussion. How she loved to develop ideas! She sat and waited demurely for her hostess to launch the topic.

Mrs. Holbein was just priming her thoughts, making ready to enlighten her guest with her diagnosis of the other diners' occupations. She often took pride in her ability to discern the artistic even when hidden beneath commonplace exteriors. But she had to digress. The waiter was at their table, and the dishes must be distributed correctly. "Yes, the fruit cocktails for the kiddies," she commanded distinctly, "and the gentleman gets the er-dervs and so does the other lady, and one for me, too. Mamma, you wanted an er-derv, didn't you? Put them all right here, Dominic." Mrs. Holbein gave the man one of her benign, grimacing smiles, barely raising her gelid eyes to him above the parapet of her glasses. Dominic seemed not to hear. Despite her orders, she had to shift several of the dishes. "Meyer, you see what he'll do if you don't watch him?" she exclaimed, facing her husband. "He's given Junior the er-derv. As if he didn't know better —"

But Mr. Holbein apparently was in some confusion over the silver. His wife spoke sharply "What's the matter, Meyer? Don't you know yet from what side you take your fork?"

"What do you mean, I don't know?"

"I mean you're using Mrs. Strauss's fork. Take your silver from the *right*, not from the left. See? Like I do."

Mrs. Strauss interrupted apologetically. "Don't bother, Mrs. Holbein. Right or left, it makes no difference. There shouldn't be any formality between good friends." Her words fell in a heavy silence, broken only by the sounds of the diners at near-by tables.

Mr. Holbein's round, colorless face flushed to a salmon-pink. He stared uncertainly at his wife from behind his thick-rimmed glasses. "Since when from the right?" he demanded.

"You never ate before, did you, Meyer?" asked Mrs. Holbein caustically. "Can't you remember how you eat at home? Use a little sense, please." She picked up a roll and wrathfully tore it in two, no longer deigning even a glance at her husband.

"Aw, you've got me all mixed up. So much noise about nothing —" He stabbed at the food on his plate, still flushed and confused.

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Mrs. Holbein was kind enough not to hear him. When she spoke to her friend, her tone was disarmingly mild and sweet. "Of course, these little spats really don't mean anything. *You* understand, Mrs. Strauss. But I know when I'm right. I always say: 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead and fight.' Of course, Meyer and I don't actually fight. Real fights, that is." Mrs. Holbein waited challengingly for an instant. There was no rebuttal from her husband. "But when you're right," she continued with unction, "there's no sense in saying that you're wrong, just to save a little argument. I relish argu- discussion. Like I always say: 'Discussion is the spice of life.'"

Mrs. Strauss thought so too. "Yes, indeed. Just like salt and pep-perr."

"Yes, Meyer and I get along very well — very well. Don't we, dear?" she asked pointedly. Her husband muttered morosely. He grimaced over his food, refusing to meet his wife's black eyes. He'd show her. She didn't have to be so damn domineering before that Strauss woman. Did she think he didn't know which was the right side for the silver? Of course it was the left!

His wife was talking again, her great, full cheeks shaking. "Just to-day, Mrs. Strauss, when he's meeting you for the first time, Meyer acts like the cat's got his tongue. Uusually he's so jolly I can't control him. Why, sometimes he just gets me hysterical, I laugh so hard. But business —" Mrs. Holbein raised her eyes to heaven, sighing with a martyred air. It was a painful topic.

Mrs. Strauss's sympathies immediately began to bloom. "It's Wall Street that's to blame. I was just reading —"

"Wall Street!" Mrs. Holbein almost shouted, setting down the glass she had lifted to her mouth. "Mrs. Strauss, would you believe that the stock market could affect our wholesale mineral water business so that we don't do half the trade we used to?"

"I guess —"

"Well, it did," Mrs. Holbein broke in dogmatically. "We know, all right. Don't we, Meyer?"

Mr. Holbein agreed, nodding his head. Where does she get that "we," he thought. Who is she, Lindbergh? It ain't any of her business. Mr. Holbein could not help brooding over the incident of the forks. Some way, he'd

manage to get revenge for that insult. As if he didn't know how to eat!

Her husband's silence was causing Mrs. Holbein some secret chagrin. Like a certain heroine of Mr. Shaw's, she wanted the heavy-eyed little man with the dead-white skin to be heroic in his conversation. She hoped that he would perform a miracle and become significant, if only to impress Mrs. Strauss. But Mr. Holbein merely continued to eat his spaghetti.

III

THE ONE PERSON who was grimly enjoying the momentary quiet was the old lady, Mrs. Felter. She hated conversation and often thought that her daughter talked too much. Talking while one ate was unhealthy, Mrs. Felter decided. Methodically she vanquished her hors-d'œuvre. She speared the last slice of Bologna on her plate, then folded it into a slice of bread, making a sandwich of it.

Mrs. Holbein dropped her folk noisily, she was so shocked. Her mouth tightened into a thin, bloodless line. "Mamma, such ignorance! . . . Excuse me, Mrs. Strauss. Sometimes the old lady forgets herself." Mrs. Holbein spoke as if her mother were absent. "I was thinking, dear," she continued, fumbling for her fork, "that you were going to tell me all about the play we discussed at the Bridge Club. You know — *Strange Interlude*. Did you enjoy it? Meyer never had the time to take me, and so we didn't get to see it after all. They say it's awfully" — she nodded significantly toward the children and spelled — "r-i-s-q-u-é. Meyer, don't you want to hear this?"

Mr. Holbein pushed aside his plate of spaghetti. It was too difficult to eat, anyway.

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He turned his heavy-eyed, puzzled gaze upon his wife's friend. "Go right ahead, Mrs. Strauss. I'm listening."

Mrs. Strauss, as if she wanted to rearrange her memories, paused dramatically. "It was all about free love," she began. "There were nine acts — think of it, Mrs. Holbein! Of course, it was kind of dry in the begin-neeng, because most of the time we were waiting to go out for din-nerr. It started so early." Mrs. Strauss smiled shyly, as if asking absolution. "But when we came back," she continued, "we felt much more int-er-estedd. Dear, you should have seen that Lynn Fontanne — she was the star, see? — when she sat there with her three men around her. And when she said: 'My — three — men!' Slow, and with her voice tingling, like that. It still gives me a shiver when I repeat it."

"What was she doing with three of them?" asked Mr. Holbein. "She must have been a glutton for punishment."

Mrs. Strauss smiled, but seemed disconcerted. "Why, that's the way it was in the play, see? The three men were her husband, her friend, and her lover. She was sort of analyzing them."

"Psychology stuff, eh?"

"It was *all* psychology, Mr. Holbein. That's why they could sit there and say what they thought of each other, and nobody — on the stage, that is — would be the wiser. See, I'll show you how it was." Mrs. Strauss pressed four little pellets out of a fragment of bread and arranged them on the table before her. "Now," she said, successively touching each pellet, "this is Lynn Fontanne, and this is her husband, and this is the friend, and this one" — tapping it with a sort of awe — "is the wild one, her lover. He makes all the trouble."

Mr. Holbein's eyes became alert. He reached down and drew his chair closer to the table, then stared with heightened interest at the fourth pellet. "Her lover, eh? What were they doing — living together?"

Mrs. Holbein abruptly ceased her efforts with the roast chicken á la Napoli. "Meyer! The children! If you've got to ask a question like that, why spell it, like I do. . . . Go on, Mrs. Strauss, I didn't mean to interrupt. My husband gets a little careless sometimes."

The apology was acknowledged with sweet forbearance. "It's all right, my dear," Mrs. Strauss said, patting Mrs. Holbein's arm. "I don't mind. Anyhow, I was almost finished. You see, her lover gets her into trouble, and Lynn Fontanne is going to have a" — she imitated Mrs. Holbein's precaution — "b-a-b-y, and she doesn't tell her husband. Oh, it's tremendously excit-teeng! So diff-er-antt."

IV

MR. HOLBEIN carefully buttered part of a roll. "Y'know, Mrs. Strauss," he remarked, "I like people to talk about things the way you do. Everything frank; no beating around the bush. Now, to look at me," he went on, pausing an instant to stare at his wife, "you wouldn't think that once I was almost ready to take up free love? Yes, it's the truth."

In the sudden and ominous hush that settled like a smoke pall, Mr. Holbein sensed imminent destruction. He thought of the argument over the placing of the forks. He'd show his wife! She deserved a real shock; something to make her remember that he was still a man, not a child to be publicly slapped. He was glad that Mrs. Strauss had discussed *Strange Interlude*. It gave him just the encouragement he needed. "Maybe you don't believe me," he said aloud.

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His wife's dark mountain of a face swung on him. Her knife and fork were poised in mid air above her plate. She had the avenging insistence of sixteen-inch guns. "*You* almost took up free love? With who, I'd like to know?" She turned her head toward Mrs. Strauss. "I don't know what's got into the man to-day," she grieved. "He never acted like this before. Never in his life."

Mr. Holbein allowed a gratified smile to intrude into the dead-white of his face. "With who did I almost take up free love? It was a long time ago, Rachel; before I met you. The girl was in love — she liked me pretty well. A beautiful girl, too." His glance hung sardonically on Mrs. Holbein's jutting nose. "But this girl — well, there was only one thing wrong with her. At twelve o'clock at night she used to want me to go down to the Battery and take a ferry ride with her. And she was crazy about walking in the rain. Funny things like that. But she was really beautiful. Her hair was shiny and long, down to her waist; and it was a kind of brownish-yellow. Like a lion, sort of. I can see it now."

He stopped speaking. Somewhere in the restaurant two canaries were chirping and twittering. He became aware of the sound as he sat and stared vacantly at the empty plate before him. Suddenly he felt a sharp hunger for the tawny-haired girl. How long was it since he had seen her? Ten years? "Good God," he thought painfully, "is it really that long?" Where had those years gone? They seemed forever lost.

Wearily he stared past the faces of his wife and children. The colorless people grouped by twos and threes at neighboring tables, the spiritless monotones of their talk brought a strange and curious distaste. Why was he here? A few feet away was a cheerless and impotent fireplace; and the mantel above it was loaded with many ginger ale bottles. A ray of light from the sleepy, amber bulbs in the ceiling glinted on the bottles; it revealed dust that lay heavy and untouched. "Christ, I'm sick of this place!" he told himself.

V

"MEYER!" His wife spoke sharply. Don't you see that the waiter's here? What do you want for dessert? Spumoni or buscuit tortoni?"

"I didn't hear him. . . . Order anything — I don't care."

Mrs. Strauss wagged a finger roguishly just beneath his nose. "I'll bet he was dreaming about that girl," she accused. "That's why he's so absent-mind-edd. Now, isn't that right, Mr. Hobein?"

"Maybe it is, maybe it is. I guess if I'd taken up with her ten years ago, I wouldn't be here now, eh?" He tried to laugh brightly, but merriment was not in him. It wasn't any joke. Thoughts of the tawny-haired girl insisted on troubling him. Each glance he gave his wife swelled his nostalgia for the lost ten years.

"Here's your spumoni, Meyer," said Mrs. Holbein. "You like Italian ice cream, Mrs. Strauss? Lovely, isn't it?"

Mrs. Strauss agreed that it was. All the Holbeins subsided into silence. They ate earnestly, but with no great enjoyment. The old lady, Mrs. Felter, thought that it was about time for all this talk to end. She simply could not see why people must gossip throughout a meal. It spoiled digestion.

The waiter brought their coffee, and they drank it, bemused and thinking of other things. Mr. Holbein's thoughts were still roving in the past. He had

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almost forgotten the dingy atmosphere of the Napoli. His wife drummed with her fingers on the table, her hard chin sunk into a thick palm. "So he had believed in free love!" He would have to tell her a little more about *that.*

And Mrs. Strauss rolled her finger over the four gray pellets she had made, thinking of her unfinished story of *Strange Interlude.*

When a bowl of apples and nuts was placed upon the table, Mrs. Strauss exclaimed: "Oh, isn't that ni-eece! Mrs. Holbein, you certainly know how to find the most wonderful pla-cess."

Mrs. Holbein remembered her duty and smiled. "I'm so glad you like it, dear. We'll come again soon, and you can tell us more about *Strange Interlude.*"

"And about some other new plays, too, Mrs. Strauss," injected Mr. Holbein, peeling an apple. "You'll find us very liberal-minded. My wife, especially."

"Of course I'm liberal-minded, Meyer," his wife said, much vexed. "If I wasn't, would I be interested in such things like *Strange Interlude,* considering its all about adult — "

"The children, Rachel; the children."

"*I'll* take care of the children, Mr. Holbein, *if* you please. I think I know what to say in front of them. You can be sure that they won't learn anything about free love from *me!*"

The little Holbeins suddenly sensed their importance. They were both subdued, pallid children, with their mother's jutting nose. They wanted an apple to take home with them. Mrs. Holbein told them impatiently that they had had enough to eat. "And don't cry, either," she warned. "That won't do you any good. The apples belong on the table."

"Let them have an apple, Rachel. What's the difference?" Mr. Holbein could not fathom his wife's sudden prohibitory mood. It seemed to him that the Napoli had plenty of apples.

"Did I ask you for help, Meyer?" Mrs. Holbein's eyes behind her pince-nez were humid with anger. Her mouth tightened. "Come, children; fold your napkins. We're leaving now. Ready, Mama? And you, Mrs. Strauss? You're sure you don't want anything else?"

"Oh, not another bite, Mrs. Holbein. I've enjoyed the dinner so muh-ech."

"And we've enjoyed having you." Mrs. Holbein stood up, not bothering to brush the crumbs from her lap. The others also arose, forming themselves into a flock, and were shepherded by Mrs. Holbein past the cashier's desk and out into the narrow, vine-decked foyer. They waited there until Mr. Holbein rejoined them. He came into their midst with the self-conscious air of a man who has just separated himself from more money than he liked. "Ready everybody?"

Mr. Holbein stepped forward, pushing open the door solicitously, holding it while Mrs. Strauss and Mrs. Felter walked out together. And then the children, shoved a little by their mother. But something happened. The door suddenly slipped from Mr. Holbein's fingers, striking Mrs. Holbein on one fat hip, ludicrously jolting her. She staggered and turned, thoroughly exasperated. "Oh, you fool! You clumsy fool! Why can't you be careful?"

"But I didn't mean it — "

"You never mean it. You make me sick." Then, still scornful, still boiling with chagrin, she flung the final thrust. "You *free lover!*"

Mr. Holbein stared at the dark mountainous face of his wife and started to smile. There was a queer, confused look in her eyes. He knew that to-day he had acted very strangely. His thoughts flashed to the argument over the forks. Well, he had got his revenge. The story of his past would annoy his wife for weeks to come. He remembered again the tawny-haired girl, with the "hair like a lion." She had actually loved him.

Where was she now, he wondered. Was it really ten years? Ten years! What a fool he had been to think of her again. His revenge was stupid. The little victory he had won seemed utterly without value, dusty and insipid. He walked slowly behind his wife, whose great breasts seemed to lead her like two oxen. . . .

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — Little more than two years ago THE FORUM started its First Short Story Contest. Since then 6,313 first short stories have been submitted, and Mr. Friedman's "Table d'Hôte" represents the fourteenth to be accepted and printed. This establishes a ratio of one acceptance out of every 451 sent in to us, and these figures should indicate clearly enough to our readers that THE FORUM is not lowering its standards in its effort to discover new writers. On the other hand, fourteen promising but unknown authors unearthed within two brief years is a good enough record to reassure the writers themselves that discoveries *are* being made and that THE FORUM is giving new talent "a break." The contest will be continued as long as the results justify it. In order to take advantage of this contest, unknown authors should direct their stories to the First Short Story Editor, The Forum Magazine, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York City.]

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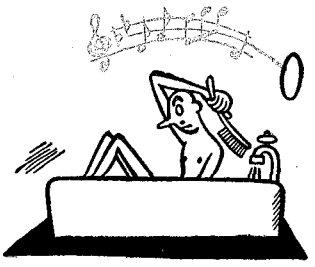
Music as a Narcotic

by **CREIGHTON PEET**

It appears to me that of late we have been getting pretty chummy with the music of the spheres. Thanks to the radio and the phonograph, music has fallen from its high estate and has somehow got to rolling about under the chairs and tables, behind the davenport and out of the window, without our paying very much attention one way or another. Easy come, easy go. We open a valve and the music comes out, just as water or gas comes out of other valves.

Drawings by Julian de Miskey

I do not mean to say that the radio dispenses only trash, or that good music is no longer being performed. The radio, in fact, sends forth (along with its insistent banalities) some of the finest music being performed in America today. And this is true in spite of the fact that our newspapers, which have recently donated millions of dollars' worth of free publicity to the radio industry, have all too frequently grown hysterical over its "cultural" aspects. One might think that a new race of supermusicians was being created by the hourly broadcasting of "On the Road to Mandalay" and "Mother Machree." But, in spite of all this nonsense, the radio and the improved phonograph have actually made it possible for all of us to hear some splendid things by merely turning a few little black knobs.



Music is losing its æsthetic and emotional caste because we are coming increasingly to confuse it with the mechanical rhythms and noises of the world in which we work and live. We turn on the music when we are at home because we are keyed up and tense — because it replaces and compensates for those rhythms and auditory stimuli which we have left behind in streets and offices.

By "mechanical rhythms" I mean mechanical intervals as well as the mere noises of motor cars, subways, telephone bells, buzzers, and so on; these intervals are the periods of time during which we wait alertly for a reaction — intervals which go to make up the sum of wear and tear and general nervous dissipation.

A few of these intervals which affect all of us are: the time between the red and green traffic lights; the interval between the picking up of the receiver and the answering of central; the interval between the opening and closing of a subway door; the interval between the placing of a piece of toast in a machine and its jumping out to be buttered and eaten while hot; and, in general, the feeling that life is short and that not merely "success" but survival are attained only by constantly leaping this way and that.

When, on returning home, we switch on the radio to "see what's doing," we are actually continuing the auditory and consequent nervous stimuli of our offices, subways, or factories. Just as a compressed-air worker suddenly removed from his high-pressure caisson will suffer disastrously from the change in his atmospheric environment, so do most of us, suddenly stranded in the quiet of our homes, tune up the radio to keep our nerves from quieting down. It is not so much *what* the radio or phonograph is playing, as that it *is* playing.

Bridge, poker, dinner, supper, a social call, or even breakfast are enacted against an unending stream of operatic platitudes, dance orchestras, bedtime stories, and aërial playlets. People turn on the radio before they settle down to read a book, and an amazing proportion of school children prefer to do their home work with the radio going near by. Like the water in the sink, music, divine and otherwise, runs endlessly from the loud-speaker.

Young people make love, children are

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spanked, families quarrel, coal is delivered, Fuller Brush men come and go, and the plumber arrives without the radio's ceasing for one instant to dispense symphonies, jazz numbers, and operetta airs in a loud tone in the living room. Some housewives claim that the radio drowns out the vacuum cleaner. Others frankly admit their sets aren't strong enough for that, but say that it is simply lovely for washing dishes or dusting up.

Now I am not complaining because the housewife has found some means of making her housework more pleasant; I am only suggesting that the things which come from the radio matter less and less to her and to everybody else. In theory we should all be mightily grateful for these fine things, but actually an increasing number of us are using "music" as a sort of characterless stimulant. We are interested in rhythms and sounds — in the feeling of being out in the world where things are going on — rather than in what the music is saying. If people can go about the business of a bridge game or a new novel while the radio is working, its sounds must obviously have much the same effects as those produced by a train, noisy office, or the rumble of an ocean liner's engines. We learn to ignore such sounds, to talk through them and think through them.

Recently I interviewed a clublady for a magazine article while a near-by radio told me in cultured but emphatic tones that my digestive tract was in urgent need of a certain make of bran. She entirely overlooked the gentleman's comments. She was immune to sound, vocal or instrumental. Very possibly she had turned on the radio earlier in the day to listen to some specific hour, but either all hours sounded alike to her or else one was quite as good as the next. Possibly her radio has been running all day ever since she owned it. With cheerful impartiality the radio pours forth information on Brahms, bowel complaints, baby's bath, and bird lore. You take your choice, or, as this lady did, you take everything.

But I have no especial quarrel with the radio. It is not our only source of mechanical and therefore tireless music, by any means. Recently, as a result of a hitching up of the radio loud-speaker and the phonograph, we have been overrun with amplified record devices enabling one disk to come booming out of any number of loud-speakers in any number of rooms. Thus any institution, from a hot dog stand to an ocean liner or shooting gallery, can have music during as many of the twenty-four hours in every day as it chooses. And about three stores in every block have installed loud-speakers which provide accompaniments for those who are forced for a few moments to forsake the home radio.

Let's be quite snobbish and un-American for a bit and contemplate music not merely as one of the arts worthy of a more dignified setting for its understanding, but as an emotional and spiritual stimulant. Let us consider music not as a wonderful intellectual cure-all which, when taken in adequate doses by entire populations, will produce acres and acres of "cultivated" men and women of the world, but as a highly personal and rather secretive art. Let us take it out of competition with five-foot shelves, little blue pills of concentrated culture, brain-building courses, and books of etiquette. Let us remember that music is not simply a "refined" art the understanding and appreciation of which supposedly go with good table manners, good breeding, and good character, but that its absorption and assimilation are among the most personal and mysterious processes the human race has yet witnessed.

As far as the general aspects of a play, a novel, or a painting are concerned, a thousand average human beings will carry away very much the same reactions. Their likes or dislikes, their emotional reactions and their artistic prejudices will certainly differ; but all will observe the actions of the characters, the subject and colors in a painting, or the general outlines of a piece of sculpture.

Music, on the other hand, more often than not defies a complete appreciation by the layman. It is one of the most intangible and purest arts we have ever produced. A march, of course, inspires movement, and a sentimental ditty affects the romantic — but because of the implication of the words rather than through the actual sounds or tones used in the song.

But in the ultimate sense music is not merely

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a theme song playing an accompaniment to a pictorial image. It is sheer invention in the realm of sound. By its patterns, its harmonies, its rhythms, and its subtle and infinitely changing nuances, it creates an emotional state rather than a specific picture. Music does not, as most movie-goers have been carefully taught, reach its highest development in the "1812 Overture" (which calls for bells, cannon, a burning city, and other impressive effects of light and color). Music is entirely a personal matter. Ten people sitting in a row of seats go home with ten different reactions — ten different conceptions of what the composer was attempting to convey.

Obviously all this is true only if music is listened to with some attention. Bach or Brahms will be just so much noise and nuisance if they have to compete with a roomful of ladies at their Thursday afternoon bridge; the ladies will quickly turn to a program of dance music, which is especially devised and executed to be ignored while furnishing the necessary pleasing auditory stimulation. The intricate beauties of Brahms require unflagging mental devotion.

Now possibly our generation, our high-pressure cities, the lack of privacy in our communistic apartment houses, and our enforced rapid scramble to earn, not enough for luxuries, but for mere necessities, will not allow us to indulge in anything so deliberate as contemplation — unless we go to a concert hall where we may sit in quiet and peace only because we have paid specifically for that quiet and peace.

But when the orchestra is miles away, it can be (and usually is) tuned down to become an accompaniment to conversation or cards. Even in the case of those who might actually want to listen to the radio's symphony, there are all sorts of distractions. The radio is right in the room: if we have anything else to do — housework, papers to go over, or guests to entertain — it is simpler to do these things while we are listening to the concert. The same instinct which attracts us to a machine which performs three or four functions at once attracts us to serious music in the home. No more wasting of time in concert halls. No idle hands. No idle brains. Again we are carrying office efficiency over into our music. We do not sit "idly listening to music." No sir, we accomplish all sorts of "useful" things at the same time.

Another detail — which is often a major problem — is the racket created by other peoples' idea of music. Anyone who has ever tried to play a radio or phonograph on a summer's night (whether in the city or country) when windows are open and fancies are free, must realize that "music" is a sort of auditory free-for-all, with each apartment or cottage contributing its own private version.

It is, then, not so much a case of familiarity breeding contempt, as of music's becoming a sort of mechanical accompaniment to our daily lives — a nervous stimulant. I suppose we should all be bigger and better citizens and have nobler tempers for doing everything in a musical entourage. Soldiers march better to music and factory workers are speeded up by a fast tune. But although music for marching or working certainly has its uses, its constant performance at all hours must ultimately stupify and stultify our capacity for more subtle enjoyments.

One may, of course, take the view that Beethoven played through the loud-speakers beside an amusement park pool (which I can vouch for) is going to give the boys and girls splashing about a preference for better music; but I am afraid this is an idle hope. Music takes listening to. People immersed in water, conversation, or bridge are more concerned with the matter of survival and the immediate physical efforts involved therein, than in some pleasant sounds issuing from a machine.

Never have so many of us been able to listen to fine music — and never has this music been so much in danger of being used as mere atmosphere. Music is in every home, but what of it? So are water, gas, and electricity — and we accept them all unquestioningly. Music is now more of a public utility than an art, and as such it is rapidly losing its dignity, its power, and its ability to say beautiful things.

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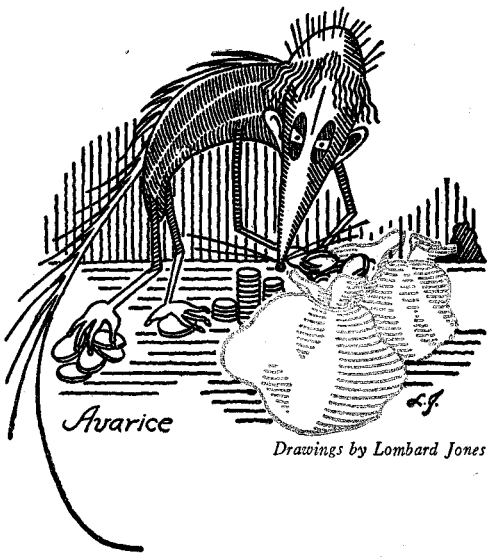
The Chair of EVIL

An Experiment in Character Building

A DIALOGUE



Drawings by Lombard Jones

Not long ago word reached The Forum that down at Rollins College, in Winter Park, Florida, they had established a Chair of Evil, with Corra Harris occupying it. "What is this?" thought the Editor. "Have they got the Devil so tamed and house-broken that he can safely be included in a college curriculum? If so, the world ought to hear about it." Telegrams were exchanged and a dialogue was staged on the spot. Those who took part were Corra Harris, Professor of Evil; Hamilton Holt, President of Rollins College; Sir Herbert Ames, former Financial Director of the League of Nations Secretariat; Irving Bacheller, novelist; Percy Mackaye, poet and dramatist; and Dr. Charles A. Campell, clergyman and Professor of Biblical Literature. A stenotypist reported the discussion. The record does not state whether the Devil was present, but if he was, Mrs. Harris did not allow him to get a word in edgewise.

BACHELLER. In college, where character building is the main purpose, it is eminently proper that the root and branches of evil should be studied. Honor and the things of good repute are like soap and baking powder: they need advertising, especially among those who are about to set out on the great adventure of life. They will be offered all kinds of goods of which they have little knowledge. The power of advertising is incalculable. In the undying memories of the young there should be a full-page advertisement of the value of honor and good faith.

MACKAYE. What has that to do with evil?

AMES. You advertise evil and the results of it, and the boy shuns it.

MACKAYE. But when you advertise any evil, you also attract people to it if it is delightful, as some evils are.

BACHELLER. But not when they lead to the loss of everything that men value. The young should learn that the delight is brief and the pain permanent.

MACKAYE. True enough. The only objection I find to Mrs. Harris's course is the title she has given it. The whole emphasis of the course seems to be upon the opposite. Why not call it a "Course in Good"?

HARRIS. Precisely the suggestion which a member of the faculty of the Union Theological Seminary in New York called on me to make yesterday. He said he had a sudden inspiration to teach a similar course there, but he wanted to call it a "Course in Goodness." A certain delicacy of sensibility acquired by righteousness of mind made him abhor my franker title. But when we consider that more than half of human history has been the consequence of evil thinking or evil actions, it would be moral effeminacy not to call it by its surname, like polite conversation which is too flattering to be truthful. I was polite enough to pursue the same course, and merely asked him who would come to his lectures. Goodness, I reminded him, is an honorable term that has fallen into disrepute because we have given it the reputation of being dull and uninteresting.

MACKAYE. That is certainly well said. Evil has always been more interesting than good.

HARRIS. Not always. During the Middle Ages goodness was the popular romance of the times. Piety, sacrifice, chastity — everything but charity — made powerful appeal to the courage and imagination of men. They took the vow of poverty and flagellated themselves to get rich quick in piety. Married women left their husbands and went into convents to recover their chastity. And the Crusaders started out to conquer the world for Christ with their swords. But goodness held aloof. The holy wars spread more famine, death, and disease than any other voluntary agency of men during that

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period. Evil abounded with a cleaner conscience than it has ever possessed since, until the rationalists of our day proved with eloquence and gayety that there is no such thing. Morals are customs, and man is only "an animal with a heart," as Sir Arthur Keith points out so convincingly.

All this followed, and still follows, because religion, which is the tail of our spiritual kite, so to speak, is still no more than an ideal, not yet a genuinely popular and literal experiment in the flight upwards of living. It is no more than a mood or an emotion with which we fan and compliment ourselves. We have not discovered that evil is what we are, and that goodness is borrowed from another Source. We do the best we can to make goodness out of what we are and have succeeded no better than those Christians who burned other Christians at the stake. Instead of killing the Turks for Christ's sake, we have lately engaged in a devastating commercial war, with chaplains in every regiment, and with the Young Men's Christian Association and the Salvation Army in the rear as a sort of spiritual reserve.

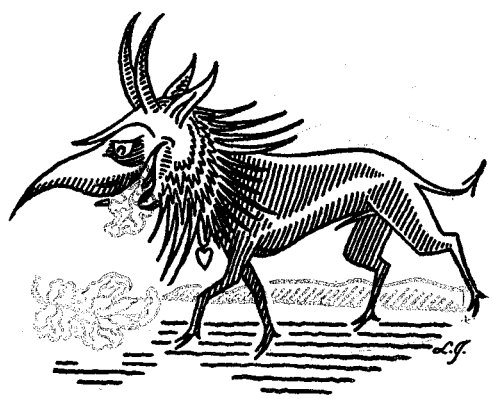
But it all comes to the same thing. We have not even humanized war. It can't be done really, so we have made it more terrible than the Crusaders ever dreamed of in the innocent and pious savagery of their faith and courage. We have relegated the Beatitudes to the rear of moral conscience as being impractical in a world like this, and we are passing up the Ten Commandments as being far too restricting upon life, license, and the pursuit of happiness. The industrialists and engineers are exercising more influence upon Christian nations than Christianity.

My feeling is that the difference between the mind of the past and the present is that formerly we believed in goodness more than we do now, though our deeds were evil as usual. Tennyson wrote his *Idylls of the King*, not because there ever was any such king or round table of such knights, but because he believed that there could be such men on the earth. Now we have no such belief. And we really do not want such men among us. If one remotely resembling this type lived and died a hundred years ago, we rake up his dust and shake sins out of it to diminish his name and fame. Evil, by many agreeable definitions, has become the popular science of our times. This is the reason why someone with a hand-grenade grip on the subject ought to teach it truthfully for what it is — the death warrant of mankind.

AMES. I am wondering if you have a distinct definition of evil.

HARRIS. By the same token I am wondering if any one of us has a distinct definition of good. They are both words, and subject to the limitations which the finite minds of men give to all the words they coin. This accounts for the confusion and the shocking examples of malice to be found in theology, and in the later popular science of psycho-chemistry — men juggling with the meaning of their own words, which are no more than scraps of paper that cannot possibly cover the subject they are supposed to qualify. I have seen many definitions of evil, but not one that defines it, even in Genesis. Referring to the forbidden fruit of the tree in the midst of the Garden, the Bible says that "in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." But it doesn't say what kind of gods. A lot of vagrant deities have been wandering around in the minds of men since they have had minds. It is my notion that that is what the passage means: men would be getting gods to suit themselves. And they are doing it yet. Every rationalist is his own clubfooted god.

As to evil, one thing is certain: "'tis not thinking that makes it so." It is going contrary to the voice of conscience, whether a man is a heathen or a blind rationalist. I think we should be better educated than we are in evil as it is indicated by history and experience so we may acquire an intelligent fear and horror of it. The youngest child among us shows the development of moral sense the first time he lies or deceives. He has no moral sense until



Lust

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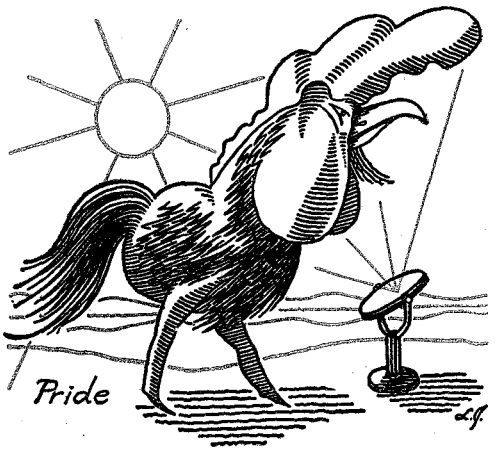
he does. This is the time to begin to teach him what evil is.

AMES. Because he has a choice?

HARRIS. The choice is always there in the eternal order of things. And the sooner he finds it out and is constrained by teaching, precept, and punishment to act accordingly, the easier it will be for him to make the right choice in conduct. The sentimental modern parent evades this duty in order to leave his child unburdened and happy as long as possible. Excellent training for an outlaw, but not for an immortal soul. Such affection for children is animal in character. It does not even reach the dignity of heathen parenthood. As stupid a man as Adam surely was, he was never as animal-ignorant of evil as are some of the yearling boys and girls I have met.

AMES. What is the principle on which that choice is made?

HARRIS. The word *principle* always makes me nervous. It depends entirely upon the definition in the mind of the man who uses it. I never could select a set of principles by which to guide my own wandering footsteps; I was too liable to substitute a prejudice, just as other people do. But there is one standard that does not vary — the will of God. In teaching a child to make a right choice in conduct, I should proceed upon the conviction that there is not only a God, but that He is a good God, and that the whole scheme of things is predicated upon this fact. Whoever fits his life to this law of goodness shall live and prosper in his own soul. Sounds like cant, I know, to a modern culturist, but it saves a lot of confusion in the mortal minds of men. We are advised to be merciful because we have not the wisdom to be just. God has, and I would teach youth the life-and-death importance of behaving accordingly.



AMES. Then you believe that God wishes you, as an individual, to follow a certain line of choice?

HARRIS. Yes, I believe it, so firmly that I know it.

AMES. Where do you find the touchstone by which you can make this choice?

HARRIS. For one thing, I had a very severe training in righteousness by what may be called Old Testament parents. My mother was a talented rationalist when it came to figuring out my transgressions and subtracting me from them. I was that little brand that she was constantly snatching from the burning. Learning how to behave was not an intellectual process with me. Early discipline in these matters makes an excellent touchstone. Later I discovered that virtues are far more expensive than evil. They cost us more because they are more valuable. They pay enormous dividends when one may have no other kind, whereas the overhead expenses of evil prove ruinous.

AMES. But the final result is not always clear to the person who makes the choice. On what basis does he make the choice?

HARRIS. I do not know how it may be with other people, but my early training was scriptural, and by no means confounded with intellectual speculations. The result is that I am so simple I have never been where I could not tell the difference between right and wrong.

AMES. Then you fall back on your conscience?

HARRIS. At first I probably fell back on my mother's conscience, because, however it is with others, I am sure I was not born with a moral nature. I was innocent and active to the point of being gladsomely unmoral. But my conscience, as you call it, has long since been confirmed by experience. I have accomplished as much evil as other respectable people, but it has been so diminishing to that secret pride which we call self-respect that I find it does not pay me privately and personally, even when the world takes no notice of the defection.

AMES. Did you have to do evil in order to learn the difference between good and evil?

HARRIS. No. I am not that much of a psychochemist. As I said before, I know the difference without experimenting. The evil I have done sprang from my weakness: I was not sufficiently honest or brave to stand temptation. But I am sensible about that. I shed my sins as the trees do their leaves. When I commit one, I hurry

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away from it and remember it against myself no more forever. It is not intended that I should fall upon my knees and suffer and suffer. I do — but I endeavor to avoid the futility of it because I have discovered in myself that remorse is weakness.

AMES. That was Rasputin's theory.

HARRIS. I would not care to be confused in anybody's mind with that bad man, whose lack of remorse was due to savage unscrupulousness. My plan has been to grow in the knowledge of God's wisdom by avoiding thinking or acting in terms of evil, being as diligent as possible in good conduct. Why cannot a man be led instantly by the Spirit away from the sin he has committed? I am a swift traveler at such times and find it not an ignoble form of repentance.

MACKAYE. I think Mrs. Harris has pointed out the essential quality of evil — fear. Fear is certainly something we would all agree is damnable. If we could eradicate fear from the world, we should go a long way toward eradicating evil, should we not?

HARRIS. Depends upon what kind of fear you mean. With all the swashbuckling courage of the spirit I profess to have, I prefer to keep a certain wholesome fear of the Lord at least as the Arctic Circle of my faith. I have never dared to feel like a grown-up person in the Lord, no longer afraid of the dark. The dark I fear is in myself. Better to keep on being afraid of the consequences of disobedience, as a child is.

CAMPBELL. Isn't it a curious thing that the primitive approach to this problem of evil, in the story, for instance, of the Garden of Eden, is through fear?

HARRIS. I do not think so. Adam and Eve knew no fear until they had disobeyed. That is what puts the fear of God in all of us. From that moment they knew the difference between good and evil. They had moral sense. What impresses me about so many young people now is that they are unmoral-minded. They are not afraid to do anything, right or wrong. And according to the modern system of education, coupled with the abdication of so many parents as teachers and disciplinarians, they are eating the fruit of every tree of dangerous knowledge without getting the moral sense to distinguish between good and evil. The worst people, radical intellectuals, are teaching evil

Wrath

as the natural rights of mankind. It is certainly natural enough. So is every other form of uncleanness. We did not learn to wash our faces until we learned that the vanity of cleanliness is next to some kind of godliness.

MACKAYE. Don't you think it is because they take away the vitality of synthetic, all-around thinking and go to the dissecting tables of the psychological laboratories? That seems to me where our youth is suffering most.

HARRIS. You are getting beyond my depth. Sounds too æsthetic to be practical.

MACKAYE. Then you think we must go to the dissecting tables?

HARRIS. We cannot escape the Great Dissector of all our motives. Some people call it God, some the voice of conscience. But every being capable of making a moral decision passes under the knife of this terrible wisdom, by whatever name you call it.

MACKAYE. Do you think we must go to the psychological laboratories? I don't.

HARRIS. Evil is so apparent that no one needs to go to a laboratory to find it. All one needs is a properly simplified moral sense.

MACKAYE. But you don't find it out there.

HARRIS. I asked my class this question: "What is evil?" One young man looked at me with a broad, happy smile and said: "It is the shortening of the bread of life." They all shouted. They did not know anything about it. They were just eating apples that fell off the tree without thinking what it was going to do to their digestions, morally speaking. I asked another young man and he said: "It is what other people don't want you to do." Then I

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asked a perfectly lovely girl. Looking more ineffably innocent than any angel, she said: "I don't know what evil is." And I thought she gave the most truthful answer.

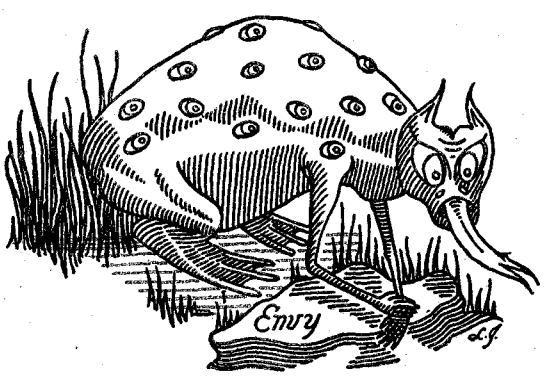
CAMPBELL. Don't you think there is a great fascination about what we call evil, because it is beyond the range of our own experience? We have got to know the taste of that forbidden fruit in the middle of the Garden. That is what is turning our hair gray — trying to get at the secret movement of the soul, trace the lure of the forbidden thing. I think we must have some laboratory experimentation to get at the secret impulse.

HARRIS. I do not think evil is so fascinating because it is beyond the range of our experience, but because it is so easily within reach and is so much more popularly advertised. And I do not give us credit for experimenting with forbidden fruit to get at the secret movement of the soul, because we are no longer vitally interested in the soul. We are for carnalizing the soul, if we admit having one.

AMES. It is not in the taste of the apple that we learn that it is evil; it is in the indigestion that follows.

HARRIS. But in spite of indigestion, you get the habit and you keep on eating apples though they disagree with you. That is the point. I want the young people warned and taught what that apple is before they get the habit. You see people all the time with habits of drinking, of immorality, of lying. It does not gratify them, but they have the habit and they keep on.

HOLT. I believe that the quickest way to make young persons do good is to show them how to be good. How can that be done? I think it can be done through intimate contact with people they love. If you like and admire a person, and that person is virtuous, then through that person you get the stimulous to



virtue. It is not what the preachers preach on Sunday, but what they are every day in the week. This is what counts, as far as their influence in the community goes.

AMES. Mrs. Harris, when you were planning your course for your students, did you work on the assumption that they had as yet had no experience of good and evil, in a serious sense of the words?

HARRIS. What I tried to do was to explain to them that evil is a state of mind acquired only by finding out what good is and then refusing to practice it. That little story in Genesis was put in to illustrate the point of obedience and its opposite — death. We have been dying all these ages more than we have been living, because, in spite of all the proofs of history and experience, we have refused to practice the law of obedience made hard by the knowledge we got from our first parents. I have told my students that it was not the sin of eating the forbidden fruit that has so often damned us, but it was not living up to that knowledge of good and evil which we acquired in the eating.

HOLT. They knew sin, but not evil?

HARRIS. Yes, they knew a cheerful lot about sin, and liked it. But some of them impressed me as being as ignorant of evil — that state of mind from which all sin is derived — as those men and women whom the Lord created on the sixth day along with the other animals. They are true products of our present short-sighted rationalist system of education, which is much more adventurous and experimental than is safe or worthy.

HOLT. You regard sin, then, as the fruit of evil?

HARRIS. Exactly. I believe, however, that if we talked more about goodness — not by its

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name *good*, but about what *is* good — they would find the adventure of goodness far more gallant and courageous than evil.

MACKAYE. Wouldn't you say that beauty is another name for what is good? For beauty, in its essence, is absolutely sloughed of all evil. It is so in art.

HARRIS. No, I don't think so in modern art. The sense of beauty that is now being taught is very barbaric. It is a sort of license in beauty, as in everything else. There is a noisy minority advocating license in the name of liberty, and they are making a lot more fuss than the good people. That is why I call this adventure in teaching the "Chair of Evil." It sounded so shocking that I thought it would attract attention.

HOLT. In starting this course, I think you said that immorality and sex could be disposed of in five minutes.

HARRIS. Yes. All that comes from the evil mind. My primary purpose is to reveal the nature and consequences of evil thinking.

HOLT. Is evil, then, simply a consciousness of society at a certain stage?

HARRIS. No.

HOLT. What is it then?

HARRIS. Evil is always evil, and what changes is goodness. Searching through history, I don't see any difference in evil; the quantity is limited. You can commit murder, theft, adultery, and so on, and that is all you can do in the way of evil. But the possibilities of good are endless. From age to age we seem to develop a wider sense of goodness.

BACHELLER. There is more evil in the world to-day than at any other time since I have lived.

HARRIS. More widely practiced, possibly. We are simply more enterprising than our grandparents in developing our real estate in evil.

HOLT. Is it conceivable that a day will come when there will be no stigma attached to divorce?

HARRIS. That day is at hand. Divorce is now encouraged by society and the courts, although the consequences of lax marriage in the violence done to home life will prove more disastrous to this civilization than any crime wave we have produced. This is the terrible part of it: we are bringing up men and women so selfish, errant, and undisciplined that they will not endure each other in wedlock. Marriage is becoming briefer than transient friendships.

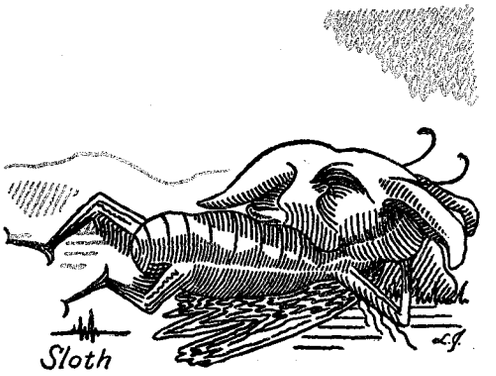
HOLT. As yet, none of us has defined what evil is.

HARRIS. It is what we all are until we approach goodness by work, faith, courage, and an honorable mind.

BACHELLER. In your Chair of Evil, shouldn't you recognize the great fact that a war unparalleled in history has thrown the spirit of man down into the dust and trampled on it? That it has not yet recovered itself, and perhaps will not, for centuries to come, recover the great loss it has suffered?

HARRIS. As the pioneer occupying very crudely the first Chair of Evil, I am planning to offer an explanation closer to us in responsibility. For ten years we have been blaming the late war for this crop of tares we are harvesting. Lots of people who were children then and never saw the war are the most active sowers of tares. In the same way we are blaming prohibition for our intemperance. Mere excuses! The fact is that the excessive harvest of evils which we are gathering has been brought on us by a revolution in thinking and in conduct led by the modern rationalists, materialists, and the radical intelligentsia, most of whom had no part in the war. They are moralists without morals, behaviorists for profit, and all of them propagandists engaged in undermining our youth.

As far as I am concerned, I regard this earth as a part of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is just my Lord's method of dealing with me. I can't blame my sins on the war, and the behaviorists can't blame theirs on society and environment. I don't see anything wrong with this world except what we put into it. We cut down all the trees because we are fools, and we cut down each other for the same reason. The evil is of our own making. Most of the harm comes because we are foolish.



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At the Deathbed of an Empire

Continued from page 78

other clothes, trailed by a coolie bearing his master's tin bathtub.

Girls were at a premium. When any strayed in from the outside world, we acted exactly like a crowd of cowboys and became unbearable to each other until she was gone. What we liked much better than the occasional girls who came were those times when we could find excuse to call for a marine guard. Then we had new officers with whom to ride and shoot and new men with whom to train and box. When some overzealous spinster or clergyman objected to the brutal sports, we all wrote home defending the reputations of our visitors.

Very few of us ever took a holiday out of Korea. There were too many beautiful spots to explore where we were, in every direction and in all seasons. The seasons were marked more exactly than anywhere I have lived — and each one was just what it should be. The winters averaged thirteen degrees below, a clear, dry cold. The summers were hot, but with rain enough; the springs soft, a mass of flowers (the native gardeners were extraordinarily skillful); and the autumns brilliant, with clear sunshine and glorious moonlight.

Everyone rode, and picnics to the old palaces in the north or expeditions to the fortress of Puk Han in the mountain peaks, or shooting parties to the river or the rice fields, kept us out of doors and pretty active. The country was all hills, like frozen whitecaps, with hardly a valley between. Moreover, it was all granite, bare along most of the coast and the central part, but with a peaceful, still beauty which saved it from monotony and justified the old name for Korea — "the land of the morning calm." The local explanation for the deforestation is typical of Korean ways: the coasts were made as uninviting as possible in order to discourage strangers, and the hills were kept bare of top soil in order to discourage tigers.

Of course, in spite or because of this beauty and peace, the time came when we all got badly on each other's nerves in the younger crowd at the legations. It was a great relief to get out of bachelor parties and into the family circle of the missionary groups — even those which looked upon the card playing and cocktails, the horseracing and dancing of the official lot as next door to the seven deadly sins. However, the dissension was settled quite forcefully by Arthur Turner, a famous athlete and later Anglican bishop of Korea. He invited us all to meet at my house. When we arrived, he ordered us to strip to the waist and, protected by wicker helmets, to lay on, in couples, with singlesticks. Meanwhile he sat on the veranda and smoked, watching us sweating under the broiling sun. None of us knew how to use the infernal weapons, so the carnage was dreadful. But after he had tied us up and put compresses on and fed us Scotch and cigarettes (both mine), I am sure we all felt better, even spiritually.

It was not until some time later that I learned that this method of settling quarrels had its roots in an old Korean custom. It was a favorite peace-maker among bickering servants. And it always worked — I know because I tried it, with satisfying results, on my own native boys.

III

If our days were not strenuous in the legations, neither were they idle. Home mail came about once a month, which made American newspapers of no use at all, although missionaries in the interior fell upon them greedily. State Department instructions were read leisurely the first week and answered during the following three if one were methodical, or otherwise on the night before the steamer sailed. We could only guess at home policy by the daily papers and guide our activities by what the editors might think European nations seemed to be doing to each other.

There were, however, several routine duties to be performed, such as annual reports, the more frequent dispatches, and a regular statement of pay drafts, which we drew on a London bank, our own banks at that time not being known outside of the village of New York. When Koreans called at the legation, we made disclosures concerning the villainous designs of other legations, and in return angled for something upon which to base a dispatch for Washington. Acknowledging dull and uninspired instructions from the State Department was easy, but it was somewhat more difficult to discover virgin subjects. On those rare and happy occasions when all the legation chiefs were away (always excepting the Japanese minister, who never went away; indeed, never appeared even to sleep), various junior secretaries would pool their state secrets and try to work out an identical dispatch to all the European chancelleries and the government at Washington.

These communal efforts to unearth

news never amounted to anything nearly so exciting as what occurred when the German consul, breathlessly curious, went to the Russian legation in order to seek foundation for a rumor which had reached his receptive ears. The rumor — which later proved to be quite correct — was this: that the Emperor of Korea, whose too independent wife had been murdered shortly before by a Japanese-led mob, had learned that he also was proscribed and had therefore, with the Crown Prince, escaped from the palace and sought refuge at the Russian legation, which country, being Japan's rival for possession of Korea, was only too glad to shelter him. When the German consul arrived at the Russian legation, he was informed by the Russian spokesman that nothing could be more absurdly impossible than the idea of the Korean Emperor's presence within Russian walls. The German persisted a trifle further.

"Of course I don't want to spoil anything, but you realize what a feather in my cap it would be if I reported such a thing."

"I know, I know," replied the Russian. "Things *are* horribly dull, but this — this is positively grotesque. There is no truth in it whatever."

"But you would tell me if there was?"

"Certainly, certainly, my dear colleague."

The German had hardly returned to his house before someone came rushing in to tell him that the story was a fact — that the Emperor was now safe in the Russian legation and no longer an easy target for Japanese assassins. Furious, he went back to the Russian.

"Why did you lie to me?" he demanded. "You didn't have to tell me,

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but why lie so outrageously about it?"

"Now, now," soothed the Russian, "why did you force me to lie to you?"

This Russian-Japanese rivalry affected the representatives of all other countries, interested and disinterested. The other legations had merely marine guards, from a sergeant's squad to a company, but the Japanese minister, whose residence was a veritable fortification, had a miniature army, with artillery, cavalry, and infantry, with engineers and field telegraph corps. A considerable body of army officers of rank was attached to him and they moved throughout the country — sometimes openly and in uniform, sometimes as private civilian travelers, sometimes even in disguise.

Once, in the northern district, I met a poor Japanese peddler and asked him for directions as to certain roads — roads which happened to lead up toward Vladivostok and Russian territory. He was very dull and ignorant — although his face indicated breeding above that of his apparent station — and of course knew no foreign language; in fact it was only with the greatest difficulty, if at all, that he understood my Japanese. Months later I received a letter — in excellent French — from a major of the general staff in Tokyo, who appeared to know very well who I was, apologizing for the incident and for his "discourtesy." He wrote that he had been on a special mission when I met him, but that now he could — and did — tell me where I might get a good map of the northern provinces of Korea, published in Japan by the Japanese general staff.

In general, the Japanese in Korea were disposed, as they are at home, to live peacefully and busily occupied on their own account, though not liking the Koreans or accepting them as social equals. They lived on reasonably sound business terms with them, outside of certain extraordinary and incredibly usurious real estate mortgages, the definite purpose of which seemed to be to acquire all the land possible by foreclosure and to provide a high remuneration for Japanese operators. At times, however, the influence of politics was distinctly observable in the relations of the Japanese colony to the natives. When the Japanese minister wanted a disturbed condition, he could always get

Meddling by private Japanese was also noticeable — and in at least one instance it created considerable, if temporary, havoc. The coin of the realm in Korea was the Chinese "cash," a brass or copper piece the size of our quarter pierced with a square hole in the middle for convenience in stringing them together on a twisted straw cord in any sum needed. In the event of any major transaction, such as the day's marketing, strings of cash were loaded across the back of a pony. Once, in order to supply a handier currency, one of the Emperor's ministers arranged a concession whereby blank nickel pieces were imported by an American firm and then, in the Korean mint, turned out to the value of Japanese five-sen pieces.

He reckoned without the Japanese, however. No matter how many nickels he had stamped, he could not compete with the ingenious son of Nippon who placed small and inexpensive hand stamps on the market, together with disks of some cheap alloy, with which any man could make his own nickels. The result was that nobody ever dared to open the five and ten dollar rolls in which the money came from the mint lest they turn out to be privately coined and therefore spurious. The rolls were passed from hand to hand as quickly as possible, like "hunt the ring." Debts were paid with these rolls with incredible promptness, for everyone was afraid to keep them — so after all, no great harm was done to the public.

I REMEMBER encountering a vigorous example of the way in which the international dispute over Korea affected even onlookers when I received a visit from Prince Henry of Prussia. The Prince had come out on his famous visit to the East, just after the Kaiser's equally famous speech about the Mailed Fist. We did not know what it was all about then; we were ignorant of what was happening at home and could not judge the importance of what was going on right around us.

To-day it seems clear that the Kaiser had suddenly realized that England and Japan, countered in the same endeavor by France and Russia, were about to devour the choicest sections of Asia; and if that happened, Germany might find herself at considerable disadvantage for industrial markets. Since none of the four appeared to have any regard for anything but force, he probably thought it necessary to remind the East — by means of Prince Henry — that Germany must not be disregarded if possessions were simply to be handed out. Of course, the better policy would have been to display friendliness instead of force, but

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that need not be criticized at this late date. We have all seen where that aggressive policy — which everybody pursued, not Germany alone — led.

Prince Henry, therefore, although naturally a charming gentleman, seemed to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Walter Scott's French knight, who seated himself on the Greek emperor's throne in order to show his independence. Instead of impressing the Koreans, he amazed them. Nevertheless, as I said, he did see fit to honor me with a personal call. I had met him on a ceremonial visit at the German consulate. Later he sent word that he wished to see a famous Dutch artist and his wife who were my guests, and that he would like to spend the afternoon quietly and without entertainment — unless, he added jovially, I had some real German beer.

I did have some, and he came over. We spent a charming afternoon. His conversation was a delight, and he was kindly, informal, and homelike in the true German way. As he left, however, he suddenly drew himself up very straight, turned red, and said: "I hope you understand clearly that I was calling on my Holland friends — not at the American legation or on you." I am afraid I lost my temper, as diplomats ought never to do with royalty, and answered that I had understood perfectly, but that I now thought him quite unprovokedly discourteous. He raised his hand as if to strike me and I lunged forward, but an international scandal was prevented by Captain Karl von Müller, his naval aid (a delightful person, the same man who later commanded one of Germany's most successful sea raiders, the *Emden;* a sailor who won the respect and friendship of every English sailor who pursued him). Seizing the Prince's arm, Captain Müller threw me an anguished "*Um Gottes Willen*, Herr Sands!" and fairly hustled him onto the horse which I had provided for the royal guest.

I cannot imagine what got into Prince Henry to make him spoil a perfect afternoon, unless it was a belated memory of the Mailed Fist mission. I knew Germany and its customs very well, and had remembered my manners prettily all the afternoon, according to the German rules of the game. I dislike to tell the story now, except as an illustration of those things every foreigner was doing to make his particular nation disliked by other Europeans and Asiatics as well, and as an example of what lay behind the general smash which came fifteen years later.

The Koreans were shocked by other incidents of Prince Henry's visit. One more is enough to show the tactlessness of European diplomacy. About a year later I was at the palace when I heard a most indecorous noise in the courtyard; a heavy running, the scolding of eunuchs, and the little squeals of some child's laughter. I suspected the baby prince — son of one of the Emperor's secondary consorts — who was a privileged character.

Into the room burst the Emperor's uncle, the Fat Prince — a shrewd and merry gentleman whose nickname was better known than the remarkable astuteness concealed beneath his gay temper and lazy manners. He was panting and perspiring and gasping that "this child will certainly be the death of me." After him came the baby, with a cat in his arms, and a flock of disturbed palace eunuchs. Knowing the Fat Prince's weakness was an aversion to cats (I had seen him faint at a legation dinner because behind a curtain was hidden a kitten, which he could not see but felt to be there), I got rid of his tormentor.

After he calmed down he said that he had been on his way to see me because he knew I was his friend and he wanted to do something very special for me. "You American men who have no king of your own like royalty nevertheless. Perhaps it is because you all claim to be something like kings yourselves." I wondered what next, for he was an unusual old party. "Now I am a royal prince and the uncle of the Emperor. A royal prince and brother to one of the greatest emperors in the world (so I am assured) came to Korea last year, and after he went away he sent me the most valuable present he could find, an imperial gift from one royal prince to another. That is the present I have brought you as the most perfect thing I can give you." And he handed me an American watch which at that time sold for ten dollars. That cheap trinket was Germany's token of gratitude for Korean hospitality.

Furthermore, Prince Henry's gift to the Korean general who had acted as his aide was a cheap thirty-two caliber Smith and Wesson revolver, and his present to the Emperor himself was a carved wooden cuckoo clock such as hangs in every peasant's house in the Harz Mountains. My friend the Fat Prince, to judge from his overelaborate politeness, was very angry about it. The Koreans had done their level best to entertain Prince Henry and had spent more money on him than they had any right to spend. They had hoped that since Germany belonged neither to the Russian-French alliance nor to the Anglo-Japanese group, they might find a friend and protector in the Kaiser who would prevent their spoliation by either of the two rival camps.

V

Since the United States was not among the frantically jealous nations which were bent on claiming the not yet defunct Korea, we members of the legation were forced to confine our activities to the stupid reports and to other interests which I shall mention later. The English were better off than anyone else, for they had someone over their young men who made them work a certain number of hours each day, either learning Chinese or Korean or reading things connected with their career. Secretaries to British legations are not made overnight. They are students for years, and must work for promotion as they would under a tutor at Oxford. We Americans are all officers from the start, with no real authority over each other. If an American secretary ever learned anything in the old days, it was by hard knocks and the experience of getting himself out of trouble unaided after he had got himself well in through sheer youthful arrogance and spirits.

As for the reports, the half yearly one had to do with the War Department's property in Seoul — a dozen Springfield rifles and several hundred rounds of moldy cartridges, which had been allotted us in former days to defend the legation. After getting off a couple of dispatches on their condition, it occurred to me that one really couldn't

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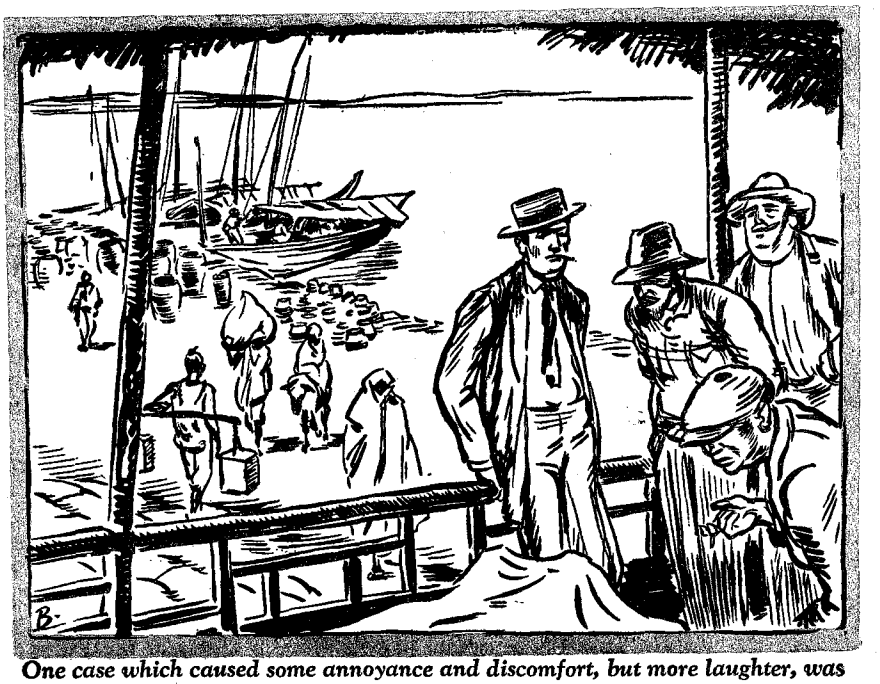
know much about them unless he had tried them out. It would also be interesting to learn whether prehistoric cartridges, once got rid of, would ever be replaced by the War Department. I saw the possibility of a lively correspondence lasting over years, and decided to try the rifles.

The opportunity came with a Japanese innkeeper who kept the halfway house on the road to Chemulpo — the seaport to Seoul — where everybody stopped for lunch. He announced that a tiger had been about the place and asked me to come down. I got a mining engineer to go with me and we took two long Springfields and a pocketful of cartridges apiece. We borrowed a small pig from the innkeeper and decided to lie out on a small grassy hill that night, under a gorgeous autumn moon. The tiger's track was plain enough, so we tethered the pig where he had passed and tied a long cord to its hind leg. One of us was to pull the cord and make the pig squeal while the other man slept.

Some time after midnight, during my watch, I saw a movement down in the valley — something moving toward the sound of the pig. I raised my gun, when suddenly the long quaver of a Chinese song arose and a Chinese peddler walked out into the spot I was covering. It was just as well that Korean tigers rarely appear twice in the same vicinity, for the next morning we tried all our cartridges and found that not one would fire. I attempted to make a report on it for the War Department but decided that it wouldn't interest them, even if accompanied by an expense account for the official test. I have since heard Mexicans make similar complaints about our government ammunition sent down to help them suppress a revolution.

Aside from these reports, and a first-hand study of European diplomacy and Oriental intrigue, an important part of the consular and diplomatic duty of our mission at Seoul was to try high crimes and misdemeanors of Americans when they came to our attention. There was not often occasion, however, to look up the rules about it in a colony composed of missionaries and business men. The chief ordinary sources of trouble were also out of our hands, for merchant seamen coming into Chemulpo were rarely Americans, and the navy looks after its own shore parties. The real object of consular courts was to protect the natives from foreign aggression and to protect one's own nationals from native aggression, but our infrequent appearance as judges in the latter instance were more accidental than designed, and often more comic than imperialistic.

We all protected our citizens as best we could; sometimes we undeniably protected them to the exclusion of strict justice to the other side. Then, too, whether unconscious of the results or in the interest of national prestige, some diplomats and consuls bustled and blustered about protection where none was necessary, leaving the native with the hopeless feeling that there was no justice against the foreigner, and also with the growing conviction that since force seemed to be the principle of diplomatic and personal relations with Western countries, the Asiatic must learn to use it.



One case which caused some annoyance and discomfort, but more laughter, was that of an elderly and unamiable beachcomber who was found dead.

One case which caused some annoyance and discomfort, but more laughter, was that of an elderly and unamiable beachcomber, once a citizen of Massachusetts, who was found dead — killed by violence, so ran the report — in his wretched longshore shop of damaged groceries and other refuse in the Chinese slum of Chemulpo. Although I had no idea what to do, I was sent down to the port to act as coroner. Not even knowing where to look for the corpse, I went straight to the center of all information and community life, the club bar, where I was hailed by Chemulpo's leading American citizens with Rabelaisian laughter and no help. I had heard of coroners' juries, so, in revenge, I impaneled every one of my ribald mockers. To my joy, they were equally ignorant of a coroner's duties. Nevertheless, they followed me — with loud and bitter curses — not daring to refuse their offices.

After we found the lair of the unfortunate deceased, the English surgeon whom we had corralled told us that the dead man's combination of quite evident diseases would be enough to kill anyone, and that there was not a trace of violence. This verdict I duly reported back to Seoul, but the Department of State, having heard the initial rumor, cabled the urgent request that the man's "murderers be brought to justice." Once more, this time as sheriff, I was dispatched to Chemulpo — to find and arrest the murderer. The only foreigner connected with the dead man was a nondescript seaman, who had given as satisfactory a report of himself as could be expected from a discharged sailor in a rather low seaport town. He was indicated by my instructions, however, as the obvious person to arrest. When I found him and explained my mission, he came with me quite civilly.

I turned him over to the consul general and a constable was engaged to keep him in an unused outhouse pending trial. When the trial came, the man was condemned to death for murder on the same evidence upon which the coroner's jury in Chemulpo had decided that there was no possible case against him. The climax was reached when someone observed that consular regulations do not extend to the death penalty. The consul general, however, was a sportsman. Having no public funds for the purpose, he built a small and costly jail out of his own purse, installed the prisoner and a newly hired constable, and sailed home to try to straighten out the tangle.

Hardly had he left when the prisoner walked out and disappeared, but he evidently did not fare so well as in his snug cell, where the constable cooked for him and talked to him, so he soon returned. I dismissed the jailer, put the

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prisoner on parole (he could not leave the country anyway), let him cook his own meals, and made him gardener and stableman. Later he was transferred to St. Quentin in California and, on review of the evidence there, was released.

VII

CONTRARY to what one might suppose from the above evidence, things generally ran smoothly in Chemulpo. The entire Korean constabulary consisted of one very old and respectable Chinese night watchman with a huge, sleep-dispelling wooden clapper. Foreign residents complained of his noise at night and so, in solemn session of the municipal council, he was dismissed, and in his place a high-priced and recently discharged "Jimmie Legs" from the United States Navy was engaged. At once we had a most modern crime wave during which no house was safe from robbers. Again there were bitter complaints, so the council met once more.

Next to me sat the Chinese consul, smiling softly and stroking a thin white beard. I asked his opinion. "We are not clever like you Westerners," he answered, "but we think we know the human heart. With us, when the thief goes out to steal he knows that he is sinning and that Heaven is watching him. To him the sound of the wooden clapper is the voice of Heaven to his guilty conscience — and he flees the spot."

I voted for the rehabilitation of the ancient with his wooden clapper — but then, I slept at Seoul, twenty-four miles away. At any rate, the crime wave ceased when the Chinese watchman returned. I also felt that Seoul's great bell made a wooden clapper seem trivial. Its deep boom penetrated the whole town and far into the mountains; and one always seemed to hear the cry of the child which had been thrown into the fused metal years before.

It was about this time that, although I did not know it, my days as secretary at the American legation were drawing to an end. Before I left, however, I had something to accomplish. The Emperor had promised Dr. Horace N. Allen, our minister, to open Peng Yang — a northern city in Korea which had the reputation of being one of the four wickedest cities of ancient or modern times. Powerful people there urged the Emperor to revoke his promise and, since that particular province was the recruiting ground of his best fighting troops, he gave in. When his edict was finally published, it was not the city that was opened but a small place in the province unsuitable for foreign trade and residence.

Pak Chai Soon, the Korean foreign minister, upheld the wording of the edict and I had my bout with him. I insisted that sun and fresh air — actually and metaphorically — be let into the city itself, that it be opened to foreigners. I won, and my victory did not mar my friendship with Pak, who was a very able man and friendly to American ideas. The incident has recently been cited as a typical case of American imperialistic aggression. The author of the essay on the subject could not possibly have known that, as a matter of fact, Pak agreed with me but had to obey his instructions.

Then, in 1899, the various foreign advisers to the Emperor of Korea all died or retired. This quick succession of calamities left important positions to be filled. Great pressure was brought to bear on the Emperor by Russia, Japan, France, and Belgium to replace the officers by their own distinguished nationals. When the decision was made, it was I who was invited to become the single royal adviser and to make clear to the Emperor the bearing which European politics had upon his own reign. I was enormously flattered, and at the very competent age of twenty-five I felt capable of pulling the Grand Khan himself out of any amount of trouble. Furthermore, I liked the Koreans. But of course I wanted the opinion of others. Dr. Allen, my chief, approved, for he felt that if anything could be done for the salvation of Korea, it would be done by Americans.

Allen's approval was, I knew, backed by large experience. He himself had once been placed in close relation to a member of the imperial household, and the benefits therefrom were partly responsible for his success as American minister. He had come out from Ohio as a medical missionary and in the course of his duties had cared for, sheltered, and cured a powerful prince — the Emperor's father-in-law — who had been wounded in a palace uprising and left for dead. This service had resulted in his close friendship with the imperial family, and the prince's gratitude and trust bequeathed to the doctor an influence which served him well when he later became attached to the legation at Seoul. If Allen, wise in the ways of the Koreans, looked favorably on the Emperor's offer to me, then there must be something in it that I ought not to reject lightly.

I consulted John Hay, then Secretary of State, and his answer was prompt and emphatic: "You will have a most interesting experience and you may and ought to derive from it something of considerable value to our own government when, and *if*, you return. There is an 'if.' You have a very good chance not to return undamaged. You have only one complete certainty, and that is that the government of the United States will not, under any circumstances, be drawn into any complications which may arise out of your troubles. You do not represent the United States in any way. You are an adventurer as far as we are concerned. When you have lived out your contract (if you do), it is logical to expect that the then Secretary of State will make use of your unique experience and take you back into the service."

That was satisfactory enough to me, though I did not yet realize that the Koreans wanted, not an individual American, but the good will of the American government. Through an American adviser they wanted the United States to act as a benevolent mediator for them with Europe and Japan.

John Hay's instructions were taken literally by the legations and by me. The legation washed its hands of me completely. I was alone.

Unquestionably anyone a day over twenty-five, knowing Korea as I did, would never have attempted to stop a war between Russia and Japan single-handed. Yet that is practically what my job amounted to. Looking back on the situation now, I rather like the gesture. I went into the affair with my eyes as wide open as they could be at the time (true, I did not see where it was all leading, but I doubt if anybody else could). I went into it because I felt sorry for the helpless Emperor and because I felt vigorous enough to help him.

John Hay was perfectly right. I would learn through trial and error much that could be of great value later to the government of the United States — if I survived the experiment. But Secretary Root was also right when, years later, he told me that, try as I might, I could never be a diplomat in the sense in which the American Department of State used the word. For as adviser to the Emperor of Korea — and next month in these pages I shall try to tell what happened — I had learned to do things on my own judgment, to fight my own way through all obstacles, and to guard my own head. And these things do not make a good secretary.

Yet, in spite of the warnings and counsel ringing in my ears, I would not have given it up for anything. I was determined to see it through.

Next month Mr. Sands will relate his daring and colorful adventures as Dictator to an Emperor.

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The Russian STUDENT

Continued from page 89

we shall fail keeps them from trying to find out how we are succeeding. We have some of them here in the university — professors without whom for the moment we cannot get along. Can we build in ten years a whole set of intelligentsia? They work, but only half loyally — we know it. We watch them and in the meantime we are training our own intelligentsia; peasant boys, instead of following the wooden plow around their narrow fields, will be doctors, engineers, professors. And peasant girls too. Women can do anything men can do, provided they have the necessary knowledge. . . .

"No — never forget for a minute that the revolution is continuing. We have enemies both external and internal. Against those who would creep into our institutions unwanted, we have the *chistka;* against those in our institutions who misuse the trust we put in them, we have the GPU (the secret police). That is our army on our internal front. Did you see in the paper last week that three former mine owners who were working as engineers were shot by the GPU? Of course they were guilty — former mine owners! There was no need to go into details about their diabolical tricks. Their background was evidence enough. . . .

"You do not understand. We must rule here by force. We know that many here in Moscow hope and wish and even pray for the crash of Soviet government. Their hopes are groundless, but counter-revolutionary activities can hinder our progress. We must be on guard against them, for some of them are mad enough to try their petty trickeries. So we need the GPU. Do you realize that not one major conspiracy against the government — and there have been many — has been successful since 1921? The GPU is alive, it is a loyal and necessary organ of our dictatorship. Look at the number of conspiracies it discovers and shoots out; that proves the necessity of the secret police. . . .

"So don't look for sentimentality. We must be severe. What if a thousand, what if a million perish (as your lying press in the West frequently reports), if we shall be able to build Socialism in our country for the remainder? We make mistakes — of course. We must constantly find new roads, retreat, detour. We are not afraid to criticize ourselves unflinchingly when we are wrong. But it is better that a hundred innocent perish than one guilty conspirator against our class escape."

Many of the university courses use the precept method: after the lecture the large group is divided into small discussion classes for an additional hour. I went with Voronov and Adamova to their precept in the course on "Political Grammar," the history and theory of Communism — a course compulsory for every student in every school in Moscow, whether it be the ballet school, the nursing schools, the universities, or the conservatory.

The assignment that day concerned the World War. "What is imperialism?" "Can imperialism develop peacefully?" "What were the principal groupings of the European Socialists before and during the war?" "Must European workers refuse to take arms when a war

breaks out?" These were among the questions asked. To the last question one student replied "Yes." The whole class roared "No!" — and half a dozen were on their feet to explain that the workers *must* take arms, not for use against the workers in opposing armies, but for use against their own capitalists. "Why is a general strike insufficient Communist activity during a war?" "What differences are there between the war of 1914 and the coming imperialist war against the USSR?" Each question brought a ready answer.

"The questions are printed at the end of the text," whispered Voronov. "All you have to do is to memorize the book."

Yet the serious air of the group was impressive as the professor explained and summarized the day's assignment. "Remember, comrades, the slogan of our Lenin — 'The imperialist war must be turned into a civil war'" — and the class was dismissed.

"Adamova, are you going to the skating rink this evening?" Voronov asked. "There's going to be an orchestra to-night." Then to me — "Students get in free — you come too."

"Comrade," Adamova replied angrily, "with courses in *politgrammer*, the history of the labor movement in Europe, civil law, criminal law, local government, the history of the Paris Commune, plus that damned German language, what chance have I to go skating?"

She had a chance later, when Christmas vacation brought two weeks rest, but she did not take it. Voronov was going off skiing and had managed to get a free place in a sanatarium near Moscow. "Adamova," he said, "is leading a party out through the villages in the Vladimir district — to raise enthusiasm there for the new government loan. I can think of better things to do than that during vacation. Phew," he shook his head, "what a headache I've got! Some of us were at a beer hall last night, drinking beer and vodka mixed."

"Where did you get the money?"

"We got our dole yesterday. Now I have no expense money for the next two weeks."

It was shortly after this that the *Comsomoltsi* broke out in uniforms. They wore khaki shirts and khaki trousers or skirts and everyone boasted a new Sam Brown belt. Newspapers were prophesying with increased vigor an impending attack on Russia by some alliance of European powers. There were endless series of mass meetings. At one of them I heard Adamova speak.

". . . We must always be ready, comrades. The capitalist West becomes more jealous every day as they see our Soviet power growing. The capitalists, led by Austen Chamberlain, see that their own pockets are threatened by the success of a workers' democracy in which private profit has been eliminated. With them are allied their tools, the governing officials, and their priests. They are always allied. It was so in Russia before the revolution, was it not, comrades?" She stopped and coughed raspingly.

"We can understand why the Western capitalists hate us. Here there is peace and all our energies are devoted to building our future. We *are* a menace — a menace to their bloodsucking system. Here the working class moves forward to achieve itself. On the other side of the barrier there are class contradictions, continuous friction, strikes, unemployment — all the accompaniment of the exploitation of man by man. We declare that such a system is wrong. We are proving that on the basis of socialism we can build a new world and we find allies daily among the workers of other lands. . . ."

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Voronov was sitting next to me. "She's a good speaker, isn't she?" he whispered. "But she sounds just like the newspapers. Did you hear the story about Kalenin (the 'President' of USSR) making a speech in the village? He said, 'I want to tell you to-day, comrades, about the new harbor we have just opened. Fifty steamships a day come in to discharge their cargoes and fifty boats heavily laden leave daily.' A young man in the crowd said, 'Michael Ivanovich, that isn't true. I work in that harbor. Not one steamship comes in and not one steamship goes out.' '*Akh*,' Kalenin replied, 'what do you know? You ought to read the newspapers.'"

Adamova was nearing the end.

". . . But this time the capitalists will find the Red Army united and strong. There are four million of us — the proletarian youth — ready to meet their attack. And behind their own lines their own workmen will rebel and refuse to serve in any army that marches against us. The international proletariat knows that nationalism is a tool to force workers into wars of aggression in which the capitalists get money and the workers get killed. The international proletariat knows that the workers have no fatherland except our own Soviet Union, which is the proletarian fatherland for the workers of the world. Be ready to defend it."

I saw her several days later. She was in uniform. "Are you going to wear it all the time?" I asked.

"Of course — we must. We never know when the war against us will break out and we must be ready."

V

THERE WAS a gala anti-religious meeting in the students' club on Easter Eve. The hall was crowded. A leader of the Atheists' Society talked for an hour and Adamova followed, speaking for half an hour on religion as a tool of capitalism. Her hacking cough often interfered. "The church has always stood with the capitalist class against the workers. 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,' say the priests and their paymasters. The capitalists take those heavy-laden, raise their hours from eight to ten, and then, 'because of competition,' lower their wages ten kopecks an hour. Meanwhile, the priests chant in chorus —'. . . And I will give you rest.'"

Following the speeches there was an American comedy film. About eleven the chairs were cleared from the middle of the hall and a little brass band mounted the platform. As a very rare privilege there was to be a dance continuing until two A.M. to hold any students who might backslide and go to midnight mass. The dances were the old waltz and a whole series of Russian dances — the men dancing alone, then the women, then a wild, whirling waltz with couples separating, turning, rejoining. The brass band blew louder, the dance swirled faster, the room grew hotter. The tuba player, his horn pointed at two little frescoed angels which had survived the revolution (the room was formerly the university chapel) was a trifle off key.

Adamova was sitting in a corner. "I don't dance," she explained. "And I am so tired. Spring usually makes me feel fresh . . . but not this year." We moved into the buffet.

"I do not approve of all this — it is bourgeois," she said, gesturing at the dance. "Your American dancing, the fox-trot, that is worse and we cannot allow it. Even an evening like this strengthens whatever bourgeois leanings there may be in the student body. We have such here — many careerists. Your friend Voronov — he has already been six years at the university. You know the proverb — 'God's bird knows neither care nor toil.' He is God's bird. Every year he has managed somehow to wangle a stipend when he should have been out working long ago. We expelled him yesterday from the *Comsomoltsi* when he said he was coming back to the university for another year. Some of our provincial students are spoiled here. After four years of city life they no longer want to return to their villages. They say the villages are lonesome, there is no life there. Oh to be in Moscow! Last year a newspaper discovered lots of young doctors and engineers working in Moscow at any kind of a job rather than practice their profession in the villages, where they are needed. But we shall force them out into the provinces. Our students must understand that we do not educate them for themselves."

The sounds of the band and particularly the tuba reached us in the hall. "I don't know much about music — I have had little time. I went to *Prince Igor* last month. Such rot! What has it to do with our present-day experiences? Fancy opera! All art, music, and literature here must grow out of our present life. Of course, we have produced little as yet, but it is only twelve years since the revolution. We are like children. How can we express ourselves when we are still busy learning the alphabet? . . .

"The artistic world, too, is not with us. Many of the old actors and actresses cannot grasp our revolutionary psychology. There are too many careerists among them. They put on potboilers which, because the hero is a workman, they think portray the class struggle. The actresses too, with their Paris gowns . . . going abroad to have their faces lifted, as the chief ballerina at the opera does each year at government expense. There is too much failure to realize that life for us is a fight against ignorance and superstition in a country which fifty years ago was medieval. . . .

"Many of us here cannot understand, so how can you foreigners comprehend our revolution? Revolution usually means a new political group coming into power by force; that is what it has always meant in your experience. But here it is a revolution in which the political overturn is only one side. To guarantee the continuance of our political policy we must change every feature of our peoples' lives. This in a poor country, with half the population illiterate. Now can you understand why we are so busy, so serious, and why everything — art, literature, music, recreation — must combine to help us remodel our people?"

VI

I SAW HER in June, at the central ticket office, standing in line for a ticket to the Persian border.

"Going on a vacation?" I asked.

"No, I am leaving to-night for a position in Turkestan," she replied. She got her ticket and we went to a tea room in the same building.

"I didn't know what to do when my university was finished. There is plenty of Party work for me to do in Moscow, but many are willing and eager to stay in the Center. Then I got a letter telling me about the need for a women's organizer down near Askhabad — a very backward region: the women still wear veils. The best chance for work I could possibly find. The same chap who wrote me about the job said he had a big room and asked me to come down and share it with him. . . ."

"What wages do you get?"

"Seventy or eighty rubles — enough to buy food and clothes. What more do I need?" She stopped and coughed; it was worse than when I last heard it. "The climate may help this cough of mine — I don't know. Perhaps I shan't live long. But while I live, there is my work to do. And when I am gone there are four million like myself to carry on the work of building up our Union. You know, the revolution has put meaning into life for us, just as it will for millions around the world who now see no meaning in their eight-hour labor in someone else's factory, at monotonous toil at someone else's machines. Remember, our example will spread through Europe. It will reach the Atlantic. . . ."

"And beyond?"

"And beyond. . . ."

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Whangdoodle Yourself, George Jean Nathan!

To the Editor:

In your June issue, Mr. George Jean Nathan dismisses some recent remarks of mine on American humorists as "unadulterated whangdoodle." I have always envied secretly that word of Mr. Nathan's; and consequently, I am delighted that he has given it to me so generously. I only hope that in the future I may be able to use "whangdoodle" with as much zest and as little critical discrimination as Mr. Nathan.

In my article I said: "In all our literary history we have produced only a few scattered works of humor — Clemens, Harte, Riley, and Holmes." "What," Mr. Nathan asks, "of Howells, Bierce, Aldrich, Eugene Field, Frank R. Stockton — to say nothing of George Ade?" Splendid. Upon one of these names, at least, I agree with Mr. Nathan wholeheartedly. My list never pretended to be complete. The more the merrier.

Concerning the present-day humorists, however, I disagree with Mr. Nathan quite as whole-heartedly. Marquis, Morley, Herriman, DuBose Heyward, Crosby; these were my choice. I should, of course, have added Marc Connelly. Mr. Nathan suggests Lardner; but Mr. Lardner, an excellent ironist, is not my definition of a humorist at all, just as I call Frank Sullivan, not a humorist, but America's outstanding writer of comedy. It is when Mr. Nathan urges Anita Loos, however, that I can only dismiss his suggestion as unadulterated whangdoodle.

COREY FORD

New York, N. Y.

Einstein Eclipsed

To the Editor:

It was with a keen feeling of regret that I laid down your June issue with the much-heralded dialogue "Science and God," by Albert Einstein. One got next to nothing of Einstein from its perusal, and a great deal too much of the facile Mr. Murphy. If you had entitled it simply "In Praise of the Jews — by an Irishman," and left Einstein out of the picture entirely, the whole thing would have been in much better taste. In view of Dr. Einstein's imponderable contribution to scientific discovery, any attempt to localize him as a Jew or as a representative of the Jews is insulting and misleading. I hope that some day he will speak in your pages as a scientist, and purely as a scientist, and speak alone, without prompting from Socrates.

PRISCILLA INGALLS WHITE

North Providence, R. I.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *In an early issue will appear an article by Albert Einstein (alone) in which he tells "What I Believe."*]

Too Much Agnosticism

To the Editor:

Why are articles dealing with religion as the Christian people and earnest leaders see it never given a place in your magazine? Why must we continually be fed such disheartening "Living Philosophies" articles of such atheistic tenor as have been your selection for many months? I have discussed this matter with individuals and groups who have always been interested in THE FORUM and I can send you a list of reputable ministers who are fairly disgusted with the voice of the stolid skeptics who have fattened themselves on editorial junket. Please give Christian people something besides a diet of agnosticism to feed upon. Surely the object of controversy should arouse something more than vexation of spirit.

REV. MARCUS L. BACH

Fairview, Kan.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *In commissioning this series of articles we have chosen the men who seemed to us the outstanding thinkers of our time. No restriction has been put upon the expression of their beliefs, and no attempt has been made to confine the series to any one point of view. The fact that only one of these writers has been a man who held to the orthodox Christian beliefs may be a coincidence or it may be a sign of the times and a commentary on the mental calibre of the Christian ministry at present. We leave it to our readers to decide which.*]

Staggered Holidays

To the Editor:

Henry Kittredge Norton's article "Staggered Holidays" [June FORUM] is the most unassailable piece of propaganda it has been my privilege to read. I re-read the article five times and must confess myself unable to find one vulnerable spot in his armor of defense.

Summed up, the case appears to be this: The American people are earning more money than they have time to spend. Result: We'll soon have an unwieldy leisure class, overcrowding our night clubs, cluttering up our golf courses, and swarming through our inland waterways.

Remedy: Give them another day in which to spend their five days' pittance and they'll remain poor and stay where they belong. In addition, the money will remain out of the possession of the capitalists for shorter periods of time.

I'm sorry to admit I can find no fault in the man — at least not in his logic.

SAMUEL H. READING

Philadelphia, Pa.

Readers May Come and Readers May Go

To the Editor:

I have been a subscriber to THE FORUM for about four years, and during this time I sometimes felt like cancelling my subscription on account of the radical articles published. Now, however, I want to thank you for your impartial treatment of those whose views differ from mine, and I can but say that while my own opinions relative to vital matters discussed in the various issues have not been greatly altered, I have been abundantly benefitted by the open and candid expression of such writers, who a few years ago would have caused me, by their antagonism, to stop reading what was published.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again." THE FORUM has the effect of broadening my viewpoint and making me aware of the fact that what I formerly accepted as "truth" is now pure dross. Let 'er come, and none but the narrow and hide-bound will find fault.

SAM G. STAHLHUTH

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

I am not supporting the Rum Press. I am surprised at such a publication as yours, that they have joined the red-nosed parade. I fought for almost fifty years to outlaw the saloon, and if by your efforts it is again legalized I pray to God that some near loved one of yours will fall by it.

J. A. LUCAS

Daytona Beach, Fla.

Errata

My attention has been called to the fact that in V. F. Calverton's article on "Polygamous Women" in the May FORUM he has made statements which are not borne out by the text.

If you will look at table one, page 14 in my book, *Factors in the Sex Life of Twenty-two Hundred Women*, you will find that the 730 women who admit they have used contraceptives were all *married* women, and you will note the reasons given for such use.

As to the statement that 288 unmarried women denied having any sexual experience whatever, I can find nothing that justifies such a statement. On page

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Our Rostrum

189, 182 women denied having any sex feeling or sex desire at any period in their lives, but this includes not only sex intercourse but sex play in childhood, practice of masturbation or homosexuality or any of the various sex expressions or feelings included in this study. On page 212 you will find that 105 women who were unmarried admit that they have had sex intercourse.

I am asking that this be corrected, for I can very well believe unmarried women would have a right to object to Mr. Calverton's statement made on the basis of my study.

KATHERINE BEMENT DAVIS

New York, N. Y.

Forum-Century to Merge with Lethe?

Dishonored Sir:

A magazine that publishes so vile an article as "Polygamous Women," by V. F. Calverton, ought to be drawn and quartered, its carcass burned at the stake, and its ashes thrown into the river Lethe.

Contemptuously yours,

CHARLES HOOPER

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

What's in a Name!

To the Editor:

I have read every copy of your publication for the last three years probably. It is a worthy and thought-prodding monthly dose, but it seems to me that you are running to seed a bit on well-knowns. What your magazine needs, as I see it over a three-year observation, is more good thinking by unknowns who are bursting to start something. Fearless, good thinking from an unknown indicates to me as a reader that the task you profess to serve is being fruitful.

Let's go down the list of your famous contributors and turn on a little research opinion. Shaw? A very successful egomaniac for many years who is now a sweet, empty well waiting for the glad summons. Durant? A fine fellow who has *one speech* but who already is chasing his tail, intellectually speaking. Roosevelt? Avowed candidate for the Presidency — hence a loud but hollow noise. He daren't say anything. Fine fellow and likely will be the next occupant of the White House, but what the hell has that got to do with American life? Lincoln is the only President who ever said anything, and they shot him.

Mencken? A prince of a fellow, a scholar and a gentleman, but mentally and spiritually tired. Ford? It is to laugh. Darrow? One of Life's Noblemen who has thus far survived all the aforementioned pitfalls. Ellis? The world's champion protagonist of a single important and worthy idea. But remember I am a physician, and I suspect that the Hon. Ellis' endocrinology has slumped. Wells? Words, words, words; just one more Englishman.

Chesterton? One of the best living news reporters. When he tells the story of his goings and comings and seeings and hearings, he is superb. When he gets personal and lectures via writing, he is so painfully respectable and obviously secure that his light completely goes out for the time being. Barnes? A good thinker who is just beginning to be unafraid. Would have been a greater man had he said his present say fifteen years ago. Galsworthy? A civilized Shaw. A glorious Irishman. One man who can really dramatize poetry. Keyserling? A recrudescent obscurantist. His books have more ideas and fewer facts for a supposedly educated medical scientist than any other I have ever read.

GALEN STARR ROSS

New York, N. Y.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The Forum's pages are wide open to any unknown who proves himself a "fearless, good thinker." The difficulty is in finding him when he is unknown; once he is found, he does not long remain in obscurity. All the men listed here were once unknowns. It would be foolish to ignore them merely because they have become famous, but at the same time we realize that they must have successors and we are anxious to be the first to discover them. Any clues that our readers can give us will be welcome.*)

Bad Blood and Naughty Words

Controversy, it appears, is not confined to The Forum's articles. We have been deluged with letters of indignation as a result of the publication of the story "Bad Blood," by M. C. Blackman, in the June issue. Many apparently missed the irony of the story entirely and thought it an attack upon the Negro race. Others were horrified at seeing spelled out before their eager eyes such words as "bastard" and "wench." We can only point out that these words were good enough for Shakespeare and not too bad for the Bible. Since The Forum is not edited for children under the age of seven, we cannot take very seriously the charge that we are leading youth astray in refusing to call a bastard a "b-st-rd."

To the Editor:

The story "Bad Blood" may paint a true picture — I don't know as to that — but it is the most unnecessarily putrid and filthy aggregation of English words it has ever been my misfortune to read. Please do not think I am a prude. He-man language is often necessary to paint a true picture. The point I am trying to make is that THE FORUM should, as nearly as it can, refrain from allowing itself to become a cesspool for the rotten-minded writers who are epicures of the language of the sewers.

Aside from all this, you have my best wishes for your future success and usefulness. Your controversial articles on morals, religion, prohibition, and other hotly debated subjects are a joy.

HOWARD CORNICK

Prescott, Ariz.

To the Editor:

I always looked upon the man who does the selecting for FORUM readers as one who is extraordinarily endowed with a taste for quality and a passion for truth and light. What, then, caused this radical change? How did this bunk ["Bad Blood"] happen to escape the waste basket? Could it possibly be one of your subtle ways of exposing the perverted and inferior state of southern psychology toward the race in question? If this is so, then we are still friends.

GRANVILLE S. JORDAN

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The contribution to your June issue entitled "Bad Blood," by M. C. Blackman, is a very unpleasant and unwholesome sort of thing. The language is particularly objectionable, I am sure, to decent people. If such a word as "b-st-rd" is to become a part of our contemporary literature, just where is going to be the limit?

I can safely say I know all the profane and obscene words there are in the English, and several other languages. And all the English ones *I knew when I was six*, when I started to go to public school.

"Wench" isn't just a refined allusion either!

Might add that though, as I have said, I became acquainted with the whole vocabulary of vice and anathema before I was seven, I have never used any of these impieties either in speech or writing. They aren't necessary if a man's education is broad enough. My wife sometimes swears a little, but I never do.

ALBERT A. CARRIER

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editor:

As I am not interesting, in such literature which you conformed in this magazine. I will be very glad if you will, discontinued sending me them.

I am fond of reading clean Literature not Aestheticisim, Heretical and anti- or pre-civilation, novels enclosed please find one which I have ditatch from a June coppy.

Yours for a better future,

JOHN S. SAMUELS

New York, N. Y.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The ditatched novel was "Bad Blood," torn from a June Forum and annotated with marginal imprecations by Mr. Samuels.*]

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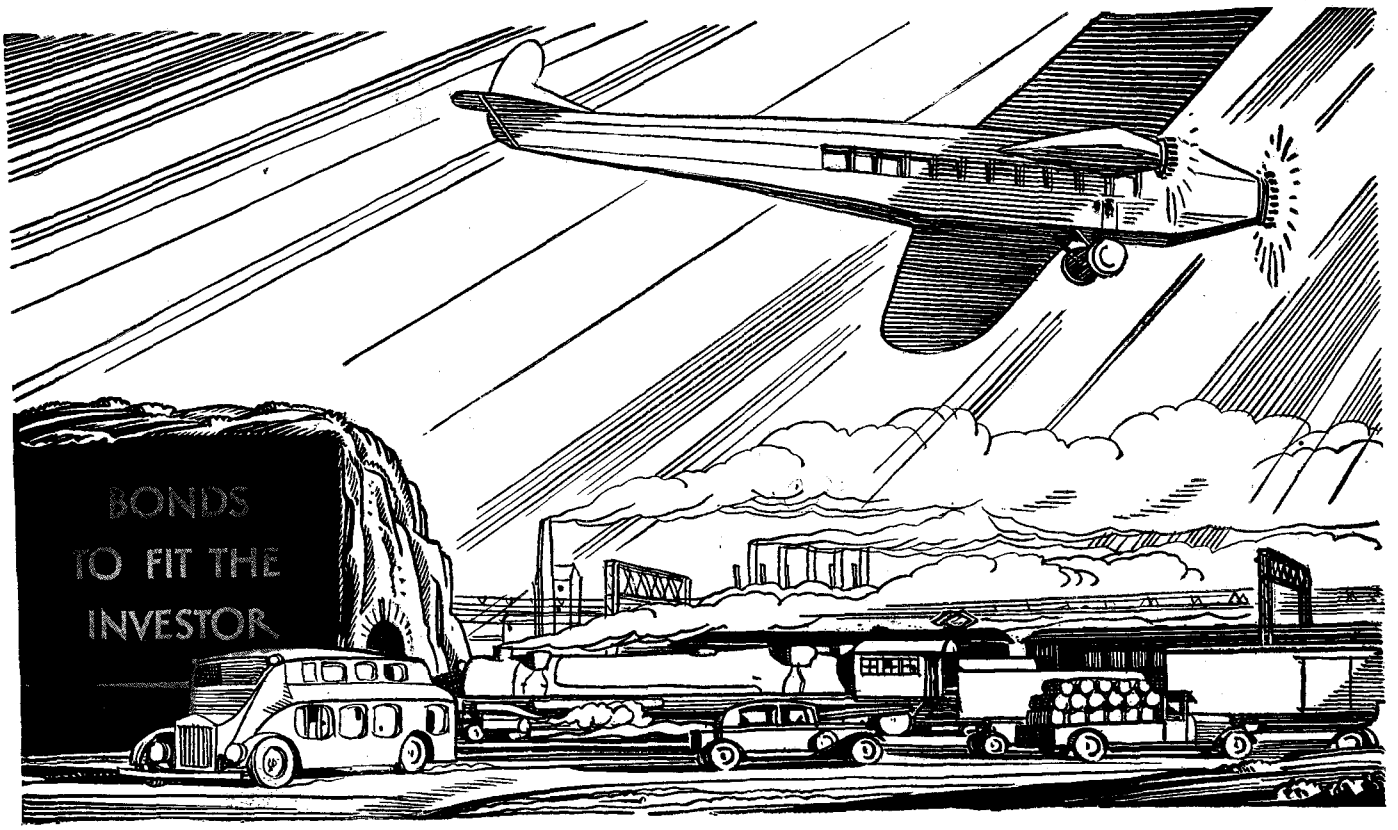

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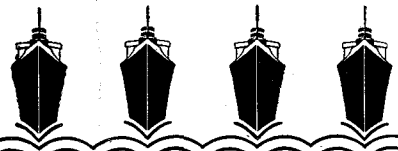

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TRAVEL

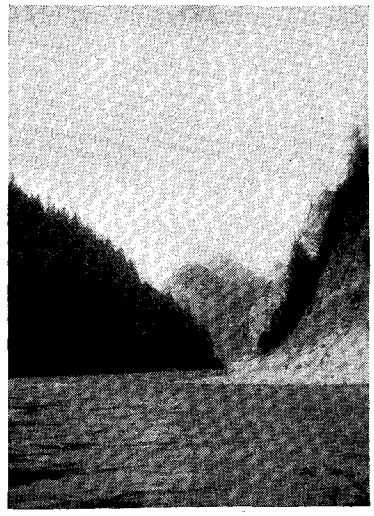
Castles on the Vah

by **DOROTHY GILES**

"CZECHOSLOVAKIA isn't a place," the Lily protested. "It's a mark on the bottom of the things you buy in the Ten Cent Store."

To one who had just announced her intention of spending a fortnight exploring that portion of the new republic which lies between the Danube and the High Tatras, this was a bit disconcerting. Nor were other acquaintances much more illuminating.

"Czechoslovakia . . ." they contributed. " . . . *of course* . . . Prague . . . wonderful medieval city. . . . There's a bridge. . . . Bohemian glass . . . Masaryk . . . amazing old man! Eighty years old and still goes swimming like a boy . . . Benes is the cleverest statesman in Europe." Then, in a rush of assured reminiscence: "Carlsbad . . . Marienbad . . . King Edward . . . exiled Russian grand dukes . . . diabetic millionaires. . . ."



The Vah

These are the things which, taken together, make Bohemia, the Czech end of the republican partnership, the most up-and-coming country in Central Europe. The land of old John the Luxemburger, whose three feathers and motto "Ich dien" fell to the Black Prince on Crécy's field, is going America one better.

But east of Prague, Slavdom begins. The onion domes of Olomouc swell portentously against the sky. All the heavy, brooding melancholy of the Slav smoulders in their torpid contours. Olomouc is that same Olmütz, in the German tongue, which was the prison of Lafayette, whence the romantic young Francis Huger of Charleston attempted to rescue him.

In the golden wheat fields that July day as the train bore me across the "historic lands" of Bohemia and Moravia, the revolving arm of a reaper cut a swathe through the ripened grain for a troop of laughing Ruths, red-kerchiefed, blue-skirted, bare-kneed. A Jew peddler in long gabardine and curling red beard that had never known a razor, spread his pack of glittering gew-gaws on the bank for the girls to cry over enviously. A cart of woven wicker, slung like a basket between blue-painted uprights, creaked along a lane.

Where the road mounted the swelling breast of the wheat lands stood a Calvary. No pietistic, carved group this, such as intercede for wayfarers along the tourist paths of the Tyrol. The stark figure was cut from tin; its agony imposed flat and unemotionally against the horizon — pure Slav that, heritage of Eastern Orthodoxy which forbids statues to the faithful. This Christ was crucified anew by bleak winters and midsummers of blazing heat. Sleet and snow for nails; rust for blood. . . .

When my train drew into the station of Žilina the platform under the hanging baskets of red geraniums and blue lobelias was thronged with Dětvans; the women stiff and gorgeous as marigolds in their full sleeves emblazoned with red and orange stitchery, the men even more magnificent in wide, white linen trousers falling midway between the knee and ankle, each leg as wide as a woman's skirt, proud black aprons worked with floral patterns, and sheep skin vests ornamented with designs in leather appliqué of crimson and black and green. They say that it is the strong admixture of Tartar blood that distinguishes this clan of sheep herders from the plains from the other Slovaks. Their pride, their fighting qualities, their clannishness, and their age-old loyalty to the House of Hapsburg have passed into proverbs.

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AT ŽILINA the River Vah, coming westward from the valley between the High and the Low Tatras, swings sharply southward. The vagabond stream brings the forests of the Carpathians to the Balkans. The logs, twenty at a time, are lashed into triangular rafts. Two men to a raft, river wide, pole the clumsy craft through the rapids, down the gorge of Kralovany under Lietava's castle wall where the rock cress and the wild garlic blossom from the stones that sheltered Emeric Thököly and his majestic Helena. Why have none of our modern biographers discovered that Homeric pair?

If the raftsmen be men of the Spiss country where, though three centuries have passed, the name of Thököly is not dead, their songs swell as they pass Lietava. The deeds of Emeric are sung again under his ruined towers. Haply his spirit rises to the summons as Richard's did to Blondel's call.

The forests come down with singing. By night the raftsmen's fires wink at you from the river shoals. Then, if a town beckons, high-booted legs are stretched beneath the tables of the nearest *hostinec*. Orava men swapping the saga of the river with stout polers from the Dunajec. Fiery Dětvans pitted against wily Trenčiners. Accordions are brought out, there is the scrape and wail of gypsy violins. So it goes far into the night, song for song, round against round.

With the dawn the rafts are off. Rapid water gives way to the long, sluggish reaches where poling is back-breaking business. The forests dwindle into vineyards; the Tatras end; the plain begins; the Vah eventually loses itself in the Danube.

A fortnight from the forests to Buda Pesth. Seventeen days to Belgrade. Three weeks to the Black Sea. What a chance for adventure!

"IT WAS my grandfather's way," Petr Vaclavik told me, "to bring his logs down the river to sell them in Buda. There, with the money, he bought horses — fine horses, bred on the Hungarian plains. Sometimes two; sometimes three. Riding one and leading the others, he returned home like a prince. Later he would sell the beasts in the September horse fair in Uheržke Hradiste.

To-day, on the profits of these enterprises, his grandson owns and operates a wheezy Skoda automobile in and about Žilina.

I, being merely a woman and alone, and with no more knowledge of Slovak than could be gleaned from a pocket dictionary, stood on the bank and looked after the rafts with longing eyes. Then I went around the corner and hired Petr and his Skoda as the next best thing in adventure.

With the Czechoslovak crown at three cents, this was not so plutocratic a gesture as it may appear. Two crowns per kilometer is the fixed charge for long jour-

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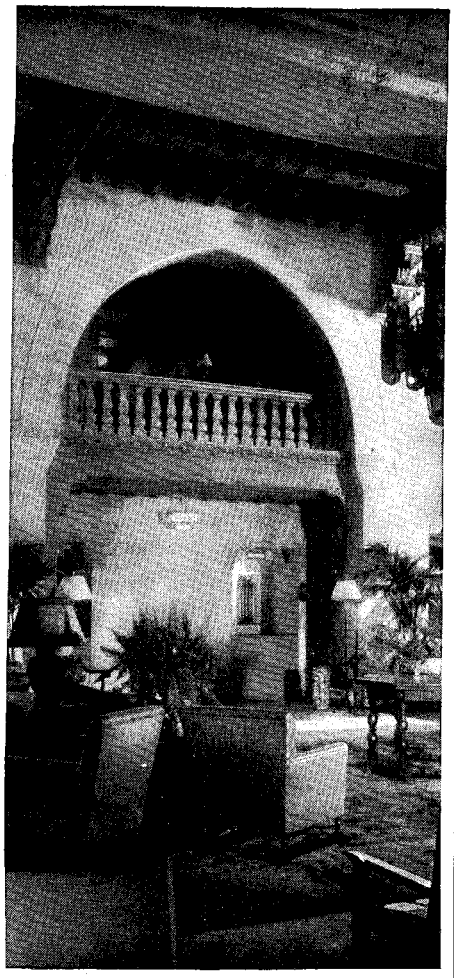

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J. Leslie Kincaid, President

Travel

neys. And distances, compared with American standards, are not great. Allowing forty crowns daily for Petr's "keep," and seventy-five for my own, gave me the proprietorship of a private motor at a cost within the limits of a holiday budget.

Best of all, it gave me the villages of the Slovak wonderland.

South of Žilina the hills narrow about the river. They march down in serried ranks, deep-forested and dark. Feeble little roads trace a way across the shoals to lose themselves at the forest's edge. There are villages lost in that dark embrace — Čicmany, and Domaniža, and others whose names are Slavic symphonies.

FROM THE heights above the Vah, ruined castles, haunts of the robber barons who preyed on the caravans returning from Jerusalem, frown down on the valley. The castles are in various stages of collapse, but their names and their legends remain, the legends to frighten the village children into good behavior, the names to grace the sign boards of the local inns.

It was in Považská Teplá that we lunched under the wall of a ruined twelfth century stronghold, in the common room of *The Golden Stag*. Lunched on squash stewed in sour cream and Hungarian paprika. On the opposite wall hung a framed lithograph which represented Masaryk ascended into heaven, his coat tails lost in clouds of glory, receiving General Stefanik. An angel hovered over the dead general's head with a laurel wreath. Below, on common earth, a Czech burgher and a Slovak peasant held hands in amity.

Later, sitting on the bench before the inn door while Petr struggled with a tire, a forester joined me. His impressive uniform of green and silver buttons and hat with the chamois brush, bespoke for him an official position in the neighborhood. His to entertain the American *panička*, demanding in return detailed information as to my name, antecedents, destination, calling, and reasons for traveling in Slovakia.

"One thing I have often wondered," he confided. "About the American *sprache*. Of each one of my countrymen who has been in America I have asked this, but none of them could tell me. Is it the same as the English *sprache?* Or is it like Russian and Serb, Czech and Slovak — so alike that though the words are not the same one may understand the other's meaning?"

I enlightened him as to the tongue of Shakespeare and Ring Lardner, and he tossed off a flagon of Pilsener beer to the greatness of President Doctor Wilson (an engraving of whom is to be found in the waiting room of every station of the Czechoslovak State Railways) and the health of all Americans.

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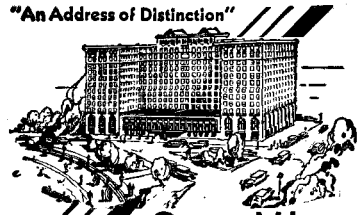

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Travel News

SUPERLATIVES

WHEN the *S. S. Resolute* of the Hamburg-American Line returned recently from a 140-day cruise around the world, its three hundred passengers voted as to their preferences of the sights seen and the places visited. Japan received the greatest number of ballots for the "most impressive" country. Other winning selections were: botanical garden — Peradeniya, Ceylon; city — Peking, China; drive — Hongkong Island; edifice — Taj Mahal, India; mountain — Fujiyama, Japan; harbor — Hongkong; hotel — Royal Hawaiian, Honolulu; island — Ceylon; ladies — Japanese; museum — Cairo, Egypt; river — Ganges, India; street — Cryptomeria Avenue, Nikko; temple — Ieyasu Mausoleum, Nikko; view — Tiger Hill, Darjeeling. These were the victors in a voyage which touched at thirty-three countries and covered more than thirty-eight thousand miles on land and sea. The *Resolute's* next world tour will start from New York on January 6, 1931.

THE LAST PARADISE

THE IDYLLIC island of Bali, celebrated in Hickman Powell's book, *The Last Paradise*, may be visited as an optional side trip on the *Malolo's* second Around the Pacific Cruise, which leaves on September 20 from San Francisco. Bali, which Mr. Powell maintains is the only island in the Pacific not spoiled by salesmen peddling Western goods, is a night east of Java. Here a definite effort is being made, on the part of certain residents who fear the destruction of the native life, to preserve the old native customs and dances (such as the *janger*) and to protect the island life from a deadening contact with modern machine civilization.

VISBY

THE PASSION Play of Oberammergau has a rival in Sweden's ancient city of Visby, on the island of Gotland in the Baltic Sea. For some years a striking historical pageant called the "ruin play" has been staged here, being presented in St. Nikolaus Church, one of the finest of the many churches in the town. This play is a variety of opera, written, staged, and acted almost exclusively by native talent. It is called "Petrus de Dacia" and its story centers around the life of a well-known medieval monk of that name who was abbot of the convent in the very church in which the play is now produced. This year the play will again be given in August under the management of one of the directors of the Royal Opera of Stockholm. Extra boats have been added to accommodate visitors from Sweden.

Empress of Japan

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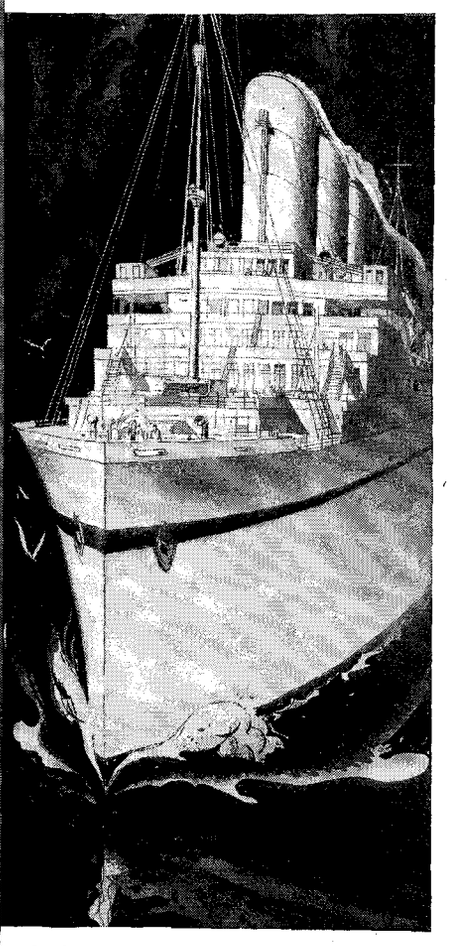
These great white Empresses are performing the Pacific "miracle." They make Hawaii a casual trip. They speed to Yokohama in 10 days. They put gay Shanghai and quaint Manila nearer than travel minds ever dreamed. They turn Far East into Near West. Take them either via Hawaii, the paradise route, or straight across to Yokohama from Vancouver and Victoria.



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The Bond Market

by **CHARLES F. SPEARE**

GIVEN an abundance of long term money, at the low rates of interest which this compels, we have the basis for a rising market for fixed interest securities, such as bonds, notes, and preferred stocks. Why is it, then, that with such favorable conditions as those prevailing this year, and especially since March, investment issues have not only been stagnant but have dropped from week to week until those whose business it is to underwrite and distribute them are wondering if the bond market has a real future?

For eighteen months, or from the early part of May 1928 until the panic of October and November 1929, the investing public was about 90 per cent interested in stocks and retained only a nominal interest in bonds. Dealers in bonds abandoned the field of prior liens, refunding mortgages, and debentures and followed the crowd that was exploiting various types of "equities." After the crash it was predicted that bonds would once more have their day; that investors would look more to safety of principal and a steady income than to those issues promising a high appreciation in capital value. The prophecy did not work out this way. Once they had shaken off the effects of compulsory liquidation to protect commitments in stocks, bonds did rally but not a great deal.

In January they were almost exactly at the average of the previous May. Then came the flotation of $150,000,000 in American Telephone and Telegraph 5 per cent debentures at a price of 99½. Companion bonds had recently been selling about 4 points above this figure. The bankers gave the public a bargain which they were quick to accept. The great success of this issue started the general market off on an advance that ran for more than two months.

During this period the average of domestic bonds rose nearly 3¾ points, or about as much as the entire range from high to low in 1929. Foreign issues had a recovery of approximately 2¼ points. It was a period of liberal purchases of the highest form of securities by the savings banks, insurance companies, estates, and private investors as well as by corporations whose funds had been profitably employed for a year or more in the call money market but now found a better return in bonds and in notes.

STIMULATION FOR BONDS

THE TELEPHONE bond issue had recovered the investment market from the rut into which it had fallen and started it off on a path that was later smoothed off for it when the Federal Reserve banks and the central banks of issue in Europe began to make radical adjustments through their rediscount rates to the mounting totals of idle money. In the middle of March the New York bank lowered its rate from 4 per cent to 3½ per cent. This brought it down to the same basis as in the spring of 1928 when the last great upward movement in bonds occurred. Simultaneously, the Bank of England dropped its rate to 3½ per cent, the lowest figure since July 1923. On March 15 the United States Treasury offered a new issue of notes and as the funds temporarily involved flowed into the Street they forced down the rates for call loans there to 1½ per cent. All this stimulated the market for bonds. It was within this week of great events that the high bond average of the year was established.

If there had been a retreat from this policy of easy money rates it would be easier to explain the subsequent inertia in trading in bonds and the slow decline in their prices. As this article is being written it is nearly two months since the crest of the bond average for 1930 was reached. Prices are off more than 2 of the 3¾ point gain established in the preceding two months. Yet, from every money market angle, conditions are now more favorable to rising prices of fixed interest obligations than they were early in the spring. Rediscount rates all over the United States have been reduced, the quotation on both short and long term loans has dropped measurably, and we have had, in the interval, two severe stock market reactions which might have been expected a second time since last November to turn the minds of those with free capital to markets where fluctuations are small but income constant.

These influences, however, have so far been ignored. Short term securities have been in tremendous demand; long term established obligations have been dull,

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MARKET OVERLOADED

It is possible, of course, to find some excuse for this in the increasing supply of new issues. Markets frequently are compelled to carry the burden of an overload of fresh emissions of securities and to stagnate while these are being digested. This is true of 1930 as it was of 1928. Although the public has not been friendly to bonds this year the new financing has taken the form almost exclusively of mortgage and debenture issues and of preferred stocks. In 1929 domestic issues of common stocks were almost twice as great as the aggregate of long and short term bonds and notes, the figures being $5,072,000,000 compared with $2,620,000,000. In addition there were about $1,700,000,000 of preferred stocks of which a high proportion were convertible.

This year the trend has been in the opposite direction. For the four months ending April 30 bonds and notes of American corporations aggregated $1,600,000,000 and common and preferred stocks, $661,000,000. Taking the figures available for five months up to May 31 we find that the ratio has increased. It is perhaps most significant and suggestive of the kind of investment that borrowers, at least, think the public wants, to find advertised offerings so far this year representing seven times more par value of bonds and notes than of stocks.

EFFECTS OF COMPETITION

The natural conclusion from a review of the above figures would be that prices of bonds had been held down by the excessive amount available for the market. This is to some extent true. Not only has there been competition in the matter of supply but in that of prices. Frequently new issues have been brought out on a more favorable basis than that existing for old loans. Result: the switching into the one from the other to the detriment of the older issue. It is on the prices of these bonds that the bond averages are established. Again, the disposition to obtain a higher yield prompts buyers to sacrifice quality and we find them selling a high rated mortgage for one of a little lower rank. Instances have been common in the last few months of bond salesmen taking their customers out of bonds "above the market" and putting them into new issues on which the syndicate profit more than absorbed the premium paid for the other issue. These are all unhealthy conditions that usually crop out when securities are hard to move and commissions are scarce.

Of the total of bond and note offerings for the first five months of 1930 — $2,700,000,000 — it was estimated that between 15 and 20 per cent were still in the hands of the syndicates and dealers in the second week of June. The highest grade railroad and public utility issues had been well placed, though some not until initial prices were shaded. Any sort of good six months to a year maturity could be sold without effort. The June 15 issue of $400,000,000 in United States Treasury certificates with a coupon of 2⅞ per cent was oversubscribed nearly six times. On the other hand, as much as from 30 to 50 per cent of medium grade corporation bonds, of which a considerable amount had been offered by the power and light companies, was being carried on loans from the banks and could be purchased well under the list price.

SHORT TERMS POPULAR

Undoubtedly the largest customers for the new issues have been the banks and trust companies. The records show that in the last three months they have increased their investment holdings by between $375,000,000 and $400,000,000. Part of this has been at the expense of issues already owned which were offered in exchange. The slack in the market is due to the absence from it of the individual investors who, when they are in a buying mood, can be relied upon to take a material percentage of every promising new bond. It is also to be considered that the largest volume of bank buying has been in short maturities, those

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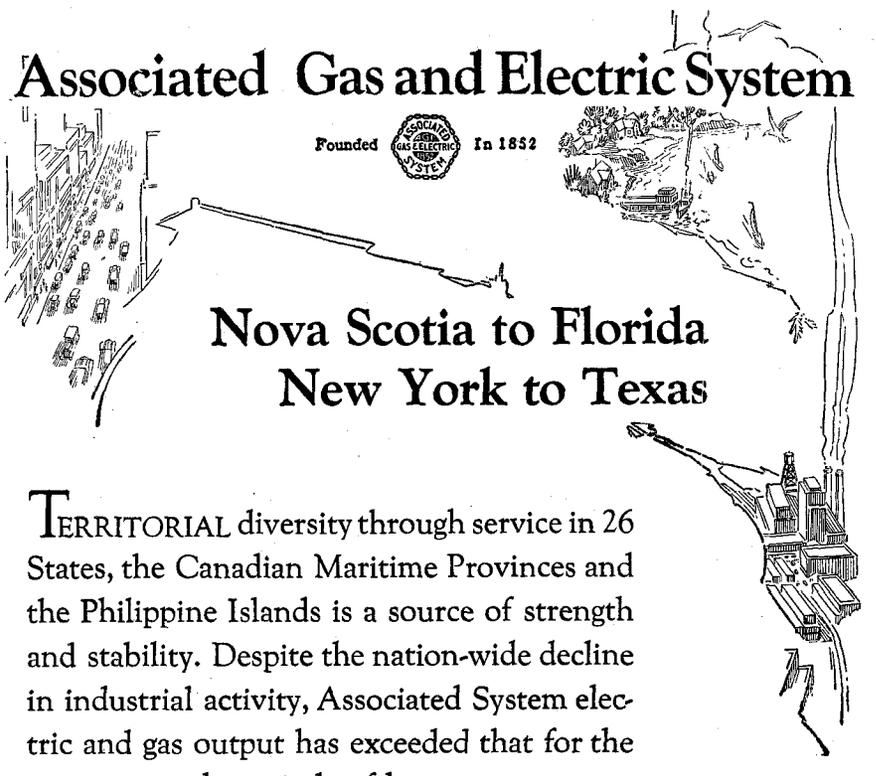

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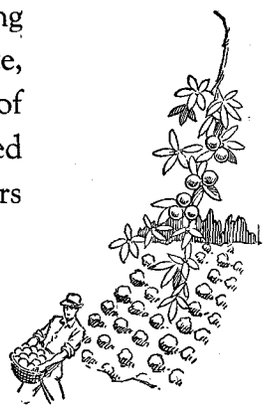

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Downtown

running from six months to one and two years. Placed in the situation where earnings from short term money scarcely covered interest paid to depositors, and expecting to have a larger commercial demand for funds in the autumn, the banker has been disposed to put his liquid capital in corporation securities that yield between 3½ and 4¼ per cent, but will not depreciate owing to their brief term, or into government notes that are the equivalent of cash and return a net income, being tax exempt, of about 3¼ per cent. This has resulted in the broadest and most active market for short term securities in several years.

The matter of price has had considerable to do with the sluggishness of the bond market and its failure to respond to extraordinarily easy money conditions. Though bonds have not advanced a great deal from the 1929 low level and are below the prices which prevailed in the spring of 1928, and while the margin of return compares favorably with earnings on call and time loans and commercial paper, they do not reflect the bargain conditions that have in the past stimulated markets for both domestic and foreign issues. This is especially true of the highest grade issues — those in the so-called "legal" class. The average yield on members of this group is below 4½ per cent. In the next ranking list it is about 4¾ per cent. To-day most of the metropolitan savings banks in the East pay their depositors 4½ per cent interest. This starts from the day of deposit. There is no element of depreciation, and of course, none of appreciation. The demand for a security that has either a speculative aspect or an undoubted investment position separates present-day investors into the limited class of those who seek primarily safety of capital and those who look to capital improvement.

In between is a small group who take a middle ground and buy preferred stocks because of their senior position — there being, in many instances, no bonded indebtedness ahead of them — and their high return, which ranges from 5½ to 6 per cent on quality issues. It is significant that while bonds have been dull and sagging this year, with the exception of the first two months of it, and stocks have been in a confused state, preferred shares have steadily advanced and have held their gains in the midst of demoralized speculative conditions.

THE STOCK COMPLEX

NOT ONLY have bonds refused to respond to low rates for long time money but they have taken little notice so far of the decline in commodity prices. Commodities have been falling rapidly for nearly a year. The rate of shrinkage has increased since November. From that month to the middle of June it had amounted to nearly 11 per cent. Consequently, the purchasing power of bond income has been enhanced.

It may be that in the next few months the investment market will take cognizance of the many factors that traditionally have benefitted it, and with the success of the German reparations loans it will receive the same sort of stimulus that was given by the January issue of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

The fact remains, however, and this seems to be the crux of the situation, that the public generally is "off" bonds. It has not been weaned from stocks by the 1929 panic or by the subsequent radical price readjustments. It has shown no disposition to turn from "equities" to fixed interest securities. On each market relapse there has been a heavy volume of buying in stocks and practically no sign of seeking the port of safety afforded in the bond division of the market.

The transition of the man with money from a bond to a stock complex was a matter of years. So was it with the corporations which for a generation or more had borrowed with bonds and notes instead of raising capital from the proceeds of sales of stocks. Now they are paying off their bonds and increasing their junior securities, whenever this is possible, and depending on their credit. Longer periods of congestion from oversupplies of bonds are more probable than in the past because of the public's preference for stocks, and with them less direct response to conditions that have been regarded as fundamentally necessary to a healthy investment market.

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

A Statement of Capitalization, Earnings and Dividends of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., will be mailed upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad Street, New York City.

Class A Stock. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

The Life Insurance Trust. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

Convertible Securities. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

Cities Service Common as a Permanent Investment. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

The Care of Your Securities. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

How to Judge Municipal Bonds. The factors which make municipal bonds attractive and the points which should be considered in selecting them are analyzed in this pamphlet. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Continued on next page

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Mr. Donald Rea Hanson

Editor of "Downtown"

will be glad to give FORUM readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.

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Investment Literature

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

THE FASCINATING STORY OF WALL STREET'S GREATEST SKYSCRAPER. An illustrated booklet describing the erection of the new 70-story Manhattan Company Building, New York; and Starrett Securities which share in the ownership and profits of this building. Also contains a brief history of New York's skyscrapers from the earliest days. G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT. A booklet which outlines how life insurance can be used to advantage in any investment program and describes the uses and purposes of various policies, particularly retirement income policies and others for special needs. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 493 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT. A booklet outlining the advantages of life insurance as against other forms of investment for the regular and systematic saver. Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, 46th & Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRUDENCE-BONDS FOR PRUDENT PEOPLE. A brief description of how Prudence-Bonds are secured by conservative first mortgages on income producing properties and guaranteed by over $16,500,000 of the Prudence Company's capital, surplus and reserves. The Prudence Company, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

INVESTMENT TRUST REPORT. Annual report of the United Founders Corporation showing assets, business and types of investments, together with earning statement. United Founders Corporation, 1 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

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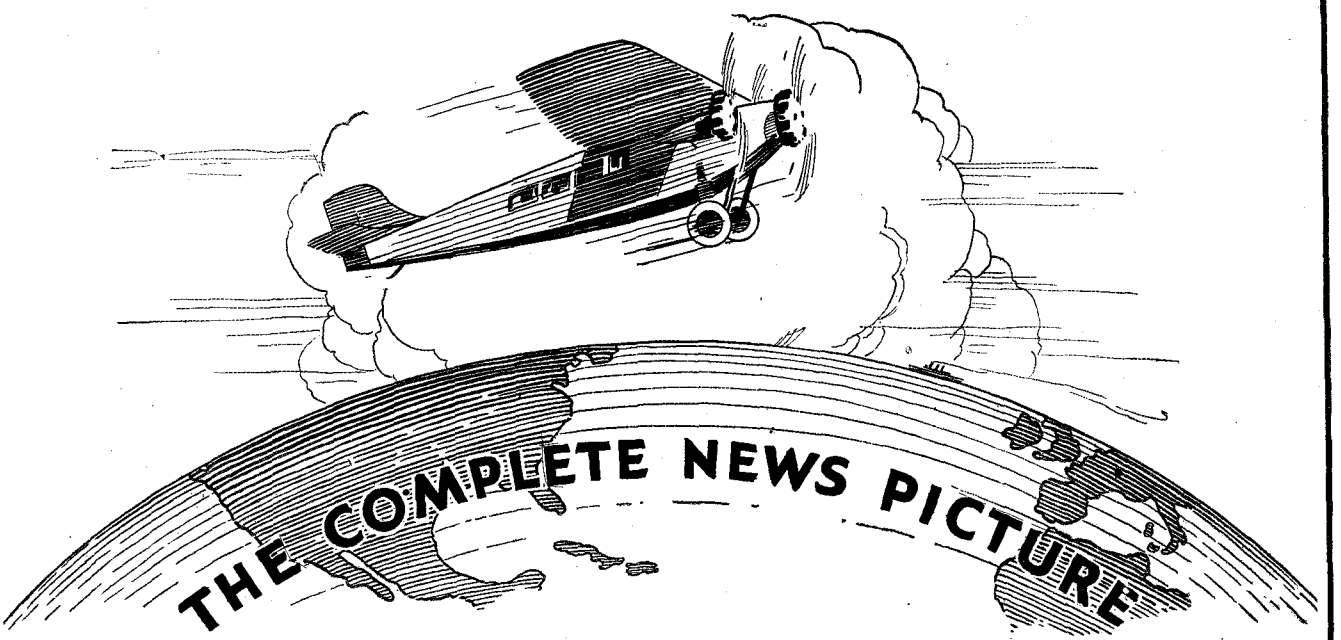

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TOASTS

As an example of the self-made man, HERBERT GEORGE WELLS should be an inspiration to many an American business man. The son of an English shopkeeper, Mr. Wells secured his education in divers ways, and tried both teaching and journalism before branching into a literary life. His literary career seems to have been divided into three periods: the early, in which *Mr. Polly*, *Tono Bungay*, and his scientific novels saw light; the war period, which produced *Mr. Brittling Sees It Through;* and the latest, productive a few years ago of that international best seller, *The Outline of History*.

EDWARD C. ASWELL'S autobiography reads thus: "Born in Nashville, Tennessee, at the turn of the century and, against doctor's orders at the time, survived it. Left the South when I was nineteen years old, went to Chicago to work for three years, and survived that. Went to Harvard and took an A.B., and almost survived that. Came to New York to help edit THE FORUM, and know I shall not survive that. Was in Plymouth, Vermont, that memorable night in August, 1923, when Calvin Coolidge was sworn in as President of the United States. Have always been fascinated by Coolidge and his commonplace virtues, and my article on the Do-nothing Decade is the result of this curious back-handed attraction."

AFTER having had a part in American diplomacy for a good many years, WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS is now teaching history to university students who have little interest in the American tradition. Mr. Sands was confidential adviser to the Emperor of Korea in those precarious days leading up to the Russo-Japanese War. For his success in keeping Korea out of the Boxer Rebellion he was awarded the Cross of the *Légion d'Honneur*, and for further service was later decorated by the Korean government.

THOMAS COMPERE — after four years in Baylor University and a post graduate course at Harvard — is now on the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*. He is twenty-three, has never written a play, but finds in other writing both his work and his principal diversion.

WILLIAM C. WHITE, after three years spent in observing the internal workings of Soviet Russia, is now in this country lecturing and arranging for the publication of several books. But he plans to go back — if the Soviet Government will let him.

BORN in Iowa and removed while still unconscious — that is, at the age of three — RICHARD SHERMAN lived consecutively in Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and Montana. He liked Montana: it was cool enough in summer to sleep under blankets. During one of several brief interludes in California, he served as a glorified office boy in the publicity offices of a movie studio, where he once saw Mary Pickford and was spoken to ("Boy!") by Elinor Glyn. After this shattering experience he came east and entered Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1928. He is now on THE FORUM'S editorial staff and lives in New York, where it is very hot in summer and he doesn't sleep at all.

ALTHOUGH she is of Bohemian-Hungarian parentage, WANDA GA'G was born in New Ulm, Minnesota. She has studied art in St. Paul, Minneapolis, and

WILLIAM SANDS

New York, and for three successive years one of her prints has been chosen by the American Institute of Graphic Arts as one of the Fifty Prints of the Year.

FOR THE past two years POPPY CANNON has been doing free lance writing, and her work has appeared in New York newspapers, *The New Yorker*, *Pictorial Review*, and other magazines. Although she was born in Cape Town, South Africa, she has spent most of her life in Kittanning, Pennsylvania. She was of the class of 1927 at Vassar.

A FREQUENT contributor to THE FORUM is H. MUNRO FOX, Professor of Zoölogy at the University of Birmingham, England. As Editor of *Biological Reviews*, a journal devoted to current research problems, Mr. Fox himself does considerable research.

FOR nearly ten years FAVIUS FRIEDMAN wrote advertising, and during some of those years had a mild desire to write fiction. Finally, with one short story in his bag, he decided to come to New York and seek his fortune. Two years in Chelsea with sporadic jobs and a new typewriter brought forth *Table d'Hote*. Mr. Friedman was born thirty years ago in Roumania, emigrated at the age of two, left school at fifteen, and has since been — among other things — a phonograph salesman, a bookkeeper, a harvest hand, a driver on a grocery wagon, and sales manager for a coverall factory.

ALTHOUGH CREIGHTON PEET says that his past has not been particularly concerned with music, he does admit that he once played — and very badly, too — a flute in a high school orchestra. He has done every possible kind of newspaper and magazine work from writing a daily column on movies for the *New York Evening Post* and sketches for *Life* and *The New Yorker*, to reporting sermons for the revered New York *Times*. Once, for a few days, he even wrote advertising. At present Mr. Peet is reviewing movies for *The Outlook* and plays for *Cinema*.

FROM the valley at Rydal, Georgia, CORRA HARRIS writes that during the past months she has been going to and fro upon this Sunkist earth like a good old Satan. In describing the scene of the dialogue in this issue, she writes to the Editor: "On the morning that we gathered in Irving Batchellor's study to discuss evil, I don't know how my confederates in this supposed-to-be-damnable business felt, but I know it was the liveliest fight I was ever in. Although in your happy imagination you pictured us sitting under a citrus tree, we sat in the house because of the pouring rain. During the three months I was in Florida the eyes of the sun streamed constantly with rain. The class in evil was not present, because I stand very well with them and had no intention of allowing them to sit around and watch six able men heckle me. . . . At the end of two hours and a half we had spoken twenty thousand words of hot air, said some noble things, some intelligent things, and a few witty things. Irving Batchellor was very luminous, but no more luminating than the rest. Percy MacKaye, who looks as if he combed his hair in a storm, kept on dancing a sort of intellectual horn-pipe, the theme of the tune being beauty is truth and truth beauty. Just you try being a woman once with six men in majority, and even if you have named your baby the "Chair of Evil" and are entirely responsible for the idea — see what happens. At the end of the discussion I said feebly, 'But what *is* evil?' The general consensus of opinion was that none of us had defined it. My own opinion is that the basis of evil is mental dishonesty, which takes a thousand forms — especially in respectable people."

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